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THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF FINE AND APPLIED ART VOLUME THREE

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"THE SWEET-MEAT SELLER"
FROM A PAINTING BY
FRANK BRANGWYN

THE INTERNATIONAL
STUDIO

FRANK BRANGWYN AND HIS ART. BY JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

THE dividing line between affectation and mannerism in the realm of art, especially in graphic art, is not so clearly defined as to render it readily discernible to the initiated; while to distinguish between the two is beyond the power of the simple. The artistic pale has been invaded during the last quarter of a century by all manner of strange intruders, men whose aim has been to produce work which would bring them quickly into notoriety, that bastard brother of fame, resembling it so closely that again the simple are exceedingly liable to confound the one with the other. Success hardly won, won as the price of steady and strenuous labour, won in the noontide or wane of life, has no attractions for men who desire above all things the loaves and fishes of this world, and who crave the full material reward of success at an age when their betters were, and still are, content to remain struggling and unknown. He who said that there was no royal road to success lived in days when advertisement was scarcely known, and self-advertisement had not been elevated into a fine art.



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN
(*In the Collection of Herr E. Seeger*)

We must be prepared, however, to find the alloy of baser metals in the gold of the artistic temperament. In his adolescence the artist craves popular applause; maybe, too, he aspires to grow rich in this world's goods. Until this alloy is expelled, the artist cannot be said to be entitled, in the full sense, to the name he claims; for the artist's only concern is to satisfy himself, and to be permitted to give concrete expression to those abstract conceptions of the beautiful which, born with him, are a part of his very being. I am confident that the true artist can never be a self-exploiter. The dignity of his high calling makes this impossible to him. He nurtures his individuality, but he does not endeavour to impose himself upon his contemporaries.

Among the many devices to which the self-exploiters in the ranks of painters have resorted, none has been found more generally effectual than the pose of eccentricity. This, again, is often mistaken by the unthinking, and by those who cannot think, for originality, though between the two there is absolutely no relationship. During the last two decades we have had enough and to spare of affectation and calculating eccentricity. By employing these a modicum of talent has enabled many a clever practitioner to masquerade as a heaven-born genius. Art has suffered; the true artist has suffered. He has been pushed aside. But the turn of those unscrupulous tradesmen of the brush, who in this age of commercialism have arrived at the psychological moment, has been served. They have prospered exceedingly. The nutriment due to true artists has filled their bellies, while the men whose right it was have gone empty away.

It is clear, then, that the mischief of charlatanism in art, like all frauds, is far reaching. It has caused the innocent to suffer with the guilty. Men whose individuality was so marked as to insure that their productions should stand out wherever they were exhibited; whose originality was so striking that it produced a positive arrest—I will not say shock—upon first encountering its manifesta-



"SHADE" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN

(*In the Possession of C. Gill, Esq.*)



PORTRAIT SKETCH OF FRANK BRANGWYN. BY PHIL MAY

tion, have been mistaken by the crowd—to whom it happens that the spurious is more readily appellant than the real—for impostors. So it was with Rousseau, with James McNeil Whistler, with Ford Madox Brown, so for a time with J. S. Sargent, and so it has been with the subject of this monograph—Frank Brangwyn.

A few years since—it is so still in lesser degree—whenever critics, amateurs, or painters were gathered together in a gallery or studio, the presence of a Brangwyn on the wall or on the easel was provocative of heated discussion. It is true that when Frank Brangwyn first broke upon the world he did not want for champions; but his detractors were many; they were vigorous and downright. The bright blues of his skies, the oriental splendour of his colouring, giving to his work the character of an Eastern carpet, offended prudish eyes, to which, too, his free rendering of form, his general abandonment and massiveness of design, were positive affronts. The outcry against him did not proceed entirely from academic stocks and pillories; painters and critics of varied predilections joined in it—the school of sickly and emasculated æstheticism, the decadents to whom art is not the expression of a robust virility, a superlative capacity for enjoying and translating the beautiful, but is rather the outcome, from its picturesque aspect, of enervation and decay, were loud in their denunciations. Weak-kneed doctrinaires, the neo-formalists, who greatly fearing being found guilty of heresy to the canons of their respective cults, of which the nomenclature demands a lexicon to itself, avoided exposing their incompetence by the timorous device of never pushing their work beyond the initial stage of a memorandum or sketch, were also seriously alarmed and displeased. Here was a man, from whence coming no one knew, but assuredly from no accredited school or academy, who clearly presumed to paint "like an old master," in other words, to accept tradition by defying it; a man who had the audacity to paint in defiance of all the revelations of modern science as applied to painting, and to go boldly for the production of a decorative square of colour which within its frame should be a pleasant ocular entertainment. Assuredly in so doing Mr. Brangwyn was subscribing to an artistic canon, as applied to pictorial art, of the highest distinction and antiquity. None the less his presumption was not to be tolerated. So that while his drawing was stigmatised as slap-dash and tricky, his colour as that of a scene-painter, the gift of imagination was denied him, and his execution dismissed as cheap and theatric. In brief, Frank Brangwyn had to run the gauntlet of abuse and misrepresentation, an experience common to most painters of distinction, and one which, thanks to the persistency of the young man under consideration, and to the generous support accorded him on the continent—for he has no cause to be grateful to any of the more powerful art syndicates of his own country—has been of shorter duration than ordinarily obtains in the case of such as he. The opposition to Mr. Brangwyn has done its worst, and although he is quite unlikely to be asked to bolster up those institutions which, when they cannot kill men of light and leading developed outside their portals, cunningly absorb them, the day when detraction can seriously harm him is rapidly receding into the past.

It may be asserted generally, however, that no man who has not had to purchase his triumph hardly has deserved it; while so far as the present writer is concerned, he may safely say that he has never found any man worth the trouble of fighting for or proclaiming, who has not had to fight strenuously for himself, and to suffer keenly from undeserved neglect.

It was at Bruges Frank Brangwyn first saw the light. His parents were Welsh, his father an architect, who somewhat early in his career devoted his energies to the internal decoration of churches. Throughout young Brangwyn's boyhood, his father was the proprietor of a factory at Bruges for the production of church embroideries, in which the aim was to revive the glories of mediæval art. In this industry he employed a number of skilled operatives, and was himself an art-craftsman of power and distinction. An old friend and admirer of Mr. Brangwyn suggested to me that as a child in his father's workshops, he learnt to mix colours in that indefinable manner which afterwards stood him in such good stead. But Mr. Brangwyn, although in early days he was much with his father, cannot allow that this picturesque statement contains more than a modicum of truth; we may, however, ascribe his adroit use of colour, and the facility with which he manipulates his palette, to heredity. In due season the elder Brangwyn, desiring to enlarge the scope of his activities, came to London, where he had already excited the interest of the late Prince Consort, and where he was engaged to execute various designs by the City architect and by the authorities of the South Kensington Museum.

It was at the South Kensington Art Schools that young Brangwyn made a tentative effort to impose upon himself a precise form of instruction; but his temperament would not brook the restraint and red-tape of this or any other art school. It is true he



"ST. SIMON STYLITES" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN

(*In the Collection of Herr Seeger*)

studied at South Kensington Museum, devoting himself to copying Donatello's reliefs. It will, however, surprise no one who has a general knowledge of the processes whereby an artist of genius finds himself, to learn that, with slight reservations, Frank Brangwyn's artistic training was self-imposed and self-directed. His aim in art is eminently constructive. Regarding, as he does, architecture as the parent of art, he is fully in sympathy with mediæval ideas of the function of graphic art—to produce beautiful things to embellish and render more habitable a well-designed habitation. I will deal with this aspect of Mr. Brangwyn's art later. This view, of which the modern exponents have been William Morris and Walter Crane, was no doubt strengthened and emphasised in the young artist's mind by his close association with the author of "The Earthly Paradise." It was while at South Kensington he attracted the attention of Mr. Morris, who at once perceiving the bent of his abilities, asked him to make for him facsimiles of Flemish tapestry. His expectations being realised, Morris gave earnest of his confidence in the young man by engaging him to assist him in carrying out his own designs for tapestries, embroideries, and other textiles. During three years, though it is evident at that time Brangwyn had no liking for prolonged employment, he was engaged in Morris's workshops in Oxford Street, enlarging designs, tracing drawings on cloth and drawing them on silk. No doubt this practice was exceedingly valuable, and gave the painter the facility of wrist, for after all it is the wrist which



"THE GOAT-HERD"
AN AUTO-LITHOGRAPH
BY FRANK BRANGWYN



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counts, which has served him so well in his large pictures. A responsive wrist must accompany a true eye, and it is evident that Mr. Brangwyn must have been fairly well trained both in wrist and eye before Mr. Morris cared to entrust him with costly silks and cloths. No rubbing out is possible in such work ; the first effort must be the last ; hesitancy or inaccuracy are fatal ; and mistakes are clearly inadmissible.

I have hinted that in these early days Frank Brangwyn was not able to regard art as his sole mistress. He alternated between devotion to the abstract and devotion to the material, as we all do ; artists most of all. The artistic temperament is by its very nature erratic and uncertain, the artist is essentially a rover ; a butterfly who sips nectar where and when he can ; a seeker after the new and beautiful, who refuses to be bound by time and place. Experience teaches him that he must put a curb and impose a period on these wayward tendencies, these irresponsible wanderings ; that in consuming he is consumed. The fact impresses itself upon him, that however wide his range may be, however far-reaching his aim, performance—that is to say, definite accomplishment—can only result from the deliberate curtailment and abridgment of his range, and the ruthless suppression of his aim. Then when this hard fact is learned, he consents to bring himself to anchor, and to undergo daily self-imposed drudgery in an appointed spot. Even then his soul rises in revolt against this hard necessity ; seemingly hard. But the brevity of life, the limitations of power, must be acknowledged. The impossibility of achieving one hundredth part of the programme—in seeing and in doing, in learning and in imparting—which all vital men sketch out for themselves, has to be acknowledged and frankly accepted, or the most wealthy in potential power are stranded in the subjunctive shoals and quicksands of inanition and inactivity. Still it is essential that the tyro should gain knowledge, should widen his horizon, else he can never come to the sane conclusion that if he is to accomplish his mission, he must subject his ambitions and activities to severe self-suppression and rigorous self-direction. Mr. Brangwyn has taught himself this lesson, and has already entered upon that settled productive stage in the career of an artist, which comes to some early, to some late, but which must come to every artist if he is to reap the harvest of his powers.



STUDY IN OILS BY FRANK BRANGWYN

It was after Mr. Brangwyn had been for a year or so in Mr. Morris's employ that the necessity for seeing the world and its wonders, of taking an active part in its affairs, forced itself upon him. The spirit of adventure, the daring spirit, was strong in him, and he embraced for a time a seafaring life. Indeed, during the three years he was with Mr. Morris he was fre-

quently a wanderer, and was among those who go down to the sea in ships. Those who know the sea, and who also know Mr. Brangwyn's pictures, will, providing they possess the powers of observation and the sense to apply it, come to the conclusion that Mr. Brangwyn's marine pictures—and some of his finest works are of the sea or the sea shore—were the outcome of special knowledge. As a matter of fact, Mr. Brangwyn's sea-faring experiences were far from being so superficial as some have asserted. The range of his voyaging extends from Archangel to the Cape of Storms. His instincts are, however, decidedly southern and Oriental. He has familiarised himself particularly with the Mediterranean and Levant, though his knowledge of Japan is at present external rather than internal. Japan will be his next objective, so I suspect, and already he has no mean knowledge of Japanese art, with which he is keenly sympathetic —witness the charming collection of Japanese prints, and of old Japanese ware with which odd corners of his studio are garnished. The prints obtrude themselves from Japanese bureaux; the porcelain is safely housed in Chippendale and Sheraton cabinets. This, however, by the way. Mr. Brangwyn visited, during his seafaring days, Syria, Palestine, Algeria, Morocco, Tunis, Spain, and I daresay many countries besides. He has interesting tales to tell of his experiences, artistic and other, during these days. He was painting all the time, on and off, under all sorts of conditions; the traditional signboard which every painter of genius is expected to paint being included in his achievement. These experiences, interesting as they are, need not be amplified, as they would lead me too far afield. They may be left to Mr. Brangwyn's future historian.

Having gained a fairly extensive acquaintance with the continent of Europe, not excluding the British Isles, Mr. Brangwyn determined to bring himself to a standstill, and established himself, in pursuance of this intention, at Port Mellyn, in Cornwall. He had now definitely decided to devote himself to painting as the serious business of his life. A few years later he came to London, entering into occupation of the studio which is still the scene of his labours. Since, however, his residence in London, he has made opportunities for annual excursions to foreign lands. His life has been a busy one, full of change alternated with prolonged spells of work. In 1890 he went from Antwerp to the Danube, and brought home a series of pictures which were shown in Bond Street.

The Royal Society of British Artists has had the honour of introducing many excellent painters to public notice. Among these Mr. Brangwyn must be included, for his first conspicuous success in London was achieved at the Suffolk Street Galleries.



"BLOOD OF THE GRAPE" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN

(*In the Collection of Herr Seeger*)



MURAL PANEL BY
FRANK BRANGWYN

(*In the Hall of* 22 *Rue de Provence, Paris*)



MURAL PANEL BY
FRANK BRANGWYN

(*In the Hall of* 22 *Rue de Provence, Paris*)

This was in 1890. It was then that the present writer first made acquaintance with the artist's work, and he can distinctly remember the strong, though not unmixed, impression created on his mind by a picture from his brush, entitled *Ashore*. This picture represented the rescue of the crew of a vessel which, coming to grief in a gale, had run aground. It is a characteristic of much new and vital work that on first encountering it, the impression it leaves is not altogether favourable. Unconsciously, and however catholic the mind of the critic may be, it cannot help measuring everything fresh by a standard, an impalpable standard, resulting from the study and contemplation of pictures generally, a standard which exists, so to speak, in the impenetrable recesses of the brain. So that even those critics and amateurs who, free from *parti pris*, are prepared to accept and hail everything in art that is worthy wherever it is to be found, did not accept Mr. Brangwyn unreservedly upon their first acquaintance with his work. The year following Mr. Brangwyn's *début*, 1891, saw him again at the Royal Society of British Artists, the directorate of which gallery gave wall space, and with wisdom and justice, to his *Burial at Sea*. This picture was afterwards exhibited at the Salon, and was awarded a medal. In this year Mr. Brangwyn again went South and exhibited the results of his labours in Bond Street. In 1892, his *Convict Ship* was shown at the Academy. Afterwards, at the Chicago Exhibition, it gained for its painter a gold medal. It excited a great deal of notice both in England and America, and from this time forth the art world began to reckon with Mr. Brangwyn, and to watch his career with the interest born of confident expectation. It was not long before his work began to be talked about in every continental capital, and his pictures to find places of honour, not only in Paris, but in Berlin, Copenhagen, Wurtemberg, Munich and other European cities. The continent is not inclined to take English art too seriously, and the Englishman who gains a European reputation while still in his twenties is to be envied. A few years later the French critic, M. Renan, while by no means spoiling Mr. Brangwyn with unreserved praise—he was sufficiently severe on his limitations, and not without justice condemned, as applied to certain works, the negligence of his drawing—expressed the hope that Mr. Brangwyn would become a leader for our young painters. "Mr. Brangwyn's pictures," wrote M. Renan, "are remarkable; the eye is happy in front of the frames of this new comer; the eye opens and takes in a real joy. In France we shall all be sincerely disappointed if Mr. Brangwyn does not keep the promises he is giving to art." Of the *The Buccaneers*, the picture immediately following *The Convict Ship*, exhibited at the Salon, and afterwards at the Grafton Galleries, this French critic says, "I can assure you it was appreciated by all true French artists; among the industrial products that crowd the Champs Elysées, it will remain dazzling in the memory of all." I quote M. Renan thus far to prove that in a very few years Mr. Brangwyn had succeeded in capturing French appreciation, and because his criticism, expressed with native vivacity, is identical with what I have adventured elsewhere, and could but paraphrase once again to-day. It is true to say of Frank Brangwyn's canvases that the eye is happy in front of them, that it opens and takes in a real joy, and that his pictures remain dazzling in the memory. His pictures positively swim in colour; his reds, blues, and greens are juxtaposed with daring, but with a daring which more than justifies itself. It is rare indeed for a Western artist to possess the faculty, the power to revel in joyous abandonment, in a perfect blaze of colour, and yet never to be guilty of an impropriety; never to allow one colour to trespass upon the rights of another, or to offer it an affront. The Western artist, so soon as he relaxes, so soon as he tries to escape from rigid severity, degenerates into licence and vulgarity, while the Eastern artist can play with colour without committing offences against decency and decorum.

It is, of course, this particular faculty, this orientalism which gives to Mr. Brangwyn's art its especial value and distinction. In *The Buccaneers*, as it seems to me, he made good the claim to possess this peculiarly rare colour instinct as applied to Western painters, a claim tacitly advanced by his previous work. This picture represents an incident, at one time a common enough one, and still unhappily not of infrequent occurrence, in the life of a Mediterranean town. A party of buccaneers, Riffian pirates for all I know, have set fire to a town, having previously pillaged it. The marauders are putting off with their booty in successive boats. In the foreground of the work we have the leader of the gang and his party, a boat full of scoundrels of all shades of black and brown, dressed in silks and fabrics of every imaginable colour. In the stern of the vessel sits the captain, his hand on the rudder, a picture of unscrupulous and cynical daring, the bright lines of his headgear and zouave backed by the blood-red flag on which the insignia, appropriated from some petty principality, is displayed. Many of the crew are



"LE ROI DU CHANTIER." DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY BY FRANK BRANGWYN

placed more or less *hors de combat;* some have their hands to their heads, others are crying in their pain. By various signs we are made to feel the price they have paid for their victory. A brawny ruffian who has come through unscathed is handling the oar, urging the boat through the churned-up water, water of the darkest and most uncompromising blue. The town itself is in flames, the hill-side a hot burnt yellow, and the whole a strong demonstration of what, but for the admirable skill in which the colours are arranged and harmonised, and for the sanction which the theme gives—a highly dramatic and violent episode—might be called coarse colour. The qualities revealed in *The Buccaneers* were repeated in *The Slave Market, Orange Market, Trade on the Beach, Blood of the Grape*, and in many other works. *The Slave Market* was exhibited at the Royal Academy and is now in the permanent collection at Southport. It is a remarkably well-balanced design and like all Mr. Brangwyn's pictures, it has the merit of containing as a subsidiary, though, I submit, not to be neglected virtue, a story or idea. I apprehend that in painting his pictures Mr. Brangwyn's principal aim—and in fact this is obvious to the most superficial—is to produce a decorative design, pleasing in line and sensuous in colour. This, of course, should be the primary aim of every picture, though every picture which has a naturalistic base, as the foregoing pictures by Mr. Brangwyn have, must be in the sentiment of nature. That they should contain some literary significance has been held by many modern critics, quite wrongly however, to be an artistic error. On the contrary, the absence of

this significance is a fault, because every mind ultimately looks for it, and not finding it goes away dissatisfied. That this significance should be the primary object of the picture reduces the work to a piece of journalism. The artist who has no higher aim may stumble on painting a picture, though he would be sanguine to hope for such a result. In the *Adoration of the Magi* (*Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh*), exhibited at the New Gallery and the Salon, Mr. Brangwyn has obviously stepped further away from the purely naturalistic treatment of decorative designs in the direction of the more conventional and fanciful treatment. The scene is treated reverently and poetically although as an historical retrospect it does not carry conviction. That, however, was, as I take it, not Mr. Brangwyn's aim. He aspired to produce a symbol, a conception not so much of what the scene might or could have been, but of what it should have been, and assuredly he is justified. The picture is an artist's embodiment of the fitting. *The Orange Market*, which succeeded *The Magi*, is another of those gorgeous displays of colour in which Mr. Brangwyn revels and in which he employs the copper and ebon skins of African natives as a foil to the yellows and reds of tropical fruits and flowers.

Although I am not, I believe, chronologically justified in referring now to Mr. Brangwyn's visit to South Africa, and the work he did there, the lapse is of no importance. It is convenient to refer at this juncture to his visit to that country, and the artistic outcome of it. Mr. Brangwyn's journey was suggested and supported by Mr. Larkin of the Japanese Gallery, and the result was shown at the aforesaid gallery. It cannot be said, however, of this exhibition that it fully satisfied expectations. The fact is South Africa, full of picturesque beauty as it is, judged from the point of view of mere seeing, has not much to offer to the landscape painter. Its finest effects are panoramic. They cannot be conveyed to canvas. A painter who cared to establish himself in Cape Town, Stellenbosch, the Paarl, or



"THE ORANGE MARKET" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN

(*In the Collection of G. Woodiwiss, Esq., J.P.*)

Malmesbury, and who, eschewing the allurement of grand effects which the limitations imposed upon him by his media render it impossible for him to interpret, contented himself with studying and painting the places I have indicated—possibly Durban, Maritzburg and Pretoria might be added—might do well enough. As a matter of fact Mr. Brangwyn's most happy results were registered in the wine-growing districts, and in and near Cape Town. The Cape folk, the Malays, and the Mozambiquers, all have their picturesque possibilities, and they are often to be painted favourably environed. But the fates were scarcely more propitious to Mr. Brangwyn than they have been to other painters who have essayed to paint South Africa. The aggregate achievement of all these artists has been unimportant, and until a South African painter is evolved, it is not likely that the painting of that country will bring kudos or sequins to any painter —certainly not to the casual visitor. And yet what potentialities for artistic treatment that marvellously alluring country has!

In pictures like the *Orange Market*, Mr. Brangwyn has aptly utilised the knowledge of the Mediterranean which he possesses. He is at home in southern Spain, in Tangiers, Tripoli, Tunis, and Algeria, and presently he is to add Egypt to his *répertoire*. As we have said, however, Mr. Brangwyn is not contented to paint merely what he has seen and felt, but he wishes to paint what he has felt and not seen. With him, as with all great painters of to-day and of the past, the subject of his picture is comparatively unimportant so long as it lends itself to the scheme of colour and to the design he wishes to present. Again, with him each picture is evidently more or less of an experiment, and this is especially true—it is a significant fact—of his later work. He does not paint to a prescribed or self-made recipe, nor is he a slave to any particular *technique*. If his subject require it, the *technique* of his work will be "fat" and full of paint; if otherwise, "thin and poor." The productive artist, the creative artist may be said to have cut his wisdom teeth when he has broken himself loose from the jargon of the schools, the shibboleths of artistic cliques and, not unmindful of the achievements of the great ones, the classics who have gone before, lets the hubbub of the studios pass by him unheeded. Nature is his foundation stone and imagination his material, and on this and out of this he must build, using his own inborn faculties to guide him aright. So it was with all the great painters of all ages; they learnt easily enough "to gang their ain gate." There is something more to be achieved than merely to copy nature, in itself an impossibility; something more than copying predecessors or contemporaries. The master's art is valuable because it is the product of individual effort, translating an individual outlook, but the copyists of any great master are empty of aim and barren of achievement.

When, as I have said, Mr. Brangwyn painted *The Magi*, he made an advance towards the more purely decorative school of art, and in *St. John the Baptist* and *St. Simon Stylites*, he advanced still further in this direction. The mystic element is not absent from either of these works. Both have the imaginative quality strongly marked, and both enhanced, and justly so, the artist's growing reputation.

It is not necessary for me, and assuredly it was no part of my original purpose, to enter into a detailed description of all Mr. Brangwyn's exhibited work. Between *St. John the Baptist* and *St. Simon Stylites* came *The Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, exhibited at the New Gallery, where also *St. Simon Stylites* was shown previous to its exhibition at the Salon. *St. John the Baptist* is now in the Stuttgart Museum. During 1895 Mr. Brangwyn was working at the house of M. Bing, and for M. Besnard, in Paris, to which fact I shall refer later. In this year his *Trade on the Beach* was exhibited at the Salon and purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg. *Rest* also belonged to 1895. In 1896 his *Blood of the Grape*, a splendidly vigorous composition, was cruelly skied at the Academy. This year a picture of his, entitled *Venice*, was hung, though badly enough, at Burlington House. The *Scoffers*, a vigorous interpretation of the story of the unhappy Admiral Guarinos, who, captured by the Moors, was brought out of his dungeon three times in every year "before the Moorish rabblerout to be a sport and show," went to Paris.

Of the pictures referred to above, reproductions of some of the most typical accompany the text of this article, though it can scarcely be said that they will bear out my contentions in the case of readers who are unacquainted with Mr. Brangwyn's work. Mr. Brangwyn is essentially a colourist and he is by no means represented, he is hardly suggested, when his designs are seen in black-and-white. His pictures are however known by almost everybody interested in art, not only in these islands, but in America and on the Continent of Europe. For the rest, I think I have said all that is demanded of me. I have no stomach for that kind of criticism which



"THE SCOFFERS" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN

(*Purchased by the N.S.W. Government for the Sydney National Gallery*)

rings the changes on stereotyped phrases. Indeed I have never learned the prattle of the galleries and am not able to use its vocabulary. I leave the task of dealing with Mr. Brangwyn's art as one may deal with a sum in vulgar fractions to my betters. To me his art is fresh, strong and manly; it has imagination; it is always interesting, always stimulating. That his drawing is sometimes, nay often, faulty, I do not pretend to deny. I am as little concerned to dispute the statement that his confidence betrays him, now and again, into using a somewhat reckless palette. It is, however, this very quality of courage, this greatly daring to attempt big work which, so far as I am concerned, gives to his art its primary attraction. As I have already hinted, while many of his most hostile critics among contemporary painters never did and never will get beyond the stage of the sketch, he is painting pictures, and pictures which will live and stand out hereafter from among the mass of mere memoranda with which the walls of a score or more galleries are replenished annually. Again, although, in a sense, Frank Brangwyn is an experimentalist, he is so with this difference; he does not paint with a view to the production of a picture some day; he starts every work with the intention of bringing it to completion. Success, such as it is, will crown the efforts of quite feeble

folk, if every real difficulty is evaded. Mr. Brangwyn doesn't evade difficulties ; he goes for them.

Critics among laymen and painters must never forget that a serious artist, who has to earn his living by his art, is often constrained to accept commissions which are in no wise to his mind, and having done so, that it is his duty to do his utmost to satisfy the person whose money he has taken. Artistic honesty is one thing. If a man can afford to do what he wishes to do without let or hindrance, if fortune has favoured him, or he is strong enough to starve while he paints, well and good. But if he lack artificial props, if he cannot undertake to starve, he must—nearly every painter has been so compelled—accept guineas as the price of satisfying the crude artistic requirements of their dispensers. Of course this contention opens up a wide question ; but, at least, it will be conceded by all persons who have the instinct of citizenship in them, that the citizen's obligations to common honesty must take precedence of his duty to his artistic conscience.

A word in conclusion as to the general trend of Mr. Brangwyn's art. Mr. Brangwyn is essentially a craftsman, essentially a workman. His aim is not merely to paint a picture—an irresponsible thing which might drift about from wall to wall, and having covered acres of superficial space, has failed to beautify any spot during its migrations. He aspires in his pictures to produce a decorative panel which shall enhance a general effect he has in his eye. In fact the decorative sense in Brangwyn is so strong, that I doubt whether he is entirely happy unless he knows where any given picture he paints is to hang, and what will be its environment. This being so, it is not surprising that he tends more and more towards work which will give him this opportunity. Recently he has been engaged in the task of assisting M. Louis Bonnier in transforming the Hotel Bing at Paris into the Salon de L'Art Nouveau. One of his latest efforts is reproduced here, the tapestry designed for M. Besnard, entitled *Le Roi du Chantier*. Mr. Brangwyn has also designed furniture, and indeed the entire internal garnishing of suites of rooms has been entrusted to him by several Parisian patrons. One feels, indeed, in regard to his pictures, that unless they can find a home in a sumptuously appointed mansion they must be out of place. They need the environment of massive furniture, of dark oak or richly coloured woods, of cunningly fashioned pottery, of boldly designed carpets, curtains, and tapestries, or they fail to do justice to themselves.

My space is exhausted, but I have not exhausted my subject. I might dwell upon many other phases of Mr. Brangwyn's artistic activity, upon his illustrations for instance, for apart from a great deal of black-and-white work executed for the *Graphic* and other journals, he has illustrated Sir Walter Scott's novels, Don Quixote, and I have before me as I write the "Arabian Nights" in six volumes, each of which contains four or five of his decorative illustrations. Also I might appropriately enlarge upon the honours—medals and associateships—Mr. Brangwyn has gained on the continent. He is a member of the Secessionists of Munich, an associate of the Société Internationale de Peintures, and a full member of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts of Paris. He has quite recently sold a picture to the German Government for the Pinakothek at Munich, and from Munich he has received a gold medal. But I think what I have said will suffice to maintain my contention, that Mr. Brangwyn is a remarkable artist and that he is assured of a brilliant future.

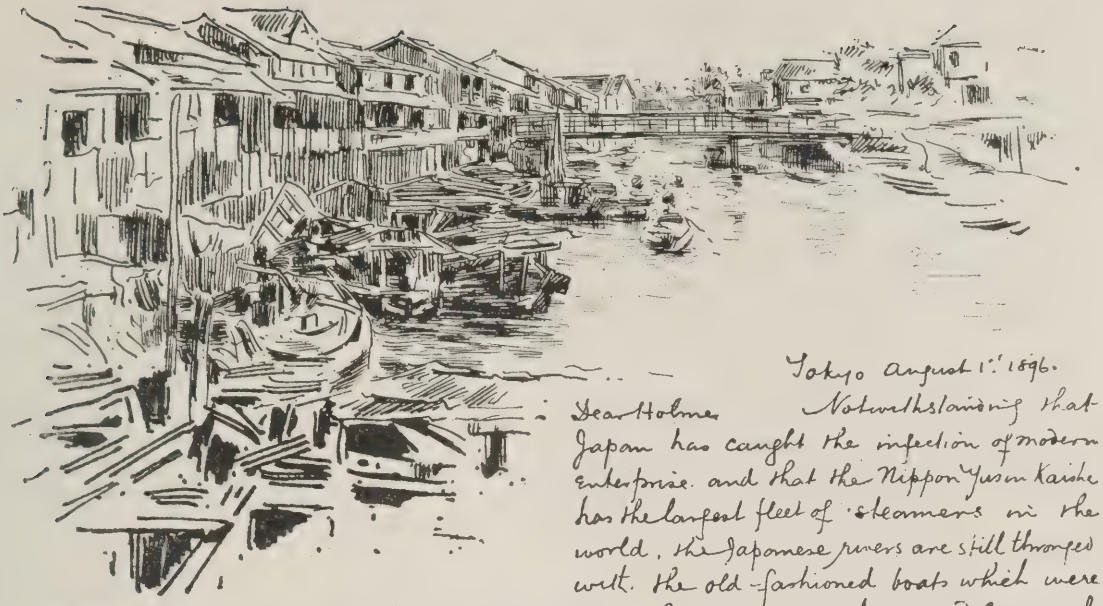
Jas. Stanley Little.

One of the new bronze doors which are to replace the wooden ones in the façade of Florence Cathedral has now been put up. It is by Professor Augusto Passaglia, who is also the author of the *Madonna in Glory* above it, as well as of various other reliefs and statues on the façade. It must be confessed that the door is disappointing. When he works in marble, Professor Passaglia is very bold and strong, but in bronze he fails, or has here failed, to get the necessary relief, and this produces an impression of weakness. It is also to be regretted that the Professor has adopted a *patina* which gives no metallic reflections, but a uniform, dull tint, as much like blue clay as anything else. This, however, will doubtless be quickly modified by exposure to the weather. The architectural part of the door, and the general conception are good, and harmonise well with the façade. It is a real pity that the execution, perhaps owing in part to defective casting, should bear such evident signs of unfinish. The two large central panels (one on each valve of the door) are framed in architecture based on the windows of Giotto's Tower. They represent on the right the *Marriage of Mary and Joseph*, on the left the *Presentation in the Temple*. The small panels above and below contain the four cardinal virtues. Around are ornamental designs, standing figures and projecting heads.



"SPRING FLOWERS"
FROM AN ETCHING
BY E. R. WEISS





Tokyo August 1st 1896.

Dear Holmes

Notwithstanding that Japan has caught the infection of modern enterprise and that the Nippon Yusen Kaisha has the largest fleet of steamers in the world, the Japanese rivers are still thronged with the old-fashioned boats which were in vogue five centuries ago. In Tokyo, Yokohama, and Osaka the rivers and canals are crowded with the fantastic junks and quaint barges which to the first visitors to Japan rendered the waterside views so fascinating. It was feared, by those whose affection for Japan was inspired by a love of the beautiful, that with the adoption of Western inventions the colour element in city life would be blurred, that the advent of science would mean the decay of the picturesque. Only partially has this fear been justified. The Japanese are so immersed in their artistic environment, so wrapped and filled with the spiritual atmosphere of nature and design, that they can only cease to be artists when they cease to exist. Nowhere is this better exemplified than in Osaka, the city of furnaces, of factories, and of commerce. It is the centre of the modern spirit of feverish activity in manufacture and commercial enterprise. Western ugliness has invaded certain quarters yet the artistic still predominates.





In its lower reaches the Ajikawa is choked with sea-going steamers, and the sombreness of colour and clumsiness of outline of these plain but practical craft fills one with a sense of loss. The colours have faded from the canvas, the spirit that pervaded the picture is dead. But in its upper reaches the Ajikawa is still the Ajikawa of the olden time, and on the eastern side of the city is the Kiyegawa, into which, thanks to the shallowness of the bar, no steamer ever intrudes, while the city itself is intersected by a vast network of canals and waterways, all teeming with junks and barges, and crossed by graceful wooden bridges which lend themselves so admirably to line.

The Kiyegawa fascinates the painter. Away from the bustle of the factories, and the shrieking of whistles, the great junks from northern Hakodé or the sunny Loochus, lie sleepily silent. They are the leviathans of their kind. Intermingling with them are innumerable barges and fishing boats, stretching far up the river, their masts and cordage seeming one vast spider's web. Not a single vessel is painted, from the huge seagoing junk to the narrow-prowed barge. Near the water line the wood has taken a cool silvery tone, but above it looks in the sunlight like light gold. And the cargoes of rice in straw bales, piled high over the bulwarks, are also golden, a steam-launch





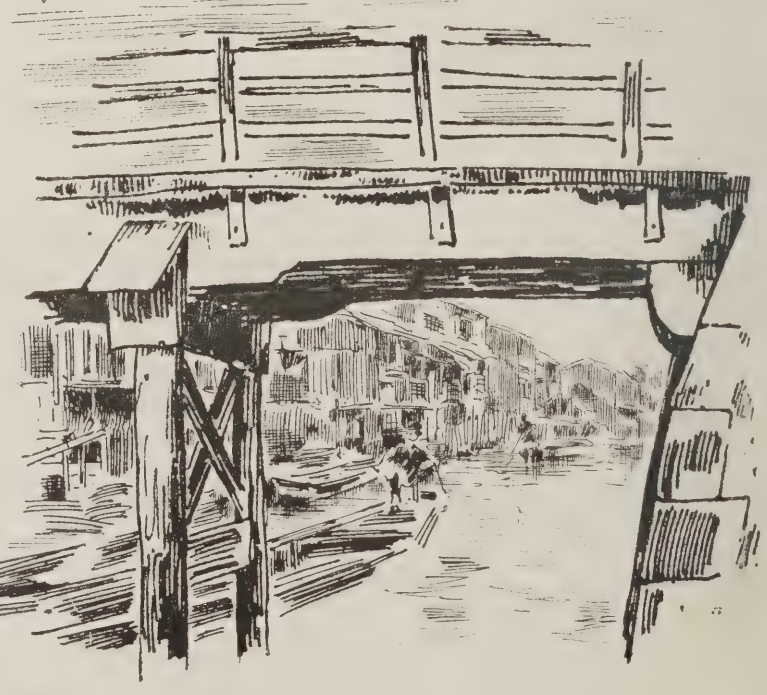
beam tow half-a-dozen barges, which, with their unpainted woodwork, pale bales, and straw coloured connecting cable appear against the dark water as a knotted golden thread.

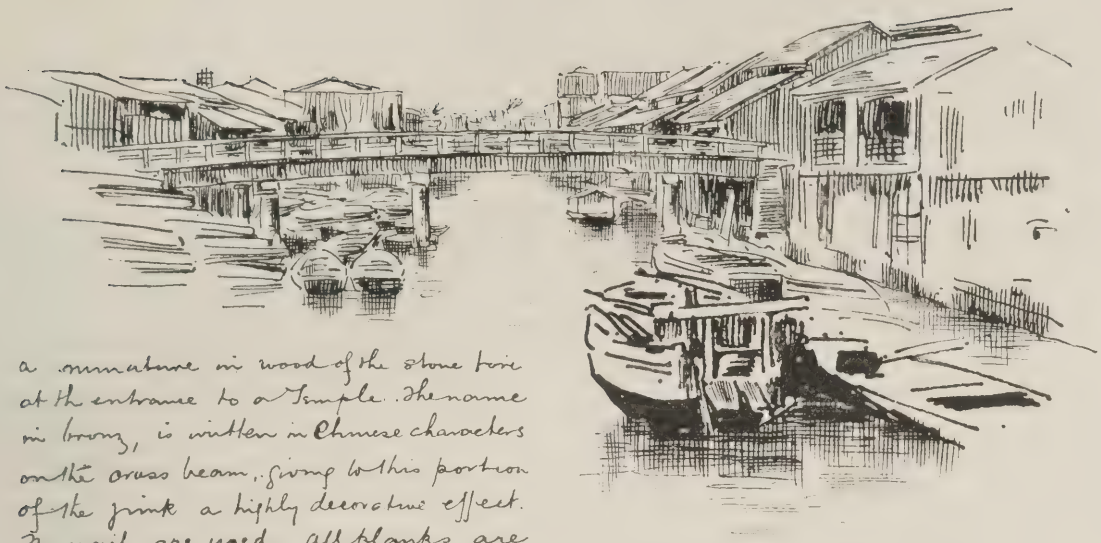
The junks have only one mast of unpolished wood, and this in the largest vessels is slightly bent at the top to permit of the freer working of the sail. In the fishing-boats and barges the mast is usually straight, and all are fitted into the boats on a similar plan. From the centre of the boat, by the main beam, a strong wooden support arises, varying in height from eighteen inches to three feet. This support is grooved and a hole is cut through the deck at its base, of a size to take the mast, which fits into the groove and rests in a socket at the bottom of the boat. When on harbour the mast is frequently lifted out and resting on the central support and on a trestle aft, is laid along the centre, forming an admirable roof tree. Both masts and supports are kept scrupulously clean, the mast from the action of the weather, taking a richer tone than the woodwork of the deck. Under the shelter of the yellow mats thrown over the mast, the





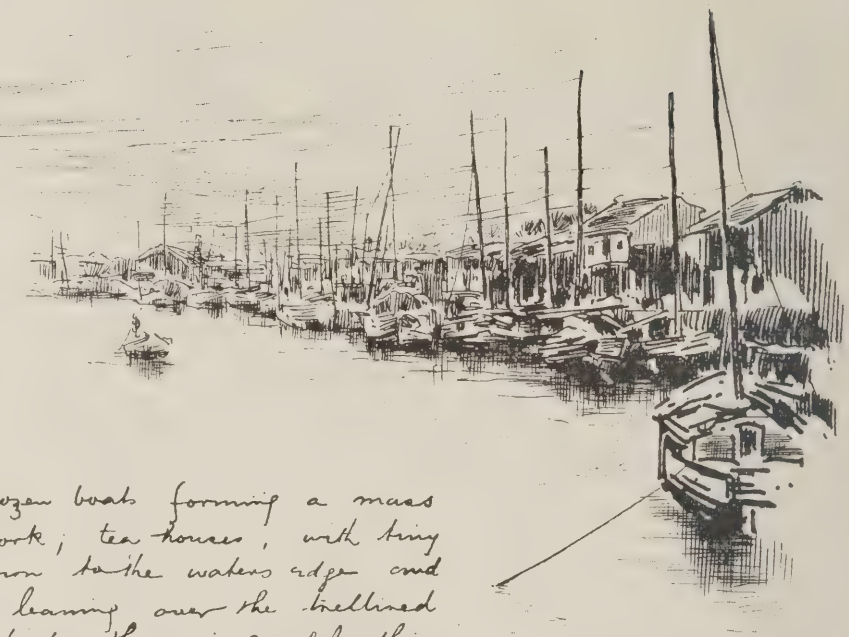
family of the master and crew live. In the big jinks there is a commodious deck-house with sleeping cabins and living room. The table is the spotless white deck, and the berths are also on the deck. But in the smaller craft the wife and family have quarters under the deck, though port-holes are unknown. No houses ashore could be cleaner. Each jink has only one sail, oblong in shape. The sails are made in narrow strips of greyish-white canvas, each strip running the length of the sail. The strips are lashed together not sewn. A sail is never reefed, but when the breeze is too strong it is lowered a little, and it is no uncommon sight to see a jink running before the wind with the yard half way down the mast, the sail bellying out to a semi-circle. In fishing boats the ugly practice common in England of painting numbers & letters on the sail to denote the port is avoided by the use of short black lengths placed either in horizontal or perpendicular lines. The prow is narrow and projects beyond the boat to a considerable distance. In some of the larger jinks it is adorned with a symbolical figure-head, but as a rule it is merely a narrow piece of clean white wood, the edge protected by bronze plating. At the stern the planks from the sides are extended and curved, these forming a shield for the cumbrous rudder, which originally white, is darkened by long immersion. In port the rudder is always drawn up clear of the water. At the back of the rudder post is a cross-beam resting on two uprights, the uprights being carried through and above the beam, and the structure looks not unlike





a miniature in wood of the stone torii at the entrance to a Temple. The name in bronze, is written in Chinese characters on the cross beam, giving to this portion of the junk a highly decorative effect. No nails are used. All planks are fastened to the ribs with wooden bolts. In the barges, used chiefly for river work, this absence of iron is deftly turned to artistic ornamentation. On each side of the barge are narrow platforms, about a foot wide, and some four inches in thickness, along which the little boatmen, stripped to their loin-cloth, their brown skins glistening, walk with laborious strides as they propel the boat with poles. The woodwork is worn smooth by the constant friction of bare feet. The platform is fastened to the side by triangular wooden rivets, the heads driven in to an inch below the surface. For ornament numbers of these holes are cut into the side of the platform from stem to stern giving the appearance of fretwork. Under the platform two narrow stripes of bronze run the whole length and economical boat-owners who cannot afford or do not care to use bronze imitate it with paint, the bronze being the only relief to the white woodwork. In the endless perspective of junks the golden tone predominates but it is relieved by the colouring of the buildings on the river banks. There is no monotony for no two houses are similar either in tint or design. And there is no stiffness of line. The builders are all artists, to whose instinct repetition would do violence. The quaint roofs although formed in straight lines, seem to





rise and fall in gentle undulations. There is nothing abrupt or rugged nothing jars or disturbs. And the colours are as varied as the roofs. In the upper reach of the rivers the scenes never cease to charm. Clusters of half-a-dozen boats forming a mass of decorative wood-work; tea-houses, with tiny gardens running down to the waters edge and gaily dressed Geisha leaning over the trellised verandahs, light bridges thrown in graceful outline against the purple horizon, combine to complete a picture as broad as a study by Rembrandt, as infinite in detail as a masterpiece by Hobbema! Yours faithfully,

Mortimer Menpes.



THE GUILD OF HANDICRAFT: A VISIT TO ESSEX HOUSE.

The Guild of Handicraft is an institution which owed its initiation wholly, and its continuance largely, to the enthusiastic energy of Mr. C. R. Ashbee. It had its earliest beginnings in a small Ruskin class of three pupils, which Mr. Ashbee conducted at Toynbee Hall while still himself in the office of Mr. Bodley, the well-known architect. The study of Ruskin aroused the latent enthusiasms which struggled for expression in the efforts of a class for the study of design. The class grew to thirty men and boys, who came to feel that design without application was as nothing. Fulfilment, therefore, was imperative, and a piece of practical work which involved modelling, plaster casting, painting, gilding, and the study of heraldic forms, was by the corporate efforts of the whole school at last produced. This effort was still of its sort an academic one, but a strong desire manifested itself that the productions of the class should find a use in the world—in short, that the work might be made to pay, or at least to pay its way. The teaching spirit was strong, however, and continued during a period of nine years, until in fact its maintenance was rendered impossible by the establishment of technical schools by the County Council. The idea of the Guild was that a school should be carried on in connection with a workshop, that the craftsmen in the workshop should teach; that the pupils should be drafted into the workshop as work extended or occasion arose. The classes continued to increase till room was needed for extension. Toynbee Hall was therefore abandoned, the Guild finding itself a home at the top of a large warehouse in Commercial Street. This place, schoolroom and workshop combined, was inaugurated about midsummer of 1888. For two years the experiment was to be tried, a small subscribing public supplying the funds. On its first anniversary the guildsmen numbered eight, while the school had increased to an average of seventy pupils. The scheme was now fairly under weigh. There was the Guild or productive workshop, and the school. The general intention was to attract young journeymen and give them some idea of design in its application to the industry in which they were engaged. Three forms of work were undertaken by the Guild for public sale—wood work, metal work, and decorative painting—while in the classes were men engaged in almost every



"WOOD-CARVING AT ESSEX HOUSE" DRAWN BY GEORGE THOMSON

trade—cabinet-makers, carpenters, iron and copper smiths, lithographers, draughtsmen, printers, house painters, sign writers, and pattern makers. Vicissitudes the movement had, but the central idea was well maintained, that the movement should be a workmen's movement, on the basis not of mastership in the ordinary sense, but by co-operation in industrial partnership. By the time that the Guild was three years old a larger habitation was required, and an ideal home was found in Essex House down the Mile End Road, where the Guild removed in 1890, and continues to remain. There was still the teaching side to the movement down to the year 1896, when the pupils numbered over 200. The workshop was self-supporting, paying indeed a creditable interest on the capital invested, and having the school as a first charge on its profits. The school could never, at such fees as might be charged, be independent of outside assistance, which was in general forthcoming. The whole experiment was a distinct success, so much so that it was imitated at Birmingham, Newlyn, and many other places. Meanwhile the County Council had proposed interesting itself in Technical Education and founding its Polytechnic Institutes. Instead of subsidising existing institutions, the Council determined to establish others of its own. This being in due course done, the school of handicraft became exposed to the competition of nominal fees, and of course no private adventure can stand against schemes supported out of public money. The school had therefore regretfully to be closed. It was extinguished, indeed, by causes which the success of its own endeavours did much to bring into operation. Whether the work done in the East End Polytechnics is as efficacious as that which was done by the Guild it is perhaps not worth while to inquire. On the face of it the thing does not seem likely—a workshop school, as it might be imagined, would be better than a teaching Polytechnic. However that may be, the matter is now past praying for. The Guild has a record on its teaching side of which it may well be proud, not only in work done at its own head-quarters, but in the supply of teachers and inspectors to various county councils throughout the country.



"METAL-WORKER AT ESSEX HOUSE" DRAWN BY GEORGE THOMSON

The Productive Work of the Guild.

With the Guild as a teaching institution we have therefore nothing further to do. But as a productive workshop its claims upon our interest are little likely to be diminished. As an organisation for the co-operative production of such forms of art work as cabinet-making, decorative iron and copper work, jewellery, enamel, and the stamping of leather, its productions are well known to a large section of the artistic public. Whenever they have been publicly shown, as at the Arts and



"WORKERS IN SILVER AT ESSEX HOUSE." DRAWN BY GEORGE THOMSON

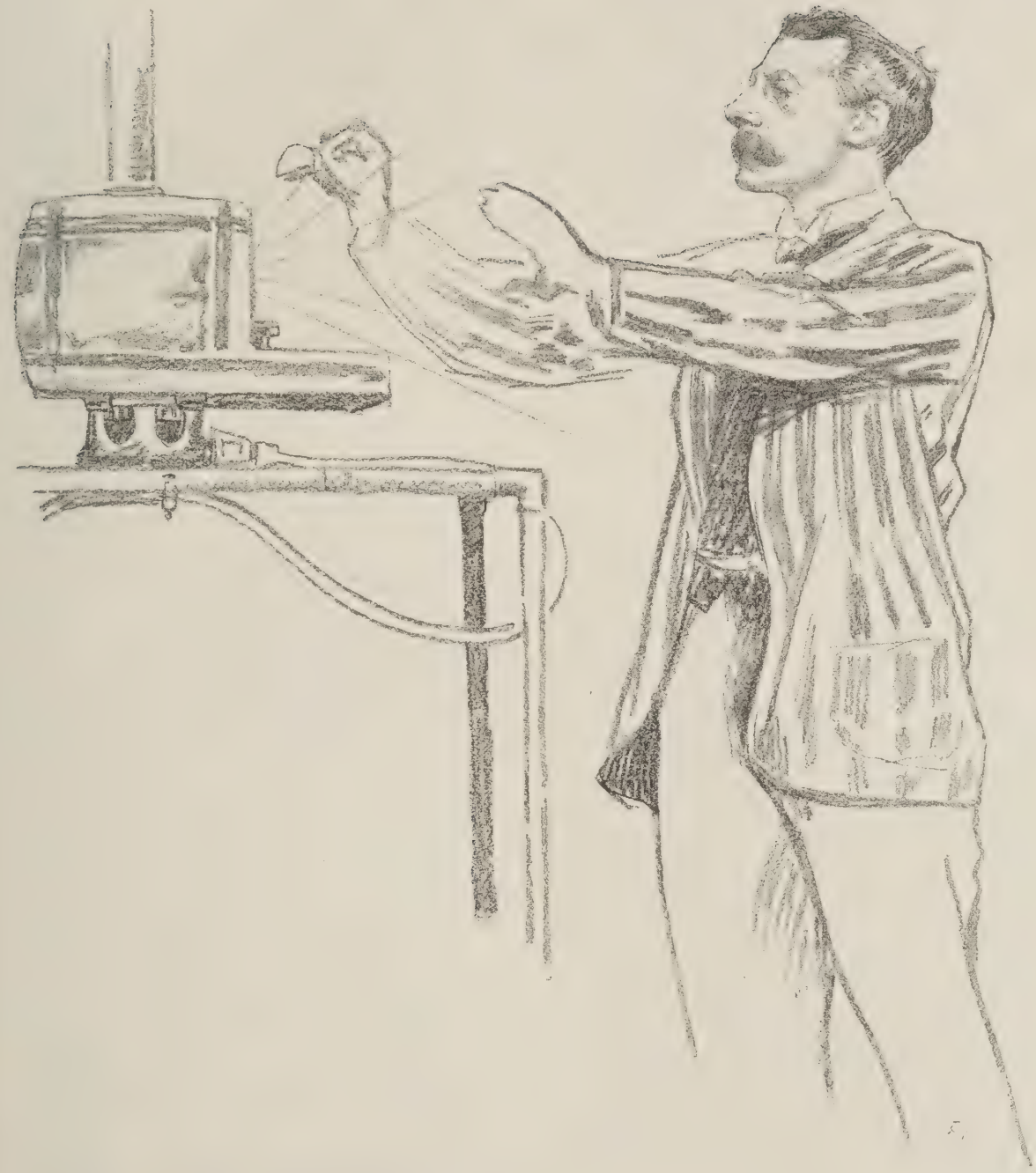
Crafts and other exhibitions, they have met with such approval as takes the very tangible form of orders for articles of similar character.

It is not the purpose of the present writer to discuss the merits or characteristics of design shown in the works of the Guild. These have been adverted to in THE STUDIO on various occasions when the works have been on public view. Moreover, the readers of THE STUDIO are very well capable of estimating for themselves the merits of the various articles we are enabled to illustrate. But without going further into the matter, it might be well to note the somewhat simple architectural character of most of the objects. A certain classic simplicity of design and an avoidance of what is known as "trade finish" may be pointed to as most striking characteristics.

Essex House is situated far down the Mile End Road. It is a handsome eighteenth-century house built by a pupil of Wren, presenting, in truth, an aspect of forsaken stateliness among its mean surroundings. The garden is spacious with an entrance from a side street. The carpentry shops run down at the right of the garden for over half its length; while over the tennis lawn, at the remote end, a little dark building with a glowing fire, which we are told is the smithy, may be seen at any spring-time through glimpses of apple blossom. The coppersmiths have their shop in what was formerly the drawing-room of the house. The ground floor of the house is used for various offices. Through the hall, and up a fine staircase, we come to the meeting-room of the Guild, in which are displayed certain of its productions, mostly for a short period only, pending, in fact, their delivery to the purchasers. Until our first visit to Essex House, we had a certain vague idea that one might there see many of the productions permanently on view. This, however, was soon dissipated, for the Guild, no more than any other productive corporation, produces its work in a speculative way. A few things there are, of course, but in a general way the articles go straight from the workshop to the purchaser. Even then it is only after repeated visits that the manifold activities of the place present themselves. We have seen in the course of several months, over which our recent visits have ranged, amongst other works in course of production, an elaborate wrought-iron railing for a house on the Chelsea Embankment, an oak screen for a village church, patterns in mahogany with modelled work for cast-iron fireplaces, a series of suites of bedroom furniture, electric light fittings for a number



"ANNEALING AT ESSEX HOUSE" DRAWN BY GEORGE THOMSON



"THE ENAMEL FURNACE, ESSEX HOUSE" DRAWN BY GEORGE THOMSON

of London houses, the interior fitments of a country house which Mr. Ashbee was restoring, a presentation casket for the Queen, a large quantity of jewellery, and silver and electro-plated table services; while on our last visit we saw the beginnings of the furniture and interior decorative work of the palace of Darmstadt for the Grand Duke of Hesse.

The Coppersmiths.

The art of Repoussé copper, so long fallen into desuetude, was redeveloped in this country from a beginning which came to Mr. Ashbee's notice in quite a casual way. In his peregrinations in the East End, Mr. Ashbee came upon a workman who had at one time been employed in De Morgan's tile works. This man, broken down in health and out of any regular employment, had carefully examined in the British Museum the Repoussé copper of the Middle Ages. With the spirit of emulation he employed himself in imitating or adapting De Morgan's tiles in beaten copper. Mr. Ashbee secured his services, and this man continued the

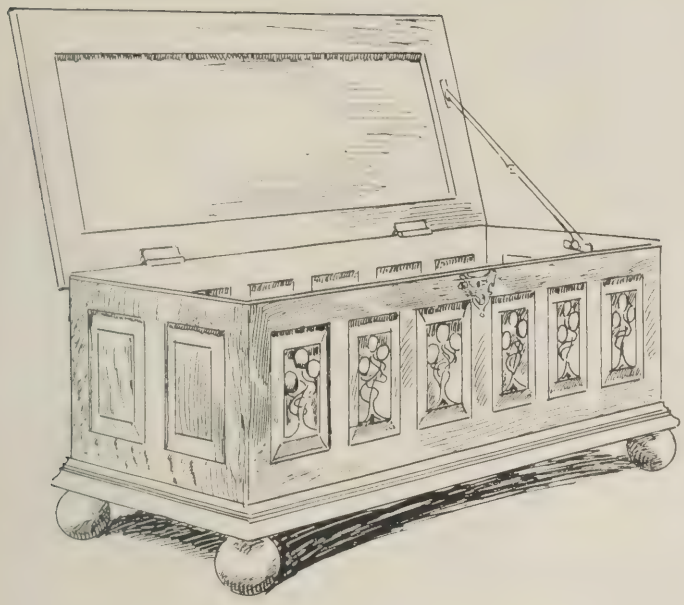


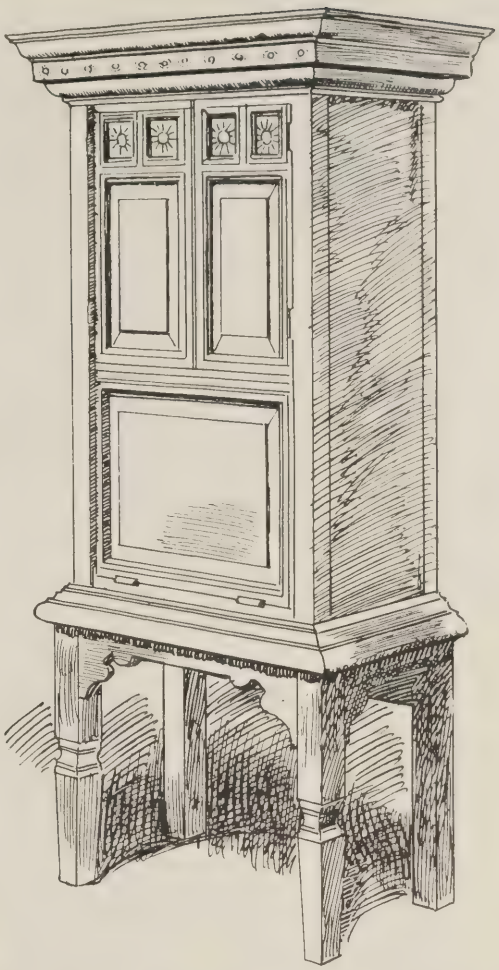
EMBOSSED LEATHER WALL HANGINGS
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

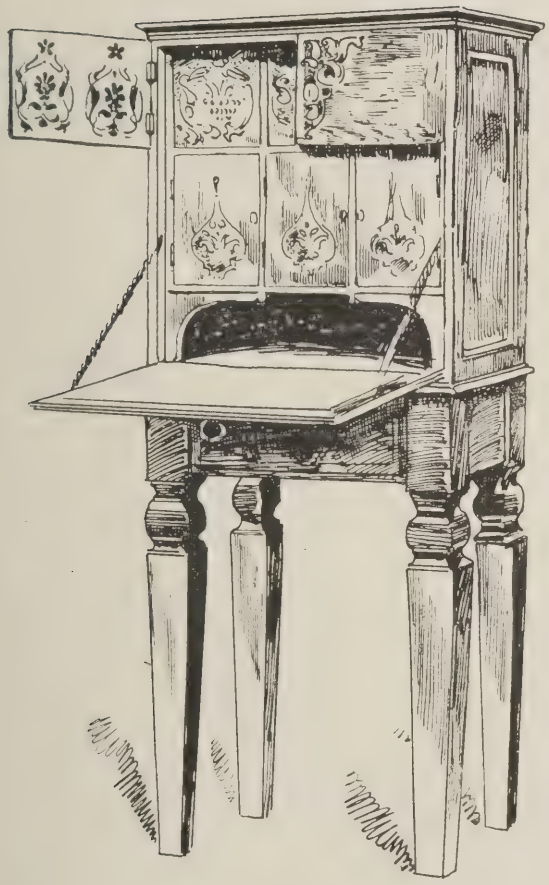


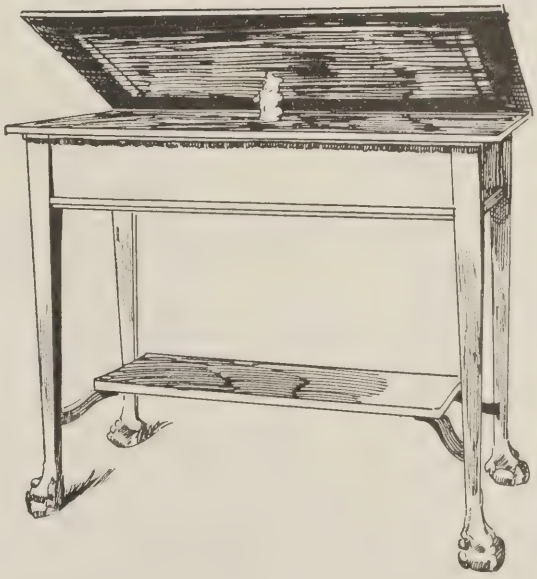
EMBOSSED LEATHER WALL HANGINGS
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

execution of this class of work, and laid the tradition which has been carried on at Essex House. The method of this class of work is simple. If of the nature of a plate or disc, the piece of copper is laid upon a bed of pitch or lead, and hammered from front or back as occasion requires with a mallet and punches of various sizes, in accordance with the forms of the design which is being executed. If of the nature of a bowl, the beating is done upon an iron head, and held in position by the hand. After a certain amount of hammering the metal becomes hardened, and requires softening to its original condition. This process, called annealing, is done by heating the copper in the flame blown by the bellows from a Bunsen burner. A very few minutes suffice, the colour indicating the proper condition, and the hammering of the softened copper proceeds as before. Copper is emphatically *the* metal for the Repoussé worker, because it combines the necessary qualities, softness and ductility, in quite a remarkable degree. Brass may be used, although it is rather hard, and Mr. Ashbee often employs pewter, a compound whose colour is of a highly satisfactory nature for decorative purposes. Silver, too, is frequently dealt with at Essex House, and in



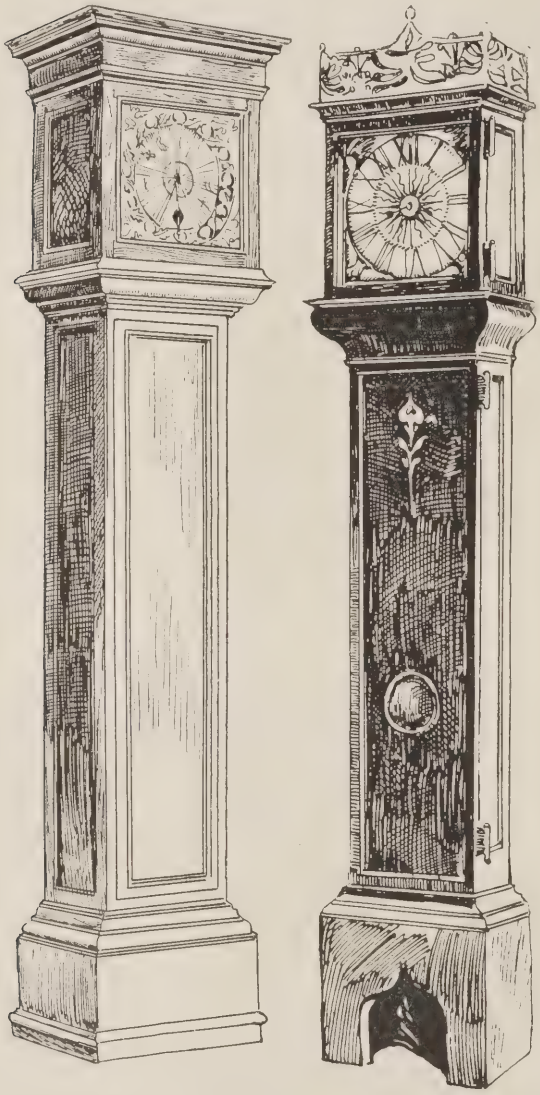






FURNITURE DESIGNED
AND EXECUTED AT
ESSEX HOUSE

this, as in all these metals, enrichment may be obtained by perforations, in addition to the relief of the hammered work. On our first visit, a very charming service was being executed in silver, as may be seen in the drawing of some apprentices at work (page 29). Nothing comes amiss—a copper bowl, a finger plate, or the hands of a clock. The largest undertaking of this kind was doubtless the copper frame which the Guild executed for Mr.

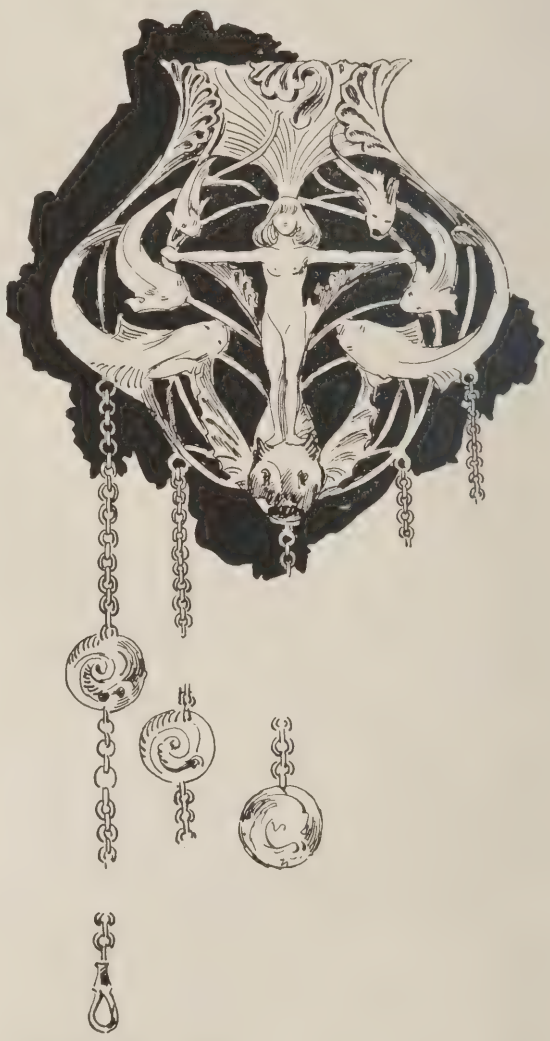


CLOCK CASES
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

Holman Hunt's picture of the May morning ceremony at Magdalen Tower.

Jewellery.

The jewellery is partly cast and partly hammered in gold or silver. If cast the process is that known as waste wax, now so generally familiar as hardly to require description. Set with stones, or treated in enamel, the results are of great richness.

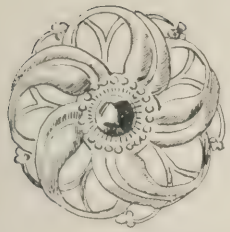


CHATELAINE IN SILVER
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

A peculiarity of Essex House jewellery is the insistence upon the æsthetic as opposed to the commercial value of precious stones. Colour is a quality always held in view, and thus we find combinations of copper and yellow crystals, gold and topaz, silver and obstein, red enamel and amethyst, blue enamel and opal, and the use of a variety of stones contemptuously regarded by the ordinary jeweller as "off colour" or unmarketable.

Enamel.

Enamel for fusing upon metal comes from the maker in lumps very like the coloured glass of



SILVER BROOCH WITH AMETHYST



PENDANT IN GOLD, PEARLS AND RED ENAMEL



SILVER BROOCH SET WITH CARBUNCLE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

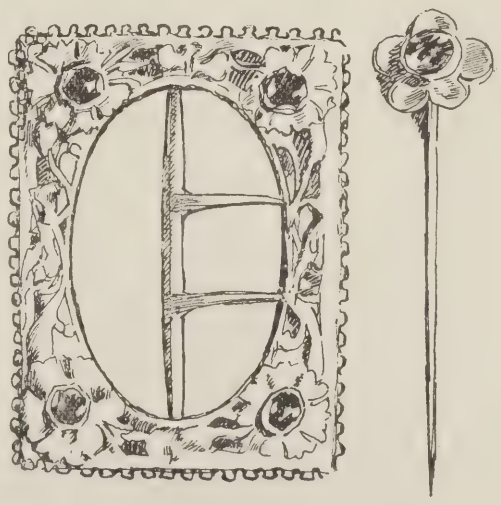
The cabinetmakers' shop has a certain distinction which implies a difference from the ordinary trade workshop. There is no machinery to be seen, and the men as a rule carry each piece of work right through from the beginning. One is struck with the more human character which it appears

the mosaic worker. It has to be broken up, pounded in a mortar, and reduced to something like a powder before it is fit to apply to the surface to be enamelled. The first covering, usually of a whitish colour, is called the "flux." It is painted or dusted on the copper, or other metal, which is then heated to such degree as causes the fusion of the enamel and its adhesion to the metal. When the flux is established, the colour is applied in a similar manner according to the colour or design required. One colour may be dusted on to a part or the whole of another. With an eye for effect, the most brilliant results may be obtained. The firing is done in a small fire-clay furnace with gas, and success depends on the proper degree of firing, the equality of heat and some other circumstances which are very obscure. Failure is by no means uncommon. A heart-breaking process truly is the art of enamelling. A piece may be perfect in colouring, texture, and quality, yet may be marred by some little part which cracks and threatens to scale. The heat may have been too much, or too little, or if the piece be large, insufficiently uniform. It is very difficult to see into the furnace, for the glow is blinding, and, after all, a pair of goggles or the shield of the hand is but small protection. It is little wonder, then, that in the enamel shop Mr. Ashbee and his assistants had to undergo no end of vexations before they could produce results with any degree of certainty.



NECKLACE IN BLUE ENAMEL SET WITH PEARLS

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE



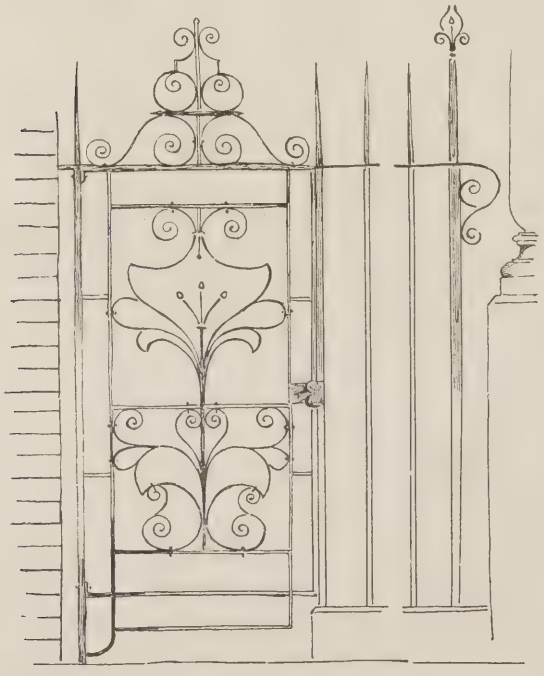
BUCKLE AND PIN

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE



CHALICES, CHALLENGE CUPS AND BASINS
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

to be the object of the Guild to carry out in its method of work. This shop contains some of the best cabinet-makers in London, and is capable of any work of its kind, from a piece of carpentry, pure and simple, to an eight-day clock or an elaborate piece of domestic furniture. The smithy at the end of the garden is, as we have said, charmingly situated, and here may be turned out any ornamental iron work from a lamp to a garden gate.



GATE AND RAILINGS IN WROUGHT IRON
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

While the working side of the Guild is assiduously attended to, under the supervision of Mr. Adams, who is general manager, the social side of the community is not forgotten. On the last visit we had occasion to make, there were festivities in progress in the place to celebrate the marriage of one of the members. There is an annual supper as well as various other functions. We have dropped in on a Wednesday evening and joined Mr. Ashbee at supper with his apprentices. Some of the guildsmen come in after supper, and sometimes an evening is spent in conversation interpolated with songs, catches, and so forth. Indeed, one cannot but think that it is just this quality of human relationship and the effort of the guildsmen to create a method of life that shall be not merely commercial, which gives to many of the articles turned out at Essex House the individual character to be found in them.

SWEDISH ART AT THE STOCKHOLM EXHIBITION. BY COUNT BIRGER-MÖRNER.

THE great Art Exhibition has, above all expectation, proved to be very well represented, considering the size and resources of Scandinavia. For the stranger, it is especially interesting to



"THE CABRIOLET"
A WOODCUT. BY
W. NICHOLSON





observe the characteristic national disposition displayed in the three Scandinavian divisions—the Swedish, the Norwegian, and the Danish. These divisions, about equal as to numbers, plainly show, when compared with the international division, how similar these three nations are, and yet how different when compared with each other. It is plain how dependent the art of a nation is upon the nature of its country. The rocky coasts of Norway cut up by deep *fjords* and fringed by dark, dismal forests of pine and fir, are represented by an art which almost gives the impression of a straightforward, nearly brutal endeavour for a consummate effect. There is strength coupled with gravity, and one is compelled to respect, nay, frequently to admire, but one seldom feels one's heart grow warm. In the Danish halls, however, where the pictures were inspired by a country whose vast, undulating fields are only shaded by the mild outlines of beech woods, it is quite different. On first passing through this division everything seems tame and perhaps even stale; but on a second visit one is struck with astonishment as one touching picture after the other awakens interest. There is peace and quiet in the colours, which, after the pigmental excesses in the other divisions, has a good effect on the nerves; it is like stealing out from a gay ball on to a cool balcony—one goes there again and again until one falls in love.

The Swedes, on the other hand—well, how shall I characterise their part of this art exhibition? It is most difficult to see the peculiarities of one's own countrymen; I believe, however, that I will come nearest to the truth if I say that, as the scenery of Sweden is partly melancholy and wild like that of Norway, and partly mild and effeminate like that of Denmark, and moreover constitutes a mixture of these two extremes; so also Swedish art dominates a larger field than that of our sister countries. The colour is neither characterised by the austerity of the Norwegians nor the discretion of the Danes; it is more sprightly, more capricious and varied. The above refers to the paintings of the three countries, but something similar could well be said of their sculpture. This part of the art exhibition is, however, very unsatisfactorily represented, especially as regards Norway and Denmark. This may doubtless be ascribed to the difficulty and expense of transporting works of sculpture. I know that sculpture stands higher in our sister countries than would be supposed from the works sent to this exhibition.



"MY WIFE" FROM A PAINTING BY RICHARD BERGH

An artist who especially attracts attention is Carl Nordström. He grew up on a dismal and austere island on the west coast of Sweden; later he went out into the world, and like most of our painters, he studied in Paris and returned; and now, as he stands, a mature artist, on his native soil, the hard lines and scanty scenery of the island home of his childhood, with its melancholy lights and shades resting over the desolate ridges of rock, covered with sun-burned heather, have again captivated him, and with a rare personality of art, he has given expression to these melancholy tones.

Prince Eugén is a lyric landscape painter who possesses unique charms. His art will, however, be more minutely treated in another article in THE STUDIO, and I will consequently pass it by here.

An artist who infallibly awakes interest and attracts attention, and who has only of late succeeded in gaining recognition, is Eugen Janson. His field of work is, however, very restricted, both as to subject and to colour. On most of his canvases he has called forth night scenes from the south part of Stockholm, a part of the city piled up on a high cliff, and whose houses are reflected in the clear, deep waters of Lake Mälar, the great lake which in the middle of Stockholm abruptly joins an inlet of the Baltic.

Anshelm Schultzberg is also one of our younger artists who has worked his way to the front. Two large canvases of his are attracting particular attention. One represents beltane fires in Bergslagen (Valborgsmessoeldar-Walpurgis or beltane fires). To the Swedes, who are, more than the majority of nations, great lovers of nature, Walpurgisday (the first of May) is, next to Christmas, dearest of all fêtes, since it ushers in Spring. The evening before this day is celebrated by kindling fires on the rocks and hills around the villages. The picture in question represents a landscape from the heart of the country—a wide view, in the light of the glorious spring night. Far and near fires are glimmering in the twilight, and one feels that these fires stretch further and further away across the whole country side, and around each fire there are young and happy people, all uniting in one joy, all rejoicing in the coming of the Spring. This picture has been bought by the State.



PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF BY ZORN

Among the oldest artists, we must first note Alfred Wahlberg. He is one of the most eminent artists of our country, and is no less appreciated on the Seine than on Lake Mälar. It is a pity that those of his works exhibited do not give a very good opportunity for



"THE FROG" BY PER HASSELBERG

a true judgment of his skill as an artist, but we hope to be able to speak of him again.

Among other eminent artists are Kreuger, whose art somewhat reminds one of Nordström, but which is of a milder character; Arborelius, whose art is loveable, but not very deep; Gottfrid Kallstenius, among whose works a twilight landscape is of good effect; Thegerström, Lindman, G. Ankarcrona, Count Georg von Rosen, and Baron Gustav Cederström. I shall have more to say in future articles concerning the two last-named very distinguished artists.

Among the painters of animals Bruno Liljefors, who is beyond doubt the most subjective artist in our country, of course takes the first place. We can hardly say that he has ever had a teacher; he belongs to no "tendency" and to no school. His field of work was small from the beginning; his first canvases exclusively depicted the life of small animals — foxes, cats, small birds, &c.—with their joys, sorrows and occupations. He reproduced them all with striking and characteristic skill, and with colours of enchanting freshness. Then his views gradually widened. The animals, instead of forming the *raison d'être* of the picture, as was at first the case, now became less and less dominating, until at last he surprised us by pictures in which the animals were only life-giving accessories on their own ground; and so we found that Liljefors had suddenly developed into a landscape painter, who is as yet unexcelled in depicting Swedish scenery, and a marine painter who, for originality and strength in this branch alone, is worth a separate chapter.

Among the more notable painters I must call attention to Ernst Josephson. His power of characterisation is enormous, his colour warm, deeply subjective, and with Renaissance features. Josephson's pictures make a melancholy impression on the Swedes, in spite of the artist's joy which sometimes shines forth from them. Before these pictures we are compelled to think of the artist himself. He was never fully understood; sorrows and misunderstandings heaped themselves up about him, and in the middle of his prime his brush fell from his hands for ever. The recognition which is now beginning to be given him comes almost too late, for he is a man whose ships have been burnt.

Zorn is doubtless better known in England and America than any other Swedish artist. He is the *virtuoso* of our artists. No one understands as well as he how to call forth the most impressive effect with the simplest of means, none other possesses

his colouring, and what others can scarcely attain by work is only play for him. Foremost among his painting we notice *Natteffekt* ("Night effect"), a demi-mondaine clad in the reddest of red dresses, who enters the street from one of the Paris boulevard-cafés, and who is illuminated on the one side by the electric light from the street and on the other by the light from the café. There is also exhibited a portrait of himself, painted with excellent *bravura*, with a nude model in the background. After the Exhibition is over this picture will become a part of the State collection.

Carl Larson has exhibited a number of pictures, most of them reproducing interiors from his own family life. As always, they are distinguished for their elegance, trueness, and good humour. The picture—*Karin* (the wife of the artist)—belongs to H.R.H. Prince Eugén. Oscar Björck is represented by several very good portraits. His portrait of King Oscar in crown and robe is monumental, and the one of a laughing young lady dressed in light blue, reclining against a light background, is delightful. There is sun and gladness in it. Richard Bergh is one of our most intelligent, perhaps one of our most reflecting, artists. His great new work, *Jungfrun och Riddaren* ("The Damsel and the Knight"), is making a great sensation. The knight, clad in armour, and decked with red waving plumes, is kissing the damsel farewell in a green meadow. She looks down and seems to be trembling. There is something delightfully subtle in her appearance, but I cannot say that the picture, with its somewhat brassy tone, makes any deep impression on me. Without any hesitation I give a higher place to his much nobler work—*Min hustru* ("My wife")—which portrait, with its sincerity and simplicity, cannot help being attractive.

The great symphony of colours — *Våren* ("Spring")—by Julius Kronberg, is always seen with pleasure. Kronberg was once our merriest colour poet; now he is discreet in colour, discreet in the extreme. From his new period there is only one work here exhibited—a portrait in tempera of a man, who in his old age has become blind, and is now trying to learn blind print. Kronberg, the



"THE EAGLES" FROM A PAINTING BY BRUNO LILJEFORS

colourist, who was formerly not very deep, here surprises us by his sharp characterisation ; but where is now the colourist? Acke Anderson's art is playful and *gracieuse*. He is represented, among other works, by a great screen—*Nattdagg och solstrålar* ("Night-dew and Sunbeams)—which is extremely refined. In light, decorative painting, he depicts the moment when the elfins playing on the meadow were surprised by the rising sun : it is the mist of the meadow being dispersed by the rays of the sun. The screen is enclosed by a frame decorated with fir branches carved by the artist—a very praiseworthy work.

The sculpture hall, which contains the Scandinavian sculpture, is predominated by one single artist. It is the late Swedish sculptor, Per Hasselberg, unfortunately snatched away in his very prime. Here we find his three best works—the three best works ever created by a Swedish sculptor—*Snöklocken* ("The Snowbell"), *Grodan* ("The Frog"), and *Näckrosen* ("The Water-lily"). It is melancholy to pause before the works of this artist, and to think of what he would have been able to give us if death had not so inopportunely taken him away. His decease left a blank which cannot be filled ; it was the greatest loss which Swedish art has ever suffered.

Next to Hasselberg among Swedish sculptors comes John Börjeson, who is a sculptor of statues *par preference*. His style is less lyric than that of Hasselberg ; his talent is more monumental. An equestrian statue of Charles Gustavus X. in plaster shows this artist from his strong side. Among others, we should remark Theodor Lundberg, whose art is simplicity itself and well governed ; and last, but not least, Zorn, who, with a wooden bust of a Dalecarlian woman, clearly shows himself to be the same fine artist, no matter whether he uses the brush or the chisel.

THE ART OF WOOD-CARVING. BY G. FRAMPTON, A.R.A (PART I.).

It is, I am glad to say, very much in the nature of a truism to call attention to the progress that has been made during the last quarter of a century in the direction of sound principles and artistic feeling, so far as the majority of the allied arts as practised in England are concerned. It is only of late years, however, that even the most ardent disciple of Mr. Mark Tapley has been able to regard with any degree of hopefulness and satisfaction the existing condition of the by no means unimportant minor art of wood-carving. The Gothic revival which, as some of us are already beginning to forget, did so much to bring about the true renaissance of sincere principle and strenuous feeling in all the arts, appears to have imposed new fetters upon the wood-carver. The chains wherewith he was bound, and which were drawn so tight as to impede his due development, were those of precedent and style. He found himself the timorous slave rather than the independent ally of the architect, and so it came about that until within a comparatively recent period the history of wood-carving in England was the history of a mere travesty of an art which three centuries ago, and for two hundred years before that, was real and living, palpitating with actuality and individuality. The most esteemed craftsman was he who was the cleverest copyist and who could forge you with the most consummate skill documents in wood of the thirteenth, fourteenth, or fifteenth centuries as the case might call for, and as the architect might require. In the majority of cases this forgery at its best was but clumsy and unconvincing. During his travels on the Continent the architect would come across a piece of old work, the beauty of which, consisting—though perhaps he did not recognise this fact—no little in its perfect harmony with its surroundings, struck his fancy. A clever and captivating little sketch of it would be forthwith jotted down in his sketch-book, and years after, perhaps, when his memory of the original had become blurred and indistinct, would be enlarged and re-drawn by him as being "just the sort of thing" for some modern choir-stall, or some nineteenth century over-mantel. This enlarged sketch was sent to the wood-carver who was expected to work from it, filling in its perhaps empty outlines with details of his own invention, and in any case importing into it his own ideas of light and shade and the necessary relief. The carver, it must be remembered, had never seen the original, and was probably out of touch and sympathy with the style which informed it—how, therefore, was it to be expected that he could catch and translate into modern terms its spirit? The more faithfully he endeavoured to carry out the ideas of those who gave him the work to do, the more rigorously did it become necessary for him to repress his own artistic leanings and aspirations. The result at its best presented us merely with an imitation of the dry and valueless husk of the original, the kernel of vivifying principle and true artistic feeling being lamentably absent. Individuality, which is the breath of life of all the arts,

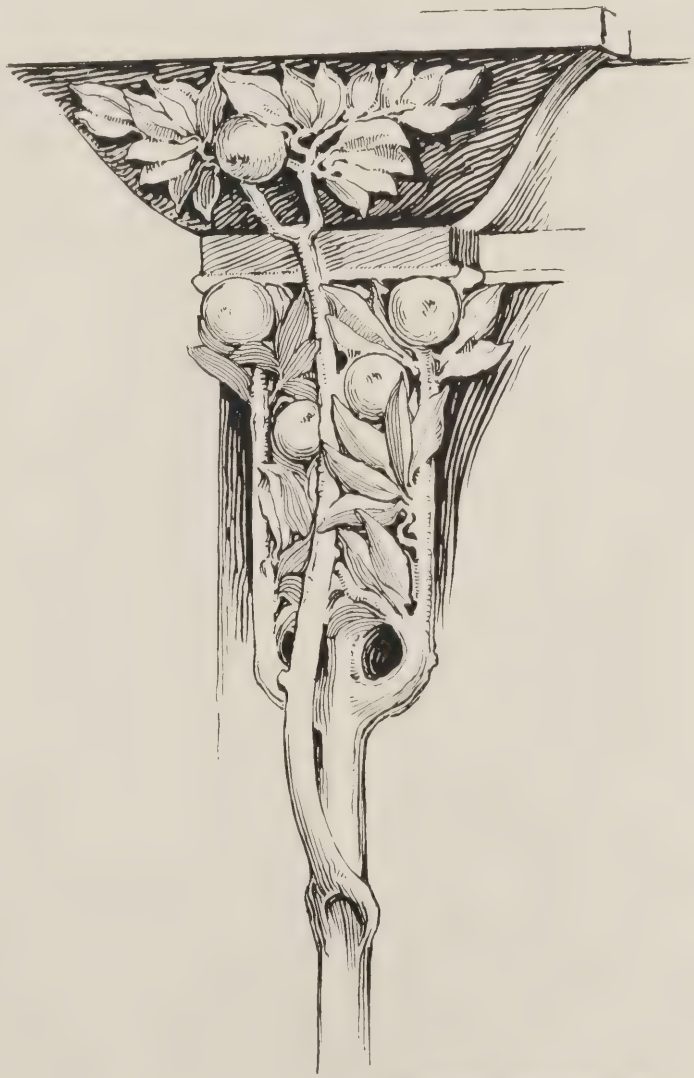
was necessarily discouraged to such an extent that it became practically non-existent. One man's work was exactly the same as another's. To use a homely, but I think expressive simile, they were all sausages turned out of one machine, save that one sausage perhaps was a little better packed than another. This was the condition of affairs when that little band of allied workers, the result of whose endeavours to further the real interests of the arts to which they are devoted is to be seen every now and then at the Arts and Crafts Exhibitions, began their co-operative labours. Their gospel may be summed up in one word as being that of individuality. "Let us," they said, "be able to tell one another's work when we see it, just as we are able to distinguish each other's handwriting. Let us be able to say at a glance: 'This is a Walter Crane; this a Voysey; this a Harrison Townsend; this a Henry Wilson; and this a Reynolds.'" It was not long before they came to the conclusion that individuality, which, I venture to say in parenthesis, includes originality as the greater includes the less, was dependent not so much, if indeed at all, upon mere technique as upon design. And here it was that they at once joined issue with the older school of craftsmen, and in no instance was this issue more clearly defined than in the case of the wood-carver. In this art perhaps more than any other perfection of mechanical technique had been placed upon so high a pedestal of slavish admiration that its dislodgment seemed, and to a certain extent still seems, to place itself among the impossibilities. For my part, I feel that I cannot dwell too insistently upon the danger of this time-worn heresy to the student and the younger craftsmen. It is a heresy which is devoutly believed in by the great mass of the outside, and necessarily ignorant, public, as well as by many of those followers and professors of the arts whose position is of apparent importance enough to invest their opinions almost with the authority of dogma. I was travelling on the Continent only a few years ago with one of our best known and most highly esteemed wood-carvers, one whose own original work is of such a high quality as to have led me to suppose that he would be the last man in the world to attach supreme value to mere perfection of finish. To my surprise and to that of my other companion, our friend was attracted chiefly by such of the old work as betrayed consummate technical skill. Design to him evidently played but a subsidiary part, and I remember one piece of Italian carving in particular which simply took our breath away by the beauty of its lines and its satisfying adaptability to its surroundings, and yet earned from him only an expression of contemptuous disapproval at the roughness and want of finish displayed in its cutting. "Ah!" said my other companion, who was an enthusiastic architect, "if we could only do such work as that nowadays!" "Do such work as that?" replied the carver. "Why, if one of my apprentices turned out a bit of work as poor as that I should feel inclined to cancel his indentures." It was the old story of the two sides of the shield; one man saw only the individuality and the vigorous fidelity of the design; the other could not see beyond the roughness and comparative ineptness of the mechanical execution thereof.



PASTORAL STAFF
BY GEORGE FRAMPTON, A.R.A.

Another instance of the same obliquity of vision on the part of those who it might be expected would see quite clearly and directly is still fresher in my memory. I was asked not long ago to judge the efforts of the wood-carving class in one of our Technical Institutes. I found associated with myself two practical wood-carvers, who were so well esteemed in their profession that they had been appointed teachers at this very school. As I went round the room and looked at the competitive carvings hung up upon the walls, I saw at my first glance that the question of original design as one of the factors which would help me in arriving at a decision must be altogether eliminated. It simply did not exist, for all the works were the same stylistic copies, speaking of any century but the nineteenth. I determined, therefore, that for an excellence more nearly approaching that of design, I must look for what I may call the drawing and the

composition of the various subjects, and I very soon made up my mind that a rather simple scroll, which I saw hanging up in one corner of the room possessed these qualities in a far higher degree than any of the other exhibits. As I had expected, when I pointed this out to my coadjutors, I was greeted with a look of blank amazement. They had made up their collective minds that the prize should be allotted to a much more ambitious attempt which I had deliberately passed by unnoticed. I therefore made up my mind to see what a little argument would do. "If you will tell me your reasons," said I, "for your choice, I will tell you those which have led me to mine." They had no reasons except the mere statement that their chosen panel was "more difficult" than mine. "But in what does the difficulty consist?" I asked, "they are both carvings; the wood is the same in both cases; it is not a case of difficulty, but of excellence." Still the same look of blank amazement. I then went into particulars, and pointed out that while the curves of my panel were vigorous and true, and while the leaf of which it consisted seemed to really grow and to be informed with life, the lines of theirs were weak, ineffective, and broken-backed, and that its only claim to their approbation lay in the fact that it must have taken the executant a much longer time to do, and perhaps implied the possession of a more thorough command of his chisels and gouges. I had a hard task to persuade them, but at last they saw the thing from my point of view, and finally the prize was awarded to the student who had shown a greater sense of beauty, though a less thorough technical knowledge. I do not think I can be too strenuously insistent upon this point. We have only to take the case of the famous Grinling Gibbons. Perhaps no man since chisel was first put to wood has shown a more supreme command of his material or his tools than Gibbons. One looks at his work as one sees it in our cathedrals and some of the great country-houses of England to-day, and almost feels as though no human agency could have produced the extraordinary effects we see. And yet no one would be bold enough in our day to say that from the point of view of design Gibbons is an artist to be admired. The gaping crowd of sightseers, as they are led round by the vergers, nudge each other as they gaze at his work, whisper in awe-stricken tones: "Isn't it wonderful?" and pass by to view with equal lack of true artistic appreciation the genius of Stevens' Wellington Monument, reserving their full meed of admiration for the acoustic properties of the Whispering Gallery. But the artist, marvelling at the skill of the craftsman, shakes his head mournfully at the artistic criminality of the rococo design. If that design were only equal to the execution; if its suitability to its place, and its adaptability to its material were on a par with its technical skill, then Grinling Gibbons would have been one of the greatest artists whom England has ever produced.



CAPITAL AND CORBEL BY GEORGE FRAMPTON, A.R.A.

Original design should be one of the first things demanded from the student in wood-carving, as in every other art. Let him from the very beginning of his career try to think for himself, and let him learn the techniques of his craft by working out his own ideas and inventions. It is only the craftsman who, in the truest and highest sense of the word, can really design; it is only he who knows his material thoroughly, and is able to judge of what it is capable, on the one hand, and what is impossible to it on the other. It is not everybody, of course, to whom the faculty of creation has been given, but there are very few to whom some feeling for beauty has been altogether denied. Let the young craftsman, then, go to Nature, if he can do nothing else, and in the free translation and adaptation of natural forms which his material imposes upon him, he will find himself forced to conventionalise sufficiently to allow his work to be classed as truly decorative. But he must beware of imitation, which is just as wrong when the object imitated has been originally designed by Dame Nature herself, as when it owes its form to the mind and hand of some dead-and-gone craftsman of the Middle Ages.

I have in the course of these rather haphazard notes said enough to warn the student against too implicit a belief in the supreme virtue of technical skill, and have shown him that it is by no means necessary for him to be a supreme craftsman before he endeavours to design for himself. On the other hand, there is the almost equally insistent danger to be guarded against of his allowing himself to be fettered at the very start of his career by convention and precedent. I would not have him understand by this that he is to pay no attention to what has been done by those great masters of the past whom we all unite in admiring, or that he should not study carefully and reverentially on every occasion which falls to his lot the work of the old men. It is from them, after all, that he must learn first the alphabet, and then the words of his art. It is for him, however, later on to combine those words into sentences of his own—sentences which convey an original idea and which bespeak his own individuality—rather than to slavishly repeat phrase after phrase in the dead languages of olden-time design. Such language is meaningless to our ears and conveys no message to our generation; yet there are not wanting those—and unfortunately among them many to whom it is given to be leaders and educators—who insist that we cannot do better than keep on repeating the lessons we have learned by rote. Hanging up in my studio is a model of the head of a pastoral staff which I placed in the hand of a statue of St. Mungo which I was commissioned to execute for a building in the city of Glasgow. Not long ago a distinguished antiquary happened to visit me and this object caught his eye. Now in place of the conventional crocket I had broken the curves of the head of the staff by some little clusters of conventionally treated leaves which it seemed to me might be supposed to have sprung from the simple sapling from which the earliest shepherd's crook was most probably fashioned. This caught my friend's eye. "But where are the crockets?" said he, to which I had to reply that there were none, but that I thought that my little clusters of leaves fulfilled the artistic purpose of the crocket, and yet added a touch of originality and individuality to my work. "Dear! dear! dear!" was the only comment, "that is all wrong, you know. I never saw a pastoral staff of the best period of the thirteenth century without crockets, and I cannot think how you can have let yourself design one without any." I found it a hopeless task to persuade my distinguished friend that a nineteenth-century designer might be allowed to think for himself as well as the craftsman of the thirteenth century, and we parted with mutual esteem.* In the same way many a grey head has been shaken in pained disapproval of the conventionalised, if somewhat naturalistic, capitals which I have worked into a mural tablet recently designed by me. "These are all wrong, you know!" they say, "I never saw a capital without an abacus or with so great a space above the fillet. It looks very well perhaps—it looks very well indeed, but I do not think any of the old men would have ventured to do that." The fact being that if any one of the "old men," for whom they have so reverential an esteem, had thought of doing it, and had wished to do it, he surely would have done it, and then it would have become a precedent for them to slavishly follow. Therefore I would impress upon the student these several things: He must not, in the first place, be constrained to believe that until he has become an expert craftsman he must be content to copy and to refrain from designing for himself. Should he do so, he will find that when the time comes that the technical portion of his education is finished he has starved and stunted his creative powers until

* It was another antiquarian friend, I think, who seemed to feel personally aggrieved when he noticed that there had been introduced into the head of the same staff the somewhat heterogeneous arms of Glasgow, a salmon, a tree, and a bell, in place of the figure of the Virgin or of a Saint, which alone would have satisfied his antiquarian soul.

they no longer exist, and he will remain a copyist throughout his career. In the second place, in his tentative efforts to design for himself he must not swathe himself too much in the swaddling clothes of convention and precedent. Let him try to catch the spirit rather than the form of those masters of his art who have preceded him. In the third place, let him remember that though it is not given to every one to be an original designer, even the humblest of us can be individual—that is, we can coin our own phrases even though the words which compose them have been invented by those who have gone before us. Finally, before leaving this initiatory portion of my subject, I would impress upon the student that what is a good design for one place is a very bad design for another. In other words, that applicability to the place it is to occupy is the first essential of a good design, and that therefore in the nature of things a copy of work designed for one particular position can never, under any possible circumstances, be right or fitting when placed in another and totally different one.

GEORGE FRAMPTON.

SOME GLASGOW DESIGNERS AND THEIR WORK.—III. BY GLEESON WHITE.

MR. FRANCIS NEWBERY'S influence, as Head Master of the Glasgow School of Art, has been already mentioned in these articles. It is impossible for outsiders to assess its actual sphere—which is evidently not limited merely to those pupils in training at the school but is felt beyond academic bounds. When a movement in any direction is recognised, slightly interested observers are apt to be satisfied if they can find some definite individual to be praised or attacked, as they may feel to be his due—on whom, in short, to cast all responsibility. But it would be foolish to lay the Glasgow movement at Mr. Newbery's door, for it began before he went to Glasgow. Yet it were not less foolish to overlook his share in its growth so far as design is concerned. Whether it would be good taste to instance Mrs. Newbery as a singularly brilliant "pupil" is an open question. In days when Ibsen and Married Women's Property Acts are bent on isolating the once dual personalty of husband and wife, perhaps it would be more seemly to pretend to forget that the Jessie R. Newbery of the Arts and Crafts Exhibitions is in any way related to the Glasgow painter who exhibits at the New English Art Club and elsewhere, and is also the director of a very important school.



DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED PANEL BY JESSIE R. NEWBERY



DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY BY JESSIE R. NEWBERY

But the designs of Mrs. Newbery do not appear in public for the first time here ; for several years past her work has not been overlooked by those who are alive to modern design. In the last Arts and Crafts were cushion covers, a mantel border, a book of emblems bound in green morocco gilt, and a quilt shown upon Mr. Christie's iron four-post bedstead, all designed by Jessie R. Newbery, who also exhibited a chalice and paten, an altar frontal, and a repoussé alms plate, worked from her designs in the previous exhibition, 1893. Therefore, those who follow closely the history of the applied arts among us will not be unaware of the style of Mrs. Newbery's work, not unmindful of its distinctly personal quality. But before that, "Jessie Rowat," as medallist of South Kensington, was not unknown to those who follow the course of English design somewhat closely. Here we may confine our attention to the designs for embroidery, which are singularly attractive, inasmuch as they are not obviously modelled on purely oriental designs, but seem to keep no little of the naïveté of old British work—which may indeed be traced back through continental ancestors to the mystic East, so that it cannot be considered an exotic, but a fully acclimatised growth.

Perhaps in place of trying to interpret Mrs. Newbery's artistic creed from her designs, it would be more interesting to quote her own words in reply to a request that she would state her ideas on the matter. Therein she says, after disclaiming any personal theories of design for embroidery specially :

"I believe that the greatest thing in the world is for a man to know that he is his own, and that the great end in art is the discovery of the self of the artist.

"I believe in being the sum of tradition ; that consciously or unconsciously men are all so, but some are more derivative than others.

"I believe in education consisting of seeing the best that has been done. Then, having this high standard thus set before us, in doing what we like to do : *that* for our fathers, *this* for us.

"I believe that nothing is common or unclean ; that the design and decoration of a pepper pot is as important, in its degree, as the conception of a cathedral.

"I believe that material, space, and consequent use discover their own exigencies and as such have to be considered well.

"I believe in everything being beautiful, pleasant, and, if need be, useful.

"To descend to particulars, I like the opposition of straight lines to curved ; of horizontal to vertical ; of purple to green, of green to blue.

"I delight in correspondence and the inevitable relation of part to part.

"I specially aim at beautifully shaped spaces and try to make them as important as the patterns.

"I try to make most appearance with least effort, but insist that what work is ventured on is as perfect as may be.

"I hope that in the foregoing expression of opinion I have not seemed over egotistic, considering the little sum of work accomplished by me."

The above creed is one that touches far more important matters than mere needlework, and seems to state not infelicitously the guiding principles of many a designer to-day. It is curious to find how often a Briton confesses, without consciously stating the fact, that he regards a cathedral as the highest and most complex effort of design. This would seem to show that our present movement is not far off the real Gothic revival the men of Pugin's time hoped for. For if it be a living and lasting effort, it most certainly recalls the earlier efforts of those great builders, who were singularly free from bondage to precedent, and cast aside Romanesque, Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular in turn, until the great wave of the Italian Renaissance swept over England and swamped our native design, not as we once feared for ever, but, as the present shows clearly, only for a time.

If there be good in originality, it is certainly a virtue that the Greeks regarded doubtfully. Mr. Charles Whibley, writing lately in the *New Review* concerning an ancient critic—to wit, Lucian—discusses the Classic contempt for mere originality so lucidly that, in a series of papers upon designers of the Glasgow School whose novelty is unquestionable, it may be fairly quoted, as embodying the view of the opposition. "An over zealous friend had proclaimed him [Lucian] the 'Prometheus of literature,' and he disowns the name in a passage of admirable dignity. 'Perhaps,' says he, in effect, 'I am called Prometheus, because my works are fresh in form and follow the example of no man. . . . But in my eyes strangeness without beauty has no merit . . . and I should deserve to be torn in pieces by sixteen vultures if I thought a work of Art could be distinguished by novelty alone.' . . . He had left a lecture room, he tells you, furious with the ill-considered applause of his audience, and especially enraged against the constant compliment heaped upon the novelty of his discourse. As he went homeward chagrined that he is admired only because he has left the road; that he receives the praise of a facile conjurer; that the harmony of his Attic style, the swiftness of his imagination, his many-coloured fancy count for nothing, he bethought him of the mishap which befel Zeuxis. Now Zeuxis painted a family of centaurs, the mare stretched upon the deep grass, and the centaur keeping watch in the background, a long-haired, savage child of the mountain. But the people passed by in idle contempt not only the beauty of the drawing, the exquisite harmony of the colour, but also the variety of expression, and the changing characters of the centaurs. They only applauded the singular motive, because they had never seen it treated before. 'Roll up the canvas,' said Zeuxis to his pupil, 'and take it home. The men praise only the mud of our art. In their eyes the novelty of a subject eclipses every excellence of execution.'"



DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED PANEL BY JESSIE R. NEWBERY



DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY — BY JESSIE R. NEWBERY

This passage would contain a stern condemnation of the Glasgow School if it were what its enemies prefer to believe it to be—a mere effort for novelty at any price. It is because I, for one, believe that with all its waywardness it has a very firm hold of beauty, and is striving to make beautiful harmonies of colour, and beautiful combinations of line, that it is possible to feel very tolerant to its whimsicality, and by no means indignant when its plays tricks with certain conventions—especially of the treatment of the human figure—that one is not quite catholic enough to approve.

Such a defence is in happy context when it accompanies the designs of Mrs. Newbery, which, new as they are, are obedient to the laws of symmetry and admirably fitted for their material.

As most of them—the embroideries — were evidently conceived as schemes of colour, they not merely require that important factor to represent them adequately but suffer, and terribly, by translation in black and white. For the artist is not one of those who makes elaborate drawings in monochrome, and adds pigments arbitrarily to them after.



DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED CUSHION — BY JESSIE R. NEWBERY

As the schemes themselves show, they are essentially problems in the balance of colour, no less than in the distribution of line. Above all, they suggest needlework, their forms are absolutely suitable for expression by the needle, they call for no undue amount of labour, they decorate not merely the surface to which they are applied, but also form most pleasant spots of ornament in the larger scheme of decoration of any room where they happen to be placed. Their freshness and novelty when you see them in the actual fabrics could hardly be overpraised. They speak for themselves so simply and directly, that the most sympathetic admirer can do naught but admire. It is just because they are so good that it is difficult to catalogue their merits, or explain why they are so admirable. But designers will soon discover that their apparent simplicity is the result of real power; their gay and harmonious colour the evidence of an inborn sense of beauty. Above all, as I have said, they preserve the best traditions of the art, and yet never directly imitate early work; and therefore it is possible to praise them very highly, without once over-stating the case, and still less without regarding them patronisingly as a woman's work. It is pleasant to remember that they chance to be for a craft which has been pre-eminently the province of women from time immemorial; but they may take their place as examples of well-applied art, with no question of sex, and no attempt to evade criticism by a spurious chivalry which is often but a covert form of insult.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

VIENNA. — That Vienna has been participating with but a very moderate share in the production of what is to-day generally understood as modern painting, even the most pronounced optimists among art critical observers will hardly pretend to deny. The revolutionary movement of the last decade and a half has passed almost unnoticed here, and with those few exceptions that only prove the rule—Pettenkofen was one, in a certain degree Emil Schindler also, and quite recently, the landscapist Theodor Hörmann—there have scarcely been any genuine attempts to venture beyond the safe boundaries of well-established tradition, so readily acknowledged and rewarded by "the public that buys"—so profitable to the artists who "want to sell."

Quite recently, however, there have been unmistakable signs of a revolutionary tendency, a decided step towards secession, culminating in the newly organised "Verein der bildenden Künstler Oesterreichs." The two principal points of the pro-



"MY MOTHER" BY FRANZ RUMPLER



"NEAR TACHAU" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANZ RUMPLER

gramme are: a separate exhibition building, and the foundation of a "Gallerie Zeitgenössischer Meister." The result remains to be seen. Numerically, the younger artists here are for the present decidedly weaker than their colleagues either in Munich or Berlin. Since personality, however, and not numbers alone, make up the strength and significance of an artistic association, and as there are certainly strong talents both as regards painting and sculpture among the members of the new "Verein," the near future may be looked forward to with interest.

Keeping aloof from the clamour of party-strife, a patient worker in the quiet seclusion of his studio, half a philosopher and half a poet, Franz Rumpler, illustrations of whose work are given herewith, was born in 1848. He is the son of a wood-carver in Tachau, a little provincial town of Western Bohemia, and his talent chanced to be discovered one day by that most untiring and disinterested art critic, Moritz Thausing, who forthwith brought him to Vienna. Here Rumpler made his way through the Academy (where he still holds a professorship), and came into contact with some of the best artists of the day. Makart took a keen interest in him, though there seems to have been little or no real artistic affinity between the two. Most of Rumpler's early associates and friends have since passed away; but in the meantime he has been studying incessantly for about twelve years, leading a retired life, and, above all, never exhibiting in public.

Like most genuine artists "of every time and clime," Rumpler, whether painting figures or landscape, stands firmly, "with heart, soul, and foot," upon his native soil. The charming *Westböhmerland*, with its softly undulating ground, woody hills, from out of which here and there an old high battlement, castle tower, or village church spire project toward the sky, sometimes in dark silhouette, sometimes glittering merrily in the bright sunshine breaking out among the clouds; then all the gorgeously coloured costumes of the native peasant women with their marked preference for

the most shining of scarlet frocks; these were the first impressions under which the sensitive mind of the poor wood-carver's son grew up, before he came to Vienna. There is a childlike sincerity and amiable poetic sentiment combined with grace and elegance in all Rumpler's work. W. S.

DÜSSELDORF.—It has become the custom in other art centres to regard the artistic manifestations of Düsseldorf very lightly, or indeed as non-existent. It is useless to dispute as to the justice or the injustice of this feeling. Any one who is really acquainted with the art work of Düsseldorf, and is willing to consider it without prejudice, must come to the conclusion that it is thoroughly creditable, and worthy of holding a place of honour in the art movement of the day.

As in other centres of art life, so also in Düsseldorf there are still a few painters left who follow the tradition of the old Düsseldorf school, and continue to produce the pretty, anecdotal canvases so dear to the heart of the public. The style of the modern school, however, is altogether different. A firm, energetic, and entirely healthy purpose is evident in the artistic imagination of to-day, an imagination full of fancifulness and delicacy and poetry. Proof of the strength of this wholesome aspiration lies in the fact that our young artists were the first in all Germany to band together in a "Secession," in order to break with the bad old traditions. How many monumental works of art have been produced during the last few years by the artists of Düsseldorf! And there are many more in course of creation at the present moment, and many more still in contemplation. We have only to think for a moment of the now completed works by Professor E. von Gebhardt in the Lockum Monastery, or again of Professor Peter Janssen's gigantic productions, particularly his latest achievement, the decoration of the Hall of the Royal Art Academy in Düsseldorf. The town of Düsseldorf alone, in less than a year, has been enriched by no less than six important art works in the shape of mural paintings and plastics—a proof surely of rare artistic feeling, and, what is more, of uncommon artistic capacity.

Only a few weeks ago an event took place which deserves the notice of the art-loving public—I refer to the unveiling of the frescoes painted by Carl Gehrts on the staircase in the Düsseldorf Kunsthalle. The painter has produced a rare harmony of colour, which appeals to the beholder in all its magical charm. He has treated with real genius the theme of his choice, which he entitles



"HUNGARIAN VILLAGE: EVENING" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANZ RUMPLER

Time's Changes in the Destinies of Art, and introduced into it numerous admirable *motifs*. First we see *Art—God's Gift*, beautifully conceived and painted, like those that follow, such as the Genius of Art kneeling before the colossal statue of Pharaoh; *Friendly Reception by the Greeks; High Honours*, and *Departure of Art to Rome*. The remaining frescoes in this series are called *As Handmaid of Luxury* and *On the Ruins of Rome;* and in addition we have the *Restoration by Christianity*, which represents the Genius of Art, neglected and despised, lying in tatters on the road-side, until the Holy Family draws near in the dawning light, and the Child-Christ, full of pity, hastens to succour the wayfarer. In the next picture, *With Fettered Wings*, we see typified the unquenchable hatred of the Byzantines for all that was free in art, and the Genius flying from the war-ridden land *Into the Monastery*, there to find friendly welcome from the monks. The concluding pictures are—*In the Service of Religion*, characterising the Gothic art period; *Freedom and Triumph* (the Renaissance age); *As Teacher of the Handicrafts: Temptation* (implying the sensuousness of rococo art); and lastly, art as *The Friend of the People*.

Let us now turn to the large mural paintings which depict the various art periods. The first, entitled *In the Beginning*, deals with prehistoric times, and represents an artist putting a last touch on an idol by inscribing Runic characters upon it. Before the idol kneels a family deep in meditation and prayer. As illustrating *The Fairest Growth of Art in Ancient Times*, Phidias is represented showing the people his model of the Olympic Zeus. The scene is laid before the Acropolis, gleaming in the sunshine; and men, women and children, of all ages and conditions, stand around gazing in wonder on the new work.

It would lead me too far afield were I to attempt to describe at any length the various beauties of the remaining paintings. *Under Rome's Emperors* (an architect laying before the Emperor Vespasian a model of the Coliseum); *In the Middle Ages* (architects, painters and sculptors assembled in the court-yard of a monastery, all working at the decoration of the building); *Art in the Renaissance*, showing all the greatest art workers of the time grouped before a figure symbolising the church; and lastly, *The New Age*, depicting Winkelmann, before the gates of Rome, expounding to Carstens, Thorwaldsen, and Schinkel the beauties of the antique.

From these remarks of mine the reader will realise how fine a work it is on which this artist has been engaged during the past seven years—a work which he may contemplate with fullest satisfaction and pride.

S.



BUST OF G. F. WATTS BY EMMA CADWALLADER GUILD

(*See Berlin Studio-Talk*)



PORTRAIT BUST OF PRINCESS HELENE OF SACHSEN-ALTENBURG. BY EMMA CADWALLADER GUILD

(*See Berlin Studio-Talk*)

BERLIN.—Since the time when I first called the attention of the readers of THE STUDIO to the work of Mrs. Emma Cadwallader Guild (see "Studio-Talk," February 1896), this artist, who formerly lived in Frankfurt, has for the most part transferred the scene of her activity to Berlin. In the early spring of this year she exhibited a number of her works in her own studio—a form of display which is unfortunately not very common in Berlin —and there one had an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Guild's work adequately displayed in a charming and most tastefully adorned setting. I must say at once that this second experience of Mrs. Guild's art fully confirmed the impression made upon me when I saw it for the first time.

Mrs. Guild has a strong predilection for painting, and in her leisure time she delights to wield her brush, which she does with no small degree of success, as her free and vigorous landscape studies abundantly testify. And once, when she was superintending the casting of one of her sculptures in the Gladenbeck foundry, she was struck with the appearance of one of the workmen, and in a few hours completed a most life-like sketch of him, a very delicate and successful piece of colouring.

This pronounced feeling of hers for colour explains to me how in the thoroughly personal style of her sculpture she employs means which really overstep the bounds of plastic art. For instance, she imparts to the human eye the most intense expression by deep grooving of the pupil, until it seems to sparkle, and really to become "the mirror of the soul." Full of artistic feeling, too, is her treatment of draperies, whether in the dark tinted bronze or in the sculptor's marble.

One of Mrs. Guild's earlier works is her bust of Watts, of which an illustration is given on page 54. More strongly here than in her later work, one remarks the affinity of her art with the early period of modern sculpture, the Italian school, or to be more exact, the Florentine "Quattrocento." All this is seen in the simplicity with which the accessories are treated, and in the fall of the draperies. She is wonderfully successful, too, in bringing out the force and energy of the head. It is impossible not to be impressed by the vivacity of this old man, whose still youthful vigour quivers throughout his frame and is seen in the very hairs of his beard. And this is the very impression carried away by any one who has had the good fortune to come into contact with the great painter, Watts.

Among the works produced by Mrs. Cadwallader Guild in Berlin—chiefly busts of notabilities in society—the most important is the portrait bust of Princess Helene of Sachsen-Altenburg. As the statue is destined to stand in a castle hall, Mrs. Guild has elected to fashion it in the Hermes style. The proud head arises from a lofty pedestal, a very graceful arrangement of lines displaying in themselves the woman's hand. To our modern taste there is something jarring in the sight of living flesh in immediate contact with the stone, and for this reason the Mercury style is generally avoided. However, in this instance, the difficulty is most satisfactorily surmounted owing to the sombreness of the material in which a part of the drapery is cast—a dark green bronze.

Looking at this work one is conscious not only of being in the presence of a lady of high birth, but also of a remarkable personality. The glance of the eyes, and the determined chin are full of expression; while the irregularity of the features—which otherwise might be deemed a defect—produces, after long contemplation, an impression of great æsthetic beauty. Was it the charm of a single personality that inspired the artist to this her highest achievement? Or are we to look for an explanation of this apparent paradox to some other cause. Fascinating as it would be to inquire into such a question, we should certainly never arrive at a satisfactory answer. G. G.

BRUSSELS.—The Salon of Applied Art in the Universal Exhibition, although it has been arranged somewhat hastily, nevertheless reveals the important place artistic productions of this kind now hold in Belgium. The absence of several prominent artists is matter for regret, notably in the case of the Liège group, who would have taken a high place in the very front rank of exhibitors. However, these artists are probably reserving themselves for the forthcoming exhibition at Liège itself.

Although the English school of applied art is not directly represented in Brussels it nevertheless exercises no slight influence there. M. Crespin devotes an interesting article to the Exhibition in the *Revue de Belgique*. "There is nothing astonishing," he remarks, "in the fact that our artists are powerfully influenced by the English. The principle of this art movement springs from logical causes producing with us effects similar to those

seen in England. There is a community of feeling between the English and ourselves in our admiration of the beautiful. Their magazines keep us informed of what is being done there. Thus it is easy to make a just comparison, and to see that the really charming and meritorious work is that which embodies some new form not to be found in the original. Each of these designs has, without resembling them, a certain analogy with its fellows, but it is no longer the commonplace repetition of the styles of Louis XIV., Louis XV., or Louis XVI. It is quite evident there are many skilled workmen who now turn to THE STUDIO, just as formerly they relied on *Vignole*, or *L'Art pour Tous*. This was bound to be."

Thanks to the spirit of emulation they have aroused among the great nations these universal Exhibitions have resulted in the realisation of a large number of ideas. The Paris Exhibition of 1889, for instance, established the decorative employment of metallurgy in architecture, to which new life had already been given by means of multi-coloured ceramic work. It is much to be regretted that the interesting "Projet de Ville Moderne," proposed by MM. Hankar and Crespin could not be carried out; for it certainly would have been a starting-point for any number of improvements, which, it is to be feared, will now be long delayed by slow-moving routine.

Whereas the French section in the large gallery of the Exhibition is installed with the utmost taste, and with perfect delicacy of colour and form and proportion, the Belgian section on the other hand is a shocking chaos of extraordinary constructions. Each exhibitor seems to have been anxious to outdo his neighbour by the gorgeousness of his display; and as these efforts have been generally successful, the result of it all is disastrous in every way. One has considerable trouble in discovering the interesting specimens of decorative or applied art.

The exhibits of the Société des Cristalleries, of Val St. Lambert, are very remarkable, by reason of the lovely whiteness of the crystal, which is cut in such a manner as to bring out to its fullest extent the refractive qualities of the material. Some of the polychrome glass is also very curious. The effects are obtained by adding, during the process of the work, successive coatings of coloured enamel and white crystal. The difficulties attending this



POSTER BY THEO VAN RYSSELBERGHE

process are many. It is no easy matter to get a strong colouring in a thin coating, or to make the enamels harmonise with the white crystal which is of different composition.

It is worthy of note that, unlike the French art glass workers, who turn out nothing but useless knick-knacks at prohibitive prices, the Val St. Lambert Society devotes its attention to articles of everyday utility, striving to put as much beauty as possible within the reach of all. The society could have no better collaborator than M. Ledru, the clever artist who designs and executes the various models, with the chemical assistance of M. Lecrenier. M. Ledru has been awarded the chief *diplôme d'honneur* in this department, and never was such reward more thoroughly deserved.

The poster reproduced on page 57 is a recent design by Mr. Theo Van Rysselberghe.

F. K.

COPENHAGEN.—This year's "Academy" is about an average one, in numbers as well as in quality. Denmark boasts landscape painters who can hold their own, even in the best company, and their art has that laudable and desirable distinction that it is thoroughly national. To none does this apply more than to Kyhn; his technique is not always faultless—a little more breadth would in some instances be acceptable; but this wonderful old man, who is now nearer eighty than seventy, has even within the last few years painted landscapes which are not only possessed of great decorative beauty, in the best sense of the word, but which also bear witness of a truly artistic and sensitive conception of Nature's charms and changeful moods. The delicate splendour of some of his "summer evenings," the whole atmosphere saturated with the lingering glow of the setting—or set—sun, will surely be difficult for even one of the great masters from one of the great countries to rival. Kyhn does not stand particularly well this year, but La Cour and Foss are both represented by large and excellent landscapes, good both in line and colour, although Foss still suffers a little from his tendency to being somewhat hard. Godfred Christensen, whose treatment is broader and more modern, also has a very fine landscape of considerable dimensions, besides smaller ones.

A special charm always attaches to Julius Paulsen's pictures, landscapes or otherwise; he is a colourist of great merit, and his effects are apparently obtained by simple means. He understands to perfection how to bring numerous acres within the scope of even the smallest canvas, and his flitting light and shadows are delightful; they always fascinate, even if one would not always swear to their being absolutely true to Nature. Paulsen also has several portraits, of which one or two are done in his best manner. Bache, President of the Academy, and Jerndorff, both have several portraits, more than one of which could hardly be better. In spite of their sober treatment, and although everything has been accounted for, there is not a suspicion of dryness, and the likeness is in all cases striking. Another charming portrait, although much less ambitious, is Michael Ancher's portrait of his wife; in spite of its simplicity it is a most stylish little picture. Ancher has also sent a canvas with some of his beloved Skagen fishermen, of whom there is no more reliable or talented—and one might add experienced—depicter than he. Also a summer day at the seashore, with several female figures, the whole a little stilted, but of considerable effect. Viggo Johansen has again chosen a lamp effect, the occupants of the room again being several gentlemen, and he handles this subject with superior skill. His brush is refreshingly broad, and both his *genre* and landscape paintings are capitally rendered, full of atmosphere, and quite free from all coldness and hardness. The painter for whom this Academy marks the greatest stride forward is undoubtedly Irminger. He has successfully overcome his tendency to dirty or heavy colours, and a small portrait, with another bought by the National Gallery, although done in the simplest colours, is wonderfully telling; he seems to have grasped the very soul of his model, and one is almost tempted to suspect that he has given something of his own besides. Tuxen, of large Court functions fame, has three small portraits, charming and clever. Exner has again chosen some Fanöe girls and episodes for his subjects, and has handled them in his usual careful, not to say sleek, manner, and many others have sent pictures just of about the same stamp and merit as of yore. The Danish Academy is hardly the place where one may expect to find unconventional attempts or new departures; what there is of that in Denmark has founded a home of its own, at least for the time being, of which more anon.

G. B.



MONUMENT TO CHARLET BY ALEXANDRE CHARPENTIER

PARIS.—The monument to Charlet, in Paris, the work of the sculptor, Alexandre Charpentier, well known to readers of THE STUDIO, was unveiled a few months back. Frenchman in spirit and in style as he is, Charpentier was obviously the one artist capable of immortalising the glories of the great draughtsman, the author of the *Grenadier de Waterloo* and the *Retraite de Russie*, so much admired by Delacroix. Unlike many artists entrusted with official commissions for commemorative monuments and statues, Charpentier—all praise to him—has striven to make his work as directly and as completely suggestive as possible of the works and the nature of the subject of the memorial. This seems natural enough, yet one rarely sees it done.

The two figures grouped round the pedestal are adapted by Charpentier from Charlet's well-remembered drawings—*L'Insubordination* and *Le Gamin éminemment et profondément national.* The Parisian street urchin and the old grenadier—these are the characteristic types of Charlet's work; and above, at the top of the column, with a medallion of the immortal artist let in, the bold Gallic cock, with comb proudly dressed, crows his song of victory.

I do not believe the sculptor exists who could have done this work better. The subject demanded *esprit*, *bonhomie*, a certain jovial wit, with complete simplicity, and a touch of heroic homeliness. Charpentier has given us all these; and the result is a live, honest work, delightful to see.

G. M.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Les Della Robbia. By MARCEL REYMOND. (Florence: Alinari.)—Among the important sculptors of the fifteenth century, Luca della Robbia is perhaps least known and appreciated, and it has remained for M. Marcel Reymond to give us, in his thorough and able work, the criticism desired by those who find in him not merely the inventor of glazed terra-cotta, but the great artist who, more than any of his contemporaries, inherited the broadly-conceived traditions of antique sculpture. Hitherto he has been little known, little studied, considered chiefly as the founder of a pottery establishment, a tile maker of cool blues and creamy whites, *molto utile* as Vasari so charmingly says, *per la state!* and works of Andrea, of Giovanni, and of a whole century of *atelier* (or more properly, factory) work has been confounded with his in Baedeker and Murray. In these more observant and appreciative days we have found out that these glazed terra-cottas express the specific qualities of the different artists as surely as do the marbles of Michel Angelo and Donatello, and are as widely separated from those of Giovanni and the *atelier* as are Michel Angelo's sculptures from those of Bandinelli and Vincenzo Danti.

But the labour of love in this research has been confined to a few students, and M. Reymond is

the first who has given the result of his studies in such a form that any attentive reader may see clearly the qualities which distinguish the work of Luca from that of Andrea, and still more from that of Giovanni and the *atelier*, and may judge for himself whether the dozen things attributed to him in every museum in Europe are really by Luca or merely by one of his late imitators.

The work has been performed so ably and appreciatively that nothing but praise and thanks is due to the author. The only fault to be found is that he has made his lists of genuine works more elastic than his appreciation of the great qualities of the two earlier masters warrants. For example, it is difficult to accept as by the hand of Luca the poorly modelled and highly coloured medallions of the *Evangelists* in the Pazzi Chapel, nor the painted flat lunette of *God the Father* in the Opera del Duomo.

While we differ in minor points from the author of this fine work on the Della Robbias, honour and gratitude are due to so much patient research, and it must be borne in mind also that here there were no ready-made short cuts, as there are to most subjects on Italian art, but that M. Reymond has patiently turned over every inch of ground himself.

Books like this, written with love and reverence of the subject, with no economy of labour, and in no spirit of controversy, earn the respect and gratitude of contemporaries, and a place among the educational classics of future students.

The Compleat Angler. By Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. (London and New York: John Lane.) Price 15*s.*—We have on a previous occasion reviewed the early portion of this edition, when it was being issued in parts. The volume, now completed, bears out in every respect the favourable opinion originally formed of it. Mr. New's illustrations from first to last are of the greatest excellence. He has shown us that heavy line drawings which are so characteristic of the Birmingham school of illustration are not inconsistent with topographical and natural accuracy. His country landscapes, his old houses, and his pictures of fish supply every detail that may be reasonably desired by the reader, and are presented in a manner eminently fitted to the æsthetic requirements of this ever delightful work. We doubt if any other artist could have done equal justice to the task. Mr. New was evidently born to illustrate the *Compleat Angler*, and the publisher may be congratulated upon the successful completion of a book which henceforth will be regarded as the edition most worth having.

Wood Carving. By Joseph Phillips. (London: Chapman and Hall.) Price 3*s.* 6*d.*—A practical book for beginners. The lessons are carefully selected and follow each other in well considered order. The illustrations are principally from photographs of actual carvings and are sufficiently clear to guide the student in the carrying out of the author's instructions.

The Yew Trees of Great Britain and Ireland. By John Lowe, M.D. (London: Macmillan and Co., Limited.) Price 10s. net.—Evelyn wrote: "I do again name the yew for hedges, preferable for beauty and a stiff defence to any plant I have ever seen." Now that so much attention is being given by architects to the planning of gardens, it would be well that these words of Evelyn should not be forgotten. There is probably no tree so useful to the English gardener as the yew, if he knows how to employ it wisely. To the garden architect it is indispensable. Mr. Lowe has done well to write this excellent monograph and to illustrate it with such interesting photographs.

Bell's Cathedral Series. Edited by Gleeson White. (London: George Bell & Sons.)—Price 1*s.* 6*d.* each.—This excellent series of handbooks deserves to be well received by the public. The letter-press is written by competent authors, and is copiously illustrated by photographs and sketches. Volumes on the cathedrals of Canterbury, Salisbury, Oxford, Chester, and Rochester have already appeared, and others are promised in due course. A very tasteful design in black appears upon the green cloth cover of each volume.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Design for Carved Wood Bellows.

(A V.)

The First Prize (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Graft* (H. M. Miller, 9 Claremont Road, Sale, Cheshire).

The Second Prize (*Two guineas*) to *Don Quixote* (George C. Duxbury, 3 Cambridge Avenue, Chapletown Road, Leeds).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Bob* (Jacques Houry, Hazeldene, Manor Road, Bishopston, Bristol); *Boreas* (no coupon); *Clytie* (Alice E. Burt, 3 Kempshott Road, Streatham Common, S.W.); *Chedorlaomer* (Sophia Pumphrey, Woodstock Road, Moseley, Birmingham); *Dorian* (Oliver Senior, 7 Livesey Street, Manchester);

Glitters (Hermione Unwin, Hall Royd, Shipley, Yorks.); *Homo* (Walter E. Corbould, c/o Miss Forbes Bell, 10 Meet Road, Liverpool); *Hermes* (Robert Thompson, Jun., Breconbury, Huntingdon); *London* (Mabel Peacock, 6 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.); *Merial* (M. I. Hunt, Southwood, Torquay); *Merosh* (Stavros Homere, Wyken House, Bridgnorth, Salop); *McFlusher* (Herbert C. Oakley, 9 Clarendon Place, Leeds); *Nemo* (Jessie Hay, The Cedars, Westgate Road, Beckenham); *Old Madrid* (A. Hamilton Scott, 43 Mill Street, Paisley, N.B.); *Phlox* (Paul Rops, Thozee (Mettet), Belgium); *Phantasm* (James T. Birchall, 1 Clyde Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester); *Orlando* (B. H. Smale, 33 Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.); *Symbol* (F. T. Wilson, 16 Cathcart Street, Ayr, N.B.); and *Seahorse* (Charles E. Risque, 51 Wilbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester).

Design for Ornamental Chapter Heading.
(B V.)

The First Prize (*One guinea*) is awarded to *The Rook* (Marion Wallace Dunlop, Ellerslie Tower, Ealing, W.).

The Second Prize (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Seda* (Alfred de Sauty, 63 Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Abana* (Emily A. Attwell, 1 Lavender Grove, Queen's Road, Dalston); *Arc* (Thomas Corson, 8 Blenheim Walk, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds); *Brush* (Miss C. Hill, Sandringham Villa, Warwick Road, Olton, Birmingham); *Bel* (Isobel Williamson, 18 Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool); *Canute* (Eveline A. Brauer, St. John's Road, Knutsford, Cheshire); *Corvus Corone* (Ernest Sprankling, Trull, Taunton); *Ebor* (L. T. Taylor, 9 St. Oswald's Terrace, Fulford, Yorks.); *Gar* (E. G. Perman, 7 Woodside, Wimbledon, Surrey); *Gone Under* (Claire Murrell, 11 Templeton Place, Earl's Court, S.W.); *Heads and Tails* (F. E. M. Cooke, 5 Villa Road, Brixton, S.W.); *Jason* (John Thirtle, The Elms, Banstead Road, Ewell, Surrey); *Limpet* (Helen Troubridge, 25 Graham Street, Eaton Square, S.W.); *La Cigale* (Winifred Mary Cooper, Ombersley, Cheltenham); *Lavender* (T. J. Overnell, 1 Lavender Grove, Queen's Road, Dalston); *Mut* (Bertha Schlosser, Cothen, Anhalt, Germany); *My Boat* (Ethel K. Burgess, 2 Lilford Road, Camberwell); *Minnetrata* (Alice Maud Fabian, 25 Streatley Road, Brondesbury, N.); *Narcissus* (W. E. Webster, 4 Ifield Road, Fulham Road, S.W.); *Oriana* (D. Chamberlain, 4 Park Avenue, Glasgow); *Quercus* (E. M. Bywaters, 17 Preston Park Avenue, Brighton); *Rex* (J. M. Staniforth, Llanishen, Cardiff); *Spalpeen Mavourneen* (Gretta C. Campbell, Ballynagord House, Londonderry); *Val Blatz* (John Trew, P.O. Valparaiso, Ind., U.S.A.); *Yukon* (Maurice Clifford, 44 Bath Road, Bedford Park, W.); and *Zarah* (Helen F. Lock, St. Cuthbert's, Bathampton, Bath).

Sketches from Nature.
A Picturesque Cottage.
(C V.)

The First Prize (*One guinea*) is awarded to *S. P.* (Samuel Poole, 46 Grosvenor Road, Westminster, S.W.)

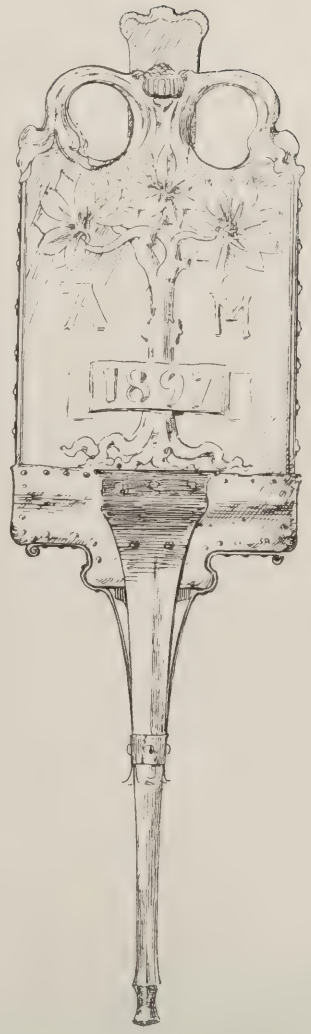
The Second Prize (*Half a guinea*) to *Saxon* (H. S. Grimshaw, The Mount, Accrington).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Devon* (R. Percy Glossop, 65 New North Road, N.); *Friday* (Winifred Brooks Alder, 40 Longridge Road, S.W.); *Irene* (Eliza R. Allen, 1 Auburn Place, Plymouth); *Narkurs* (Edith M. Davey, 6 Parker Street, Warrington, Lancs.); *Pokey* (Enid M. Jackson, 12 Forest Road, Birkenhead); *Snowdrop* (Mrs. George Hyde, 46 Bridge Street, Derby); *Stylus* (George W. Collins, 2 Bond Street, Holford Square, W.C.); and *Zeto* (William E. Tyler, Westgate, Bridgnorth).

Friday.—This excellent line drawing would have received an award, but was not executed in accordance with the conditions of the competition.



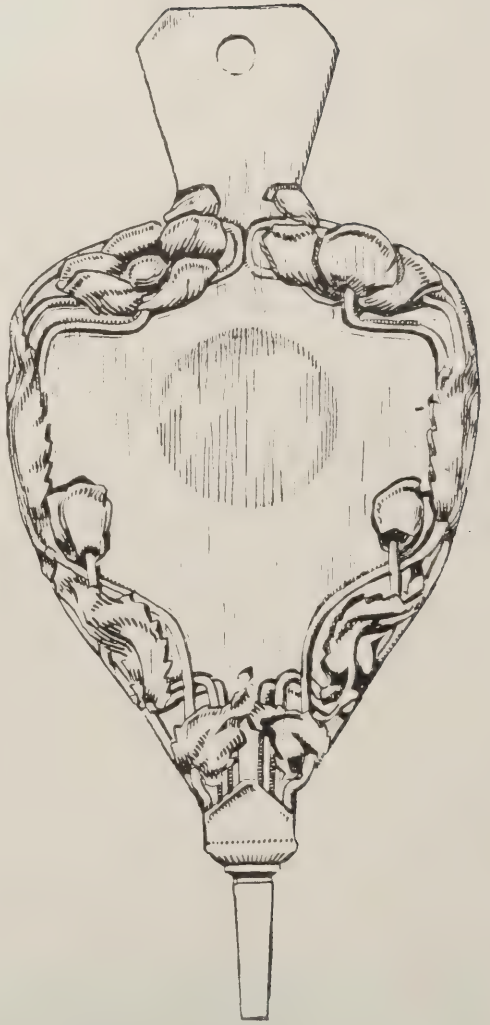
HON. MENTION (COMP. C V.) "FRIDAY"



FIRST PRIZE "GRAFT"



HON. MENTION "MEROSH"



HON. MENTION "MCFLUSHER"

DESIGNS FOR CARVED WOOD BELLOWS (COMPETITION A V.)



SECOND PRIZE



"DON QUIXOTE" HON. MENTION



"CHEDORLAOMER" HON. MENTION

"DORIAN"

DESIGNS FOR CARVED WOOD BELLOWS (COMPETITION A V.)



HON. MENTION "OLD MADRID"

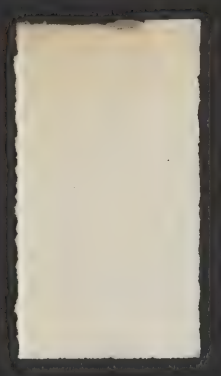


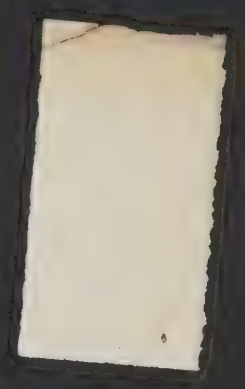
HON. MENTION "SYMBOL"



HON. MENTION "BOB"

DESIGNS FOR CARVED WOOD BELLOWS (COMPETITION A V.)







FIRST PRIZE

"THE ROOK"



SECOND PRIZE

"SEDA"



HON. MENTION

"YUKON"



HON. MENTION

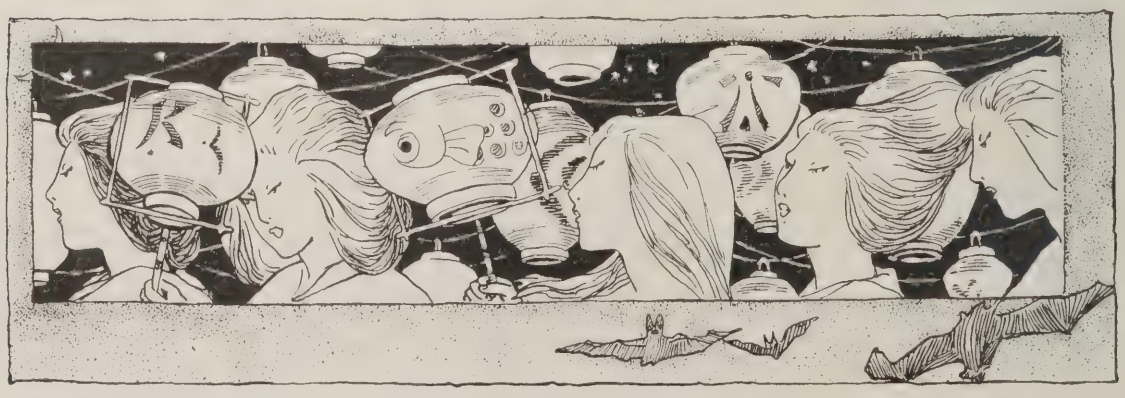
"MINNETRATA"



HON. MENTION "ABANA"



HON. MENTION "JASON"



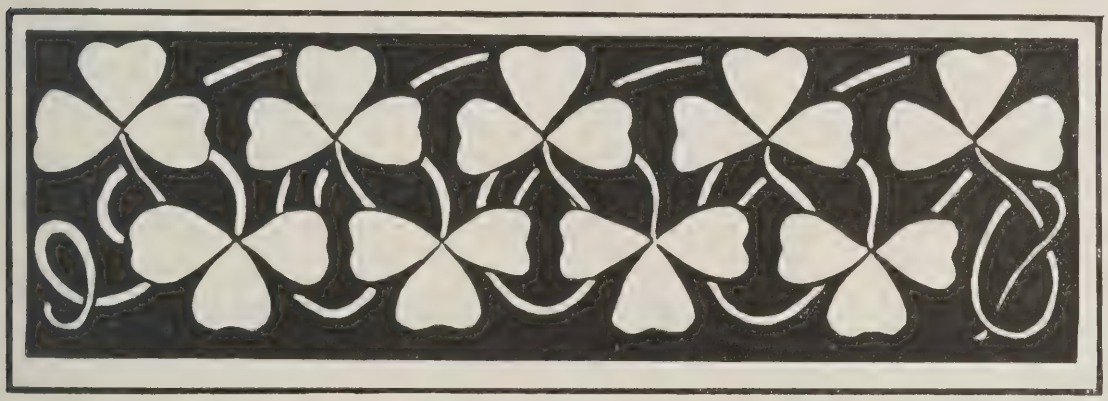
HON. MENTION "GONE UNDER"



HON. MENTION "ORIANA"



HON. MENTION "THE ROOK"



HON. MENTION "BEL"



HON. MENTION "NARCISSUS"



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C V.)

PICTURESQUE COTTAGE FROM A DRAWING BY "S. P."



SECOND PRIZE "SAXON"



HON. MENTION "NARCISSUS"

THE LAY FIGURE ON ITS TRAVELS.

THE Lay Figure and some fellow-travellers were seated in the low long room of a wayside café in France discussing strange "sirops" and the art of the country, while the autumn blasts of rain and wind howled outside.

"Is it not strange," said the Architect, "that Gothic, which attained its perfect fulfilment in France, should be absent from its applied art to-day?"

"In face of Viollet-le-Duc, not so long ago, and Grasset to-day, I cannot accept your first premises," said the Journalist. "Is it absent?"

"I think it is non-existent. It seems to me that the Gothicists, if there be any, are even more outside the real 'decorative movement' in France than are the Impressionists in England," said the Man with a Clay Pipe. "Take the vast amount of furniture and fabrics illustrated at present in the art journals of Paris; trace any piece back to its source, and it is the Renaissance always that you arrive at."

"So it is with much of our art," said the Journalist. "Donatello and Luca della Robbia are influencing us."

"I meant of course the Renaissance of Raphael and the later men," the Man with a Clay Pipe rejoined. "But perhaps I ought to have said the Rococo, which seems to me as much the overflowing of the Renaissance as the flamboyant was the last work of Gothic."

"Certainly the French are apparently true to their Latin origin," the Lay Figure said. "With their wealth of ecclesiastical architecture it is strange that no movement like our Gothic revival has gripped their taste as a nation. In wood-carving, for instance, look what Amiens teaches, and then think of the *bois sculpté* of the salons."

"I fancy," said the Man with a Liberty Tie, "that the French believe in caprice as the source of art—that is, of applied design—while we still are unconsciously obedient to precedent."

"Or has Japan affected them not wisely but too well?" said the Lay Figure.

"Or is it that our tolerance of clumsy technique so long as the work displays 'feeling' is in France replaced by a finer appreciation of virtuosity?" said the Decadent Poet with a Green Tie, with the air of one who preferred French vices to English virtues. "We prize our native shortcomings too highly!"

"Of course contempt for virtuosity may look like content with mediocrity," said the Lay Figure. "It is really not a thing to be quite positive about. If we do love the work of the inept amateur when it displays 'feeling,' possibly it is because we are at heart the most sentimental people of the West. But ought we to? Ought we not to appreciate the technique of France and——"

"No! a thousand times no!" said the Æsthetic Architect. "'Feeling' is the evidence of personality; technique but the witness of learning. Technique can be taught, you cannot impart 'feeling.'"

"This is mere nonsense," said the Journalist, hastily. "I do not believe the carvers of the Amiens choir-stalls were less eager to display virtuosity than are French artists to-day. What have we in England of the same date to pit against that marvellous work? I must confess I always looked down on carved wood as a minor art until I saw how with its own idiom and its own treatment it had become great art at least once."

"Then you did not know Japan," said the Lay Figure. "Not even Amiens can beat the Japanese carvers."

"Japan may have produced masterpieces of its sort," said the Æsthetic Architect; "but I want to ask why we, who are supposed to be founded on Gothic precedent, show in modern wood-work, with scarce an exception, no trace of the spirit which produced the choir-stalls of Amiens? No, I have not forgotten Wilson's choir-stalls," he said, "but as you said just now, France has one saving clause at least."

"I expect economic reasons are to blame," said the Lay Figure. "If such carvers lived to-day they would not be satisfied with the present equivalent of a shilling a week for the master and threepence for his apprentice. As Ruskin tells you, the total cost of these hundred and twenty canopies and stalls was about £400, 'for which some six or eight good workmen, old and young, had been kept merry and busy for fourteen years.' It is no use to wail. Conditions have changed and we cannot set the clock back, no matter how sunny the past, and how dull the evening grows."

"I cannot see, all the same," said the Man with a Clay Pipe, "if I may leave sentiment and come to the point, why wood-carving should be degraded as it is. Either accept frankly its machine substitute, or some baser material moulded in its place; or, if you employ it, then endeavour to reinfuse the spirit of Amiens to modern work. It is the hideous travesty of Raphaelesque decoration that has killed our once English craft. Will no one devote himself to reviving its past glories in design, as several enthusiasts have already tried to revive its technique?"

THE LAY FIGURE.


NOCTVRNE



"NOCTURNE." A DECORATIVE
DESIGN BY H. GRANVILLE FELL



STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL. BY WILLIAM ESTALL.

THE WORK OF WILLIAM ESTALL. BY ARTHUR TOMSON.

No manner of subject has proved more attractive to both painters and their patrons than the delineation of country scenes. And this is natural, seeing that the observation of out-door life is one of the first keen pleasures of healthy youth; while in maturer years, and in old age, men, setting aside their ambitions and cares, seek again and again for that repose the country, and the country alone, can bring them.

It is not unnatural, too, that this strong love of the country should have contributed towards the production of many great artists. A feeling so genuine as this adoration of huge trees, of green nuances, and of the perpetually recurring spectacle of men sowing and reaping, or performing any other duty common to peasant life, must perforce bring with it so great an intimacy with these sights as to beget an altogether singular power of reproducing them pictorially—should the artist have skill enough for the occasion. A painter of pastorals therefore starts on his career already equipped up to a certain point; his subjects are well known to him; with them he commenced to be impressed as soon, perhaps, as he began to walk. He has, too, this advantage, that there is no story he will tell in paint that is not known to every observing man; whatever poetry and individuality he may introduce into his picture, is certain sooner or later to meet with sympathetic eyes, so many are those who—without the gift of picturing it—have dwelt lovingly on the same spectacle as himself.

It is among the ranks of pastoral painters that a great number of those artists will be found who have, at the same time, had something to say for themselves, and have also had meted out to them some degree of recognition and worldly success. Not immediate success perhaps, but enough in the course of a lifetime to warrant such an artist, with a message of his own, stating it, and stating it as persistently as circumstances will enable him. Corot, notwithstanding that his landscapes were instinct with a more fastidious elegance than any man had ever dreamt of before him, passed a placid and careless old age. The story of Millet's life has lost much of its tragedy since its facts have become better known. Many of their contemporaries, whose artistic aims were similar, also knew the delights of fame: whilst our own Walker, Pinwell, Mason, Cecil Lawson,



"AUTUMN" FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM ESTALL

and the Dutch pastoral painters of a modern date, have found appreciation in whatever part of the world their pictures have been sent. In the present day, owing, perhaps, to a tiresome abuse of photography, and still more by reason of a restless desire among artists to paint something that no one has ever painted before, pastoral scenes as subjects for pictures have somewhat fallen from their high estate. There are, however, a few men of understanding and great artistic powers who, from the storehouse that has provided generations of painters with motives for immortal works, still contrive to drag forth sufficient information for the continuation of this really fascinating branch of art. It is with one of the group alone—William Estall—that I have been requested here to concern myself. Like many other painters of his school—men who aim more strictly at giving the spirit of a scene than its material facts—Mr. Estall finds the seclusion of the country necessary for the development of his art. At Hardhan, near Pulborough, in the great valley of the Arun, he has found an environment that in every way answers his artistic requirements. There, and in that neighbourhood, the life of the peasant is not yet bereft of all its poetry. The tinkle of the sheep bells is still to be heard among the hills, and from the little valleys on a summer's evening, the thin wavering note of the shepherd's flute rises with the blackbird's song. The great herds of horned cattle that browse by the river-side with their backgrounds of water and wild-flower decked marshland, are more suggestive of the time of Theocritus than the end of the nineteenth century. And in the autumn, after the summer has told its story, an opalescent mist rises up from the Arun, wreathing the trees into new and fantastic shapes, and investing, indeed, with a fresh romance every object that it touches. Hardhan is certainly a place to dream in and to paint in. Estall has done both; and the result is that he has produced some pictures which, although they have not brought, and in fact never will bring him, the popularity of a Leader, a Vicat Cole, or a Sydney Cooper, yet will surely in the end add his name to the roll of famous men whose works exist neither for to-day or to-morrow, but for all time.



"THE HOMESTEAD." FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM ESTALL



STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL
BY WILLIAM ESTALL



"A PASTORAL" FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM ESTALL

(*By permission of J. S. Forbes, Esq.*)

If there be any painter to whom Estall may be said to owe some little inspiration, it is Corot. The intoxicating beauty of the great French artist's silhouettes, the subtle patterns included in his tree forms, the extraordinary rhythm of his horizon lines, the altogether marvellous harmony presented in his whole compositions, have so entirely taken possession of the mind of Estall as to render it impossible for him while designing not to seek for those qualities that made Corot's work so entirely lovable. Yet he has never allowed the influence of Corot to bring about the sacrifice of his own original gift for composition. The fair forms created by the dead master have been an example for him, but never anything else. I cannot remember one design of Estall's which may be said to recall another by Corot. Corot's example has inspired him with a lofty ambition; it has strengthened his imagination and made him fastidious in his search for forms, but it has never caused him in any degree to sink into a copyist. The effect of Corot's work upon some modern landscapists has not always been for the good; his bewitching arrangements of trees have haunted many an artist's mind too potently; it is, therefore, very much to Estall's credit, and a great proof of the strength of his originality, that he has so far submitted to a great fascination without in any way suffering from its baneful effects.

As a colourist Estall owes nothing to any man. His tones, the outcome of a diligent search amongst nature's own, are always placed together so as to give, not only an air of reality to the scene he depicts, but also a maximum of decorative effect. A picture should first of all be regarded as a piece of decoration; and if it fail in that particular, the reason for its hanging on the walls of a room is very hard to see. It may appeal to other feelings than a mere love of colour and form; on closer examination it may be replete with this or that sentiment; but unless it decorates, its proper place is in a drawer or cupboard, except, of course, when its owner may feel in the right mood for its contemplation. All great painters have made their work ornamental, no matter how deep a feeling has impelled them to their choice of subject. Millet saw the tremendous tragedy of a peasant's life, and no man has so well set it down

in paint ; yet he never allowed his intense sympathy with his motives to lead him into a choice of forms that, however characteristic it might be of the incident he was painting, however much, indeed, it might have deepened the impression he was striving to convey, was at the same time of such a nature as to interfere with the purely decorative aspect of his picture. I mention Millet because Millet perhaps more than any painter had a peculiar message of his own—a message that was not simply artistic—to convey to humanity. There have been artists who have found some inner feeling satisfied by the use of symbolism, some by a strict adherence to certain facts in nature ; others have loved to illustrate legends, historical events, and the customs of their time ; but the lasting success of their work will be found to depend far more on their picture's value as decoration than because of any choice of subject, or for any special knowledge therein not common to every great artist. Mr. Estall certainly realises this fact ; his pictures are so arranged that, seen in any light or under any conditions, whether their minor details be patent to the eye or not, they always present a scheme of colour and a combination of forms that immediately appeals to the senses. Closer contemplation certainly leads to the discovery of other qualities, qualities of drawing and qualities of technique, and to a better comprehension of their delicate and uncommon poetry ; but their chief distinction comes from admirable unity of purpose that directs the artist from first to last in his artistic undertakings. Just as he selects from the dictionary of nature only such forms as he can weave into an elegant and harmonious pattern, so also does he take from the masses of colour that nature clothes herself in only those tones that are in perfect harmony with each other. His colouring, like his pattern, consists usually of very simple combinations ; but so great is the taste of the painter, so subtly are these combinations effected, that more variety is suggested to the eye by them than by a complexity of tones ; while the big decorative effect obtained by the use of large masses of colour is undeniable. As it is with writers of pastorals, so it is with painters of the same motives—the range of their subjects is rather limited. But the painter has, I think, the advantage of the poet. What description of sheep and shepherds under trees, or in the open plain by the river, or on the hill side can be set down in words with so great a variety as Estall sets them down in paint? What words could describe the subtle variations of mists with which the painter envelops his sheep-folds and his marshland scenes? Nor could any manner of literary expression recall so



"THE ARUN" FROM A DRAWING BY WILLIAM ESTALL





STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL BY WILLIAM ESTALL

adequately the clear, gem-like quality of December sunlight such as I have seen rendered in a little water-colour by Estall, or the languorous blue tones of summer moonlight that give half the poetry to several of Estall's more important works.

Nothing would be more interesting than a summary of the different ways in which different artists have accomplished their ends: how some have painted their masterpieces out in the open air, while others have done their work in the seclusion of a studio and from notes remarkable in their brevity. That Corot did most of his work out of doors is an astonishing fact; that a style so serene should have been developed under circumstances so disturbing seems almost miraculous; yet so it was. The advantage of the two methods cannot be discussed; they depend mainly on questions of temperament. The placid and unexcitable person may work where he likes, whilst he of nervous temperament must work where he can. Mr. Estall finds the environment of four walls more conducive to deliberate thought than any place, however suggestive, that there may be in the open air; and when one takes into consideration the peculiar character of his work, one cannot but see that in his choice of a workshop there are advantages. He paints mostly from pencil studies and with the help of an excellent memory, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that there is so great a sense of unity in his designs. He has only just the material before him necessary for the development of his artistic ideas, and he is saved from any combat with the importunate appeals of ever-changing nature. Some of Estall's pencil studies I have, by the courtesy of their owners, been allowed to use as illustrations to this article. I deem myself fortunate in this, for it seems to me that they will put my readers on closer terms of intimacy with the artist's exquisite handicraft than any reproduction of a finished picture, of which the conception alone can be given on so reduced a scale. These drawings are not only beautiful and elaborate exercises in the use of the pencil, but they are proofs of the untiring zeal with which the artist seeks for the more dignified and therefore the more decorative truths in nature. To Estall as an animal painter, since animals in such subjects as he chooses often take an important

part, some reference should be made. It has been said, and I have no doubt that it is a fact, that a shepherd knows every sheep entrusted to his care by some peculiarity of shape or expression, not always obvious to the ordinary eye. So fine an intimacy with beasts is not demanded of the painter, especially of the pastoral painter. Of him we only require that he should make a statement of the animals that is equal to our own impression of them in nature, when our attention is being engrossed by other matters besides sheep, such as trees, sky, and water. In giving to each individual sheep its right importance as a member of a flock, and the flock its right importance in the landscape, Estall certainly excels; there is perhaps no other painter besides Mauve who has had in him developed to such an extent the faculty for expressing truthfully and artistically a large concourse of sheep. It is for this reason that I have especially referred to Estall as a painter of sheep, although in his pictures other sorts of beasts are naturally to be found, and I have never seen any that were not expressed in an adequate and dignified manner.

Except for what he owes to the splendid example of Corot, Estall is responsible for his own creation as an artist. He certainly did spend some time abroad, where many a promising and individual method of painting has been exchanged by English artists for a style more workmanlike, albeit far less interesting, but he brought back with him the artistic views and ways of painting that he took from home, developed, perhaps, but otherwise unaltered. What he is doing now he has always tried to do; so his history, although in a way uneventful, has at all events no pages in it that he would prefer unread.

I would that it were here possible to reproduce at least one of Estall's pictures adequately in colour, for though these reproductions give some idea of their compositions, yet so great an effect is created by the artist by the use of colour, so much does he add to the ornamental value of his picture by his gem-like accents and combinations of strong rich tones, and so much of their poetical feeling is derived from these tones, that a far less fair idea of the beauty of Estall's pictures than of most artists can be given in merely black and white. I cannot believe that anybody knowing Estall's art does not admire it. His distinguished and elegant style, his imaginative technique and colouring, his sympathetic choice of motives, must be appreciated wherever his pictures have found their way among understanding people. It is, therefore, to those who are unacquainted with his work—and they must be many, for artistic work of this kind gains notoriety very slowly—that these remarks about his art are addressed. Estall's are not the pictures to assert themselves stridently on the walls of the Royal Academy, nor, as they are utterly wanting in sensational incident, would they appeal to the editor of an illustrated paper for reproduction in his pages; but they are poems that would brighten the life of any person who is able to comprehend and possess them. With these statements I think there is no reason for explaining why Estall is not known to a far greater number of picture lovers, nor is an apology necessary for an attempt to arouse the curiosity of those who, if once attracted to Estall's work, would be sure to find in it an unfailing source of delight.

ARTHUR TOMSON.

EARLY SCANDINAVIAN WOOD-CARVINGS. PART II.

BY J. ROMILLY ALLEN, F.S.A.

IN a previous article on this subject, which appeared in THE STUDIO for February 1897, attention was directed to the beautifully carved wooden ecclesiastical chairs existing in Norway and Iceland, either still in the churches, where they were used for ceremonial purposes, or removed to the museums at Copenhagen, Christiania, and Bergen as archæological specimens. We will now proceed to examine some of the decorative carving to be found on the structural details of the older Scandinavian timber churches.

Readers of THE STUDIO who live in or near London need not cross the North Sea in order to get an idea of what the construction of a church of this kind is like, for within twenty-two miles of Charing Cross, at Greensted in Essex,* is a very perfect instance—the sole one now surviving—of a type of wooden building which was probably as common in the Eastern Counties, perhaps for two or three centuries after the Viking invasions of England as it is now in Norway. The peculiarity of the construction of the walls, both of Greensted Church and of the Norse churches, is that, instead of being built with timbers placed horizontally, as in a log hut, they are placed vertically and morticed into a sill-plate at the lower ends, and into a wall-plate at the top. At Greensted the timbers are left in their natural state on the outside with the rounded part of the trunk of the tree visible, but on the inside they are dressed flat. The timbers are tongued and grooved to keep them together

* One mile S.W. of Ongar railway station.

and make the wall water-tight. Apart from its unique character from an architectural point of view, the little church at Greensted possesses a great historical interest, as being in all probability the "wooden chapel" where the bones of King Edmund, Saint and Martyr, were deposited for a night during their removal from London to Bury St. Edmunds in A.D. 1013. The church has not been improved by its restoration in 1848–9.

Turning now to Norway, the parent country, whence the wooden architecture of eastern and central England was derived, we can hardly select a better example for study than Borgund Church, in Lärdal, on the south side of the Sogne Fjord, about 100 miles north-east of Bergen. The pic-



FIG. 1.—CARVED WOODEN DOOR FROM VALTHIOFSTAD CHURCH, ICELAND

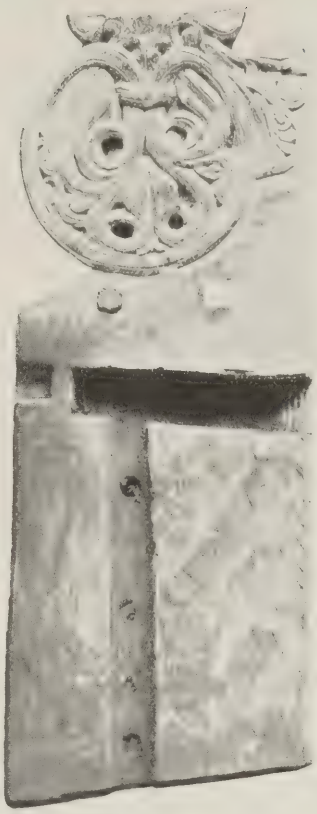


FIG. 2.—CARVED BENCH END FROM AAL CHURCH, HALLINGDAL

turesque, one might almost say bizarre, appearance of its exterior is familiar to most tourists in Norway. Tier above tier of shingled roofs and projecting gables carry the eyes upward till they rest on the dragonesque finials standing out against the sky, conveying on the whole an impression rather of a Chinese pagoda than of a Christian place of worship. The pagan dragon's head, similar to those which decorated the prows of the Vikings' ships as they ploughed the sea, here shares the honours with the cross of Christ, showing that the older faiths, though dying, were not yet wholly extinct. An excellent view of the exterior of Borgund Church is given in Olivia M. Stone's "Norway in June," p. 354.

The plan and section of Borgund Church given in L. H. S. Dietrichson's "De norske Stavkirker" (pp. 8 and 9) renders intelligible the interior arrangement of the timber framing by which this apparently meaningless jumble of roofs and gables is supported. The ground-plan shows a chancel with an apsidal east end and a rectangular nave with aisles running round all four sides, and outside this again there is a sort of verandah, or covered

passage, intended to afford shelter for the congregation during bad weather before and after service. The upper half of the outer wall of the passage is open to the air and the lower half boarded. An arcade of timber columns surrounds the nave and separates it from the aisles. These columns are continued upwards and form the supports for the highest part of the roof which covers the nave. The vertical timbers are so lofty that they require to be tied together at about half their height by horizontal and cross pieces placed thus |X|, making a kind of lattice girder round the nave. The structure is still further strengthened and beautified by little round arches above and below the cross pieces. The aisles and the verandah outside it have penthouse roofs sloping outwards at different levels, that of the verandah being nearest to the ground. The enclosing walls of the main body of the church within the verandah or corridor are constructed of slabs of timber placed vertically in the same fashion as at Greensted Church, in Essex. There are three doorways, one on the south side of the chancel, another on the south side of the nave, and the third in the middle of the west wall of the nave. The doorways of the nave lead out of the aisles which surround it into the verandah, and in front of each there is a gabled porch. The doorways are therefore not visible from the outside of the church, being concealed by the verandah. One of the most remarkable features of the Norse wooden churches is the entire absence of windows, the only openings in the walls being the doorways and air-holes next the roof. When the doors are shut the interior is in complete darkness.



FIG. 3.—CARVED DOORWAY FROM AAL CHURCH, HALLINGDAL

We have thought it necessary to give this somewhat tedious description of the interior arrangements of a typical wooden church in Norway so as to show what scope there is for carved decoration, and to enable the reader to realise exactly where the doorways are placed ; for, when these have been removed to museums, there is nothing to indicate how they fitted on to the structures to which they belonged.

The only portions of the interiors of the wooden churches in Norway where decorative carving is used are the capitals of the columns of the nave arcades, the X struts already mentioned above, the arcades and the triangular pieces of timber in the clerestory just below the springing line of the roof. The most complete series of carved capitals is in Urnäs Church, on the Sogne Fjord, about 100 miles north-east of Bergen. The capitals are of the Norman cushion shape, and on each of the four semicircular sides are carved foliage, birds, beasts, centaurs, and other fabulous creatures bearing a remarkable resemblance to the subjects on the medallions round the arch mouldings of the Norman doorway at St. Margaret's, Walmgate, York. The triangular pieces of timber in the clerestory of Urnäs Church are ornamented with dragons.



FIG. 4.—CARVED DOORWAY FROM TUFT CHURCH, BUSKERUDS, AMT

At Gol Church, in Hallingdal, about 100 miles north-east of Christiania, some very curious grotesque human heads are to be seen at the top of the triangular timbers at the points from which the roof principals spring.

The bench-ends and chairs found in many of the churches in Norway are also carved, but they may be considered rather as the furniture than as forming part of the fixed structure. The chairs have already been described, and we shall refer to the bench-ends subsequently.

The carving on the exteriors of the Norwegian wooden churches is concentrated almost exclusively on the dragonesque finials of the roof gables, the air-apertures pierced in the little turret or flèche on the top of the roof of the nave and the doorways, although an exceptional case occurs at Urnäs, on the Sogne Fjord, where the vertical planks which form the exterior walls of the building, and the round corner posts are most elaborately decorated with dragonesque beasts in the style of those on the Danish Rune-inscribed head-stone found in St. Paul's Churchyard, and now in the Guildhall Library. The church of Urnäs is probably one of the oldest in Norway, as the dragonesque beasts belong to the art of the monuments of the eleventh century inscribed in later Runes, and are quite different from the true mediæval dragon. The fragment shown on Fig. 10, from Torpe Church, Hallingdal, is in this style.

Most of the finely carved doorways of the wooden churches in Norway belong to the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century, and although some may perhaps be a little earlier and others a little later, yet the general character of all is the same, the art motives being evidently derived from Christian-Byzantine sources, with here and there an admixture of ideas of pagan origin which died hard even though the ban of the Church was upon them.

Notwithstanding the large number of carved doorways of this period still in existence, very few of the doors seem to have escaped destruction. The original door of Urnäs Church is one of those that have survived. It is completely covered with dragonesque beasts of the same kind as on the jambs of the doorway. A very fine specimen of a door made of plain boards, but with all its iron work complete, is to be seen at Hedal Church, at the northern end of Lake Spirillen, sixty miles or so north-west of Christiania. The ironwork is very elaborate, with pierced lock-plates ornamented with figure-subjects.

A beautifully carved door from Valthiofstad Church, Nordmulasysla, in the east of Iceland, is preserved in the Copenhagen Museum, and a cast of it is available for English students in the South Kensington Museum (see Fig. 1). The carved portions are enclosed within two large circular medallions, the upper one containing a legendary figure-subject, and the lower one four dragons placed symmetrically with their bodies, wings and limbs interlaced in a very ingenious manner. In the centre of the door is an iron ring-shaped handle. The door is 6 ft. 9½ in. high by 3 ft. 2½ in. wide. In the middle of the present century the door

began to fall to pieces, so that the village priest, Pastor Arneston, was glad (on Aladdin's principle of "new lamps for old") to hand over this precious relic of antiquity to the Copenhagen Museum, and to receive in exchange a new oaken door and two altar candlesticks. The late Prof. George Stephens, the world-renowned Runic scholar of Copenhagen, has described this door very fully in the *Archæologia Scotica* (vol. v. 1873, p. 249) of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. He explains that the figure-subject in the upper medallion consists of three scenes taken from the legend of King Theodorik and the Drake. As the story tells, King Theodorik once upon a time rescued a lion from danger of death from a savage dragon by slaying the monster, and ever afterwards the grateful lion followed his friend and protector. The first act in the drama is clearly portrayed on the lower half of the medallion. Here King Theodorik is seen piercing the dragon with his keen sword-blade. The reptile is strangling the lion with his convoluted tail, but his protruding tongue and the agonised way in which he is coiling his neck round a tree stem shows that his end is near. On the upper half of the medallion we see the lion following King Theodorik like a faithful hound, and in the last and most pathetic scene of all, the lion lies on his master's grave true till death, and refusing to be comforted. Prof. Stephens reads the Runic inscription on the king's grave as follows:



FIG. 5.—CARVED DOORWAY FROM FLAA CHURCH, HALLINGDAL

"(Se hin) rikia kününg her grafin er na dreka thena."

"(See yon) mighty king here buried who slew the dragon this."

The first two words of the inscription are broken away, and are therefore conjectural.

Some incised marks on the door are perhaps those of the carver. The military dress of King Theodorik, with the kite-shaped shield and conical helmet with nasal, is interesting from being like the costume of the Norman warriors on the Bayeux tapestry, and on the Norman doorway at Brayton, in Yorkshire. The date is thus fixed at 1150 to 1200. The early representation of a wooden church and the little beasts' heads peeping out of a hole in the ground are worth noticing.

The decorative effect of the carving is increased by leaving a due amount of space quite plain to give the eye an occasional rest whilst wandering over the surface and endeavouring to convey to the brain a general impression of the whole design. The details are finished with great care and skill. The conventional methods of indicating the texture of the feathers of the dragon's wings, the manes of the horse and the lion, the tuft on the end of the tail of the lion, the spinal ridge of the dragon's back, and the leaves of the plants, all contribute towards the general effect. By introducing different kinds of texture, the carver is able to produce gradated contrasts between one portion of



FIG. 6.—DOOR JAMB FROM HYLLESTAD CHURCH, SÄTERSDAL



FIG. 7.—DOOR JAMB FROM HYLLESTAD CHURCH, SÄTERSDAL

the surface and another, which are almost equivalent to the use of colour. Notice also how carefully anything like a true plane parallel to the original face of the door is avoided, for the carver of old knew well that any degree of light or shade could be got by slightly tilting a flat surface one way or the other, and if the flat surface were transformed into a curved one, gradation of light or shade was added.

We come now to the decorative carving round the doorway, and we cannot take a more beautiful or typical example than that from Aal Church, in Upper Hallingdal, about 100 miles north-west of Christiania (Fig. 3). The unusual proportions of the door opening as compared with those of doorways of stone churches in England is at once apparent. The former are very high and narrow, and this is to be accounted for by the fact that the doorway had its origin in simply leaving out one of the vertical boards of which the exterior walls of the wooden churches are constructed. At Aal and Stedje the lintel is formed of three horizontal planks bridging over the space left by the omission of one of the vertical planks and connecting together the upper ends of the two vertical planks which are now the jambs. The jambs are convex on the outside like the other vertical planks of the walls, and have pillars with capitals and bases in relief on each side of the door-opening. There is also a sort of arch in relief on the lowest of the three lintel planks. The capitals of the columns are each surmounted by the figure of a beast, possibly a lion. In the centre of the doorway is a small human head hanging down between two dragons with open mouths and protruding tongues. This curious bit of symbolism, whatever it may mean, occurs on several of the early upright cross-slabs in Scotland, notably at Dunfallandy in Perthshire. The decoration of the rest of the doorway consists entirely of winged dragons, whose tails meander over the whole surface in convolutions of foliageous scrollwork wonderfully interlaced and bewilderingly complicated. The carving is extremely good as regards its execution, but the design altogether lacks simplicity. It is impossible to follow the endless windings, loopings and interlacings of the dragons and foliage. So that, after vainly trying to make out what it all means, one ends, like the marriage service, with amazement.

The doorway of Tuft Church (Fig. 4) is of the same class as that at Aal, but not nearly so elaborate.

The doorway of Flaa Church, in Hallingdal, fifty miles north-west of Christiania (Fig. 5), differs from the two preceding in having a semi-circular arched top instead of a flat lintel. The arch is defined

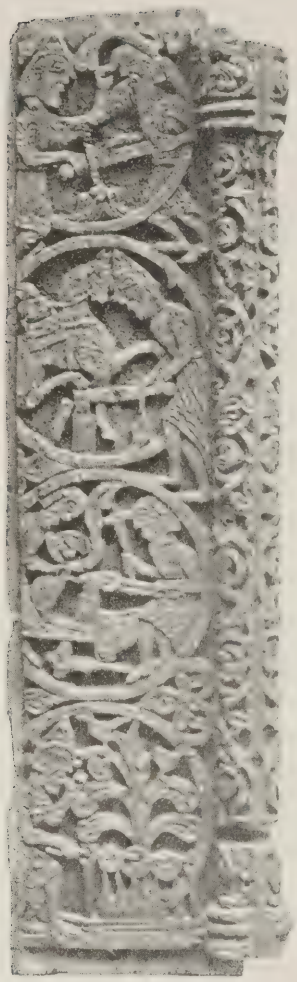


FIG. 8.—DOOR JAMB FROM VEGUSDAL CHURCH, NEDENÆS AMT

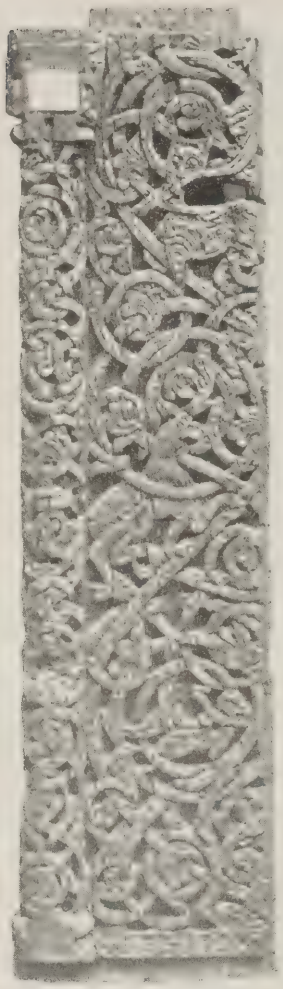


FIG. 9.—DOOR JAMB FROM VEGUSDAL CHURCH, NEDENÆS AMT

by a broad band of foliage. Dietrichson calls the latter the "sognske" type, and the former the "telemarske" type of doorway.

The door jamb (Fig. 9), from Vegusdal Church, is much weathered, but the carving must have been good originally. Instead of dragons the decoration here consists of scrolls of foliage and beasts.

Some of the most interesting doorways in Norway are those which illustrate the overlap of Paganism with Christianity, as shown by the use of figure-subjects in the decoration of churches, not taken from the Bible or from lives of saints, but from the Eddas and the Sagas. The most favourite scenes are from the story of Sigund Fafnir's Bane, as related in the Edda of Saemund and the Völsunga Saga (see H. H. Sparling's edition, published by Walter Scott). Two door jambs of this kind are shown on Figs. 6 and 8, one from Hyllestad, in Sätersdal, seventy miles north of Christiansand, and the other from Vegusdal.

The subjects represented on the jamb of the Hyllestad doorway, commencing at the top, are:

(1) King Gunnar harping in the worm-pit. He plays the harp with his toes, and serpents are gnawing at him.

(2) Sigurd slaying Regin the dwarf smith. The blood is gushing out of his mouth.

(3) Sigurd's horse "Grana."

(4) The tree with the talking birds.

(5) Regin with the sword "Gram."

(6) Sigurd roasting Fafnir's heart on a spit, and putting his thumb in his mouth to taste the blood.

The subjects on the jamb of the Vegusdal doorway are arranged in circular medallions, and are as follows:

(1) Sigurd slaying Regin.

(2) Sigurd's horse "Grana" and Sigurd testing the sword "Gram" on an anvil.

(3) Regin and Sigurd welding together the shards of the sword "Gram."

(4) Sigurd roasting Fafnir's heart, and the tree with the talking birds.

We Englishmen share these Pagan mythical heroic tales with our Norse kinsmen across the sea, and at Kirk Andreas,* and at Malew, in the Isle of Man, and at Halton,† in Lancashire, we have instances on early crosses of a similar Pagan-Christian overlap in our own country. What we suffer from most at the present time is the lack of a sufficiently strong belief in any story whatever, either Christian or Pagan, to embody in our national art. Conventional ornament is at best but a poor substitute for symbolic sculpture, and we look forward to the time when the heroes of romance will once more be as real to us as they were to our Scandinavian and our Celtic ancestors, so that we may draw fresh inspiration from their stirring deeds which will infuse new life into our literature and our art.

The last specimens of Scandinavian wood-

* See "Saga Illustrations of Early Manks Monuments," by P. M. C. Kermode, in the "Saga Book" of the Viking Club for 1895–6 (D. Nutt).

† See "The Pagan-Christian overlap in the North," by Dr. H. Colley March, in the "Trans. Lanc. and Cheshire Archæol. Soc.," vol. ix.

carving we have to draw attention to are a couple of bench-ends, one from Torpe Church, in Upper Hallingdal, about eighty miles north-west of Christiania (Fig. 11), and the other from Aal Church, also in Hallingdal (Fig. 2).

Both are boldly carved, and the beast crunching a little man's neck between his great jaws is particularly quaint, and so extremely realistic that one expects every minute to hear his vertebra snap off like a broken pipe stem, and to see his head roll off on to the floor. The artist has managed to place the little man in an attitude which fascinates the onlooker by its extreme discomfort to such an extent that it makes him feel quite uncomfortable too from sympathy. It is not always easy to see how an effect of this kind is got, but the puckers in the upper lip, as when a snarling dog shows his teeth, and the protruding eye, have something to do with the success of the work.

The two carved chairs illustrated on Fig. 12 were referred to in the previous article. The one on the left is not only richly carved with foliage, dragons, birds and figure-subjects, but has the additional interest of being inscribed with an odd mixture of Runes and of capital and minuscule Roman letters. The inscription along the top rail of the back of the chair gives the owner's name, Thorunn, Benedikt's daughter, whilst those on the front part of the chair are explanatory of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, which are carved on two

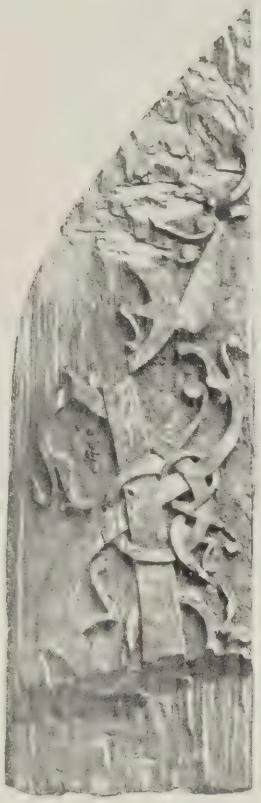


FIG. 10.—CARVED PLANK FROM TORPE CHURCH, HALLINGDAL

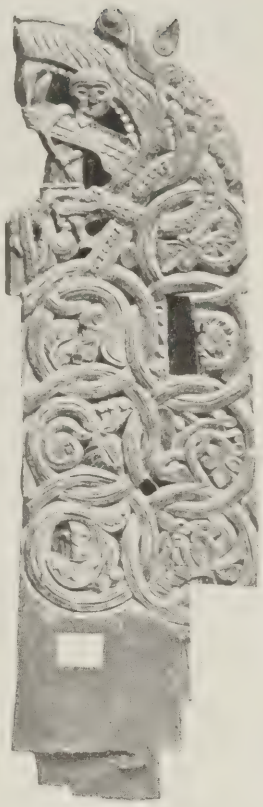


FIG. 11.—CARVED BENCH END FROM TORPE CHURCH, HALLINGDAL



FIG. 12.—CARVED ICELANDIC CHAIRS IN THE COPENHAGEN MUSEUM

horizontal rows of circular medallions. Above each medallion is the name of the sign, and below it the name of the month, commencing with *Sol in Aquaria* (sic) and *Januarius*, and ending with *Sol in Capricornu* and *Decembr.** The part of the chair beneath the seat forms a box, having a hinged lid in the middle of the seat. On the front panels of the box incised carving is introduced with good effect, to produce a contrast with the rest of the carving, which is in relief.

The other chair on the right is from Grund Church, and measures 3 ft. 3 in. high by 2 ft. 6½ in. wide, by 1 ft. 5 in. deep. Its general design resembles that of the one first described. The large knobs ornamented with plaitwork on the vertical bars of the back remind one of the handles of a Scottish dirk, and suggest an affinity between the art of Scandinavia and the Highlands of Scotland in mediæval times.

AN INCIDENT ON THE ENGLISH COAST. WITH SKETCHES BY E. W. CHARLTON.

THERE are the warnings of a storm, warnings to be read on land and sea, foretold with a truth which refuses to be disregarded. The watchers on shore must be ready to act; those with knowledge to take the lead, the inexperienced to help, for maybe a vessel is plunging this way out of all control and courage will be demanded. Not that the unskilled can be expected to do very much in these critical moments, though the strength of man is needed, and welcome help is obtained when a hand is ready at a hawser here or a shoulder to the lifeboat there.

And soon the rain is whirling by, driving aslant, lashing down the foam as it rises white and is scared away into the fast increasing gloom. The wind abandons its first lament, and hurries on to anger. It chases the waves and hounds them on and whips them into frenzy, and then sweeps across the land, with desolation following and havoc to the fore. And the sea, maddened as the tempest howls above it, is ever on the alert for destruction. Its jaws are wide, and it roars in its strength, a strength that knows no mercy. From the dark horizon it rolls in its wrath till it thunders on the shore; the seething surf in its ebb and flow worrying the shingle, while the spray in a thick, white, drenching mist, is carried far up overhead and flies away affrighted.

It is difficult to stand alone, it is not easy to see or hear, yet there is a great fascination to watch it all. For the sight is grand, and thereis majesty in the gale. I, with many another, was witnessing such a scene on an autumn morning last year. I, too, had been glorying in the grandeur of the gale, noting it, studying it.

Suddenly a long thin line of light shoots into the sky, seeming far off in such a turbulence. Then another, with now and again a stifled boom borne towards the shore. And all the magnificence is gone at once, the majesty of the scene is quenched, for fatality may be close at hand, with much to be done to avert it. Later on, when first one barque and then a second drove ashore, all thought of wind and cloud and sea, all effect, departed.

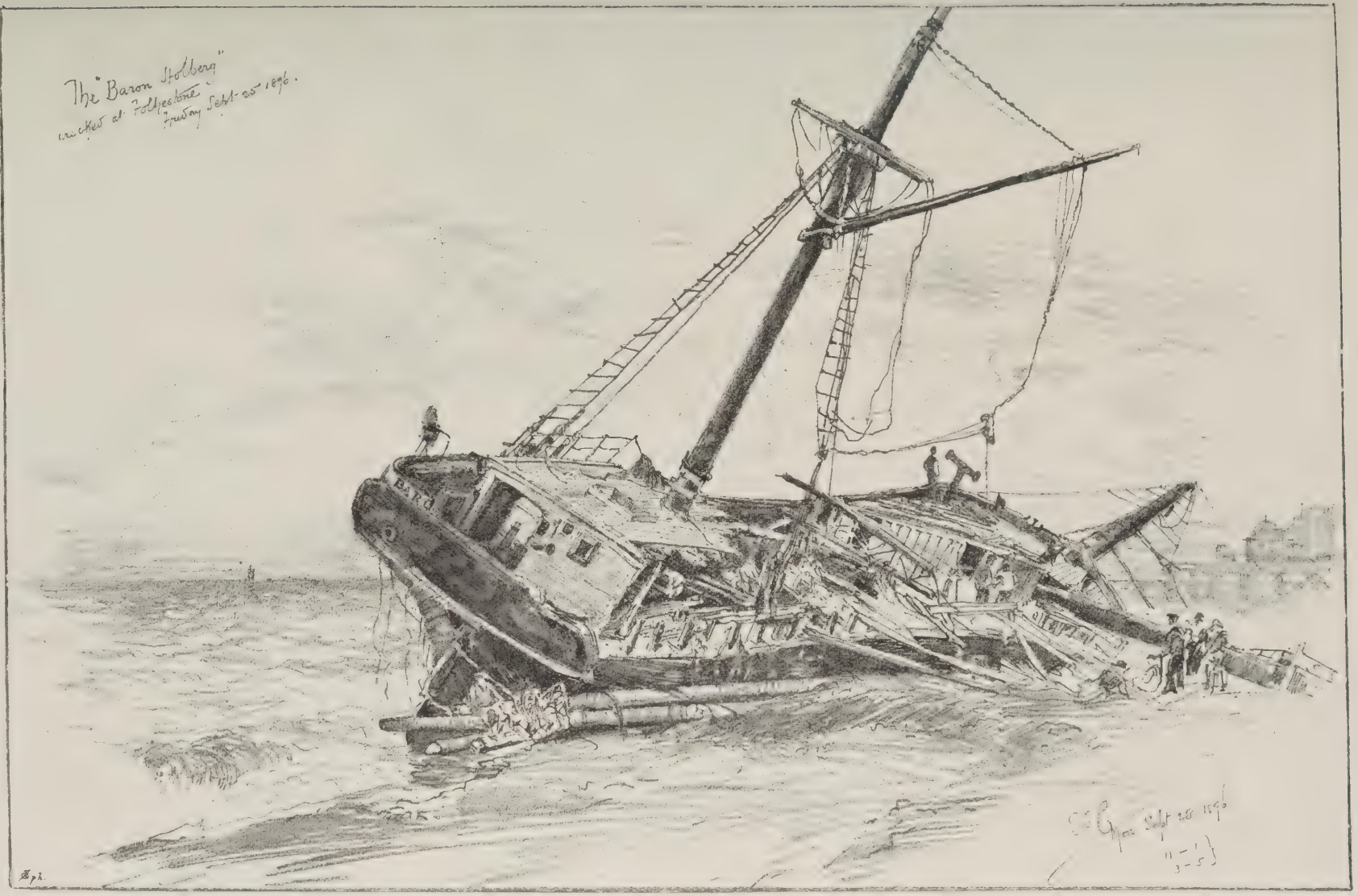
To watch two noble vessels beaten by the seas till every seam gaped wide and every plank was splintered, to know they were conquered and *must* perish, was distressing enough, and to see the exhausted crews helpless amidst such danger was absolutely painful. As each wave struck and poured its flood high over the mangled hulls, obliterating everything, one could but expect to find some gone when the spray was spent. Yet every time till the rescue came the men stood bravely there, and at last a line was thrown aboard and a mighty cheer was given, for every one knew there was hope then that the sailors would be saved. They escaped the masts as they went by the board, they avoided the falling spars, and they answered the cheers sent up from the shore till every man was landed.

It was on Folkestone beach that this happened, and it was curious to note that both vessels were Norwegian barques laden with timber; that both struck the shore about the same time within a few hundred yards of one another; that each carried a crew of ten, and that the last man of each was brought on land at almost the same moment. But neither ship was bound from or to the same port. The trouble began off Dungeness about the hour of dawn. No time was lost. The lifeboat soon was speeding on its way right in the teeth of the gale. She struck some rocks, the rudder broke and six of the oars were snapped, yet on the men went and reached the ship, but could only take off four of the crew, and even then they had to jump into the water first. Other lifeboats had been called out. I saw the gallant men from Hythe: Dover and Romney had sent theirs too, but the wrecks were

* These readings are taken from an engraving in I. J. A. Worsaae's "Nordiske Oldsager," of the Copenhagen Museum, p. 157.


Parish Church
The Glencairn of Folkestone
The Mary Beatrice (SER)
Folkestone Harbour
EW
October 1st 1896 1045-1
" " 11-1


The Barque "Baron Holberg"
wrecked at Folkestone. Sept. 25. 1890.
Unloading Cargo of Timber.
Sept. 25. 90.
10.30—1.


The Baron Stolberg
wrecked at Folkestone
Friday Sept 25 1896.
BARON



drifting fast to the shore, and in the end it was from the shore the rest of the crews were rescued. The coastguard saved the ten from the one, as the lifeboat crew, having beached their boat, brought six ashore from the other. One by one they were dragged through the surf, but the danger was great because of the spars and timber and wreckage tossing about; because of the swirl of the backwash round the keel, and the fear of fouling lines. It was almost noon before the life-lines on the wrecks were cut.

The sea became quieter on the following day, but afterwards it raged again, battering the hulls and scattering the wreckage till both the ships were broken up. Not many days from that anxious time there was nothing standing of either wreck but the bows of one high tilted up, with the point of the bowsprit sunk quite deep into the beach and shingle. The rest was strewn along the shore; sides, sterns, keels, decks, masts and shrouds, tattered sails and cordage. Truly the handiwork of man was mastered by that hurricane, but here its battle with man himself was followed by its own defeat, though, alas! in many another place a different tale was told. The coastguard and the lifeboat men did their duty valiantly, as English sailors always do. They struggled hard to win that fight, and victory was theirs. For they saved the crews, just twenty men—and twenty men were all.

E. W. Charlton.

On the Drawings of M. Georges de Feure. By Octave Uzanne.

When one looks back on the history of painting in France since 1880, and thinks of the poverty of ideas prevailing fifteen years ago in our yearly Salons, it is impossible to avoid being struck by the rapid transformation our æstheticism has undergone, and by the philosophic thought with which the art of painting and artistic work generally have been ennobled.

French art twenty years ago dragged along in the old unvarying traditions—naturalistic landscapes, *genre* subjects, battle pictures, historical studies, and portraits black or bituminous and altogether monotonous in treatment.

There was a plentiful harvest of pictures made to be vulgarised by commonplace chromo-lithographs, in the style of Neuville, Delort, Leloir and Kemmærer. We revelled in dainty reproductions of the eighteenth century; but no one evoked the spirit of the divine artists of the great Italian periods, the spirit of Ghirlandayo, or Mantegna, or Luini, or Filippino Lippi, or Angelino or old



"Tulipe." Illustration for "Féminiflores" by Georges de Feure

Cimabue. Taste ruled otherwise, all being in favour of an easy commercialism, based on the attractiveness of "pretty" subjects; and art did splendid business, that is to say it had become degraded, brought down to a deplorable level of mediocrity to suit the taste of the public at large.

Painting with intellect in it, and expression and harmony and ideas, bordering on decorative work, synthesising form, simplifying colour—the painting sometimes called "symbolic," "embryogenic," or "mystic," was only just making its appearance in Paris about 1885; and its earliest exponents, coming on the scene at the high tide of realism, were received with irony and loaded with ridicule. They were not long, however, in securing attention and in drawing to themselves all the apostles of true art.

Whence did the movement spring? Did it arise out of the great moral influence of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; or was it simply one of those logical recurrences to the old forms of which we have had so many instances in the history of painting?

It were impossible to tell exactly. Wagner and Rossetti each has had an influence, more or less profound, on the new generations. What the new art sought to depict was the eternal misery of the body fretted by the soul; to adapt itself as deeply as possible to the æsthetic sense of human suffering. By dint of reverting thus to precise and primitive characterisation, with a passionate care for form and ornament and detail, this art gradually became decorative. The picture assumed the appearance of a fresco or a tapestry; the artist became less exclusive than formerly; he consented to display his gifts in all sorts of decorative work, on books, on furniture, on wall-papers, and he produced illustrations, covers, posters, friezes, menus and book-plates, on the principle that nothing is small if the art be great.



"TUBÉREUSE." ILLUSTRATION FOR "FÉMINIFLORES" BY GEORGES DE FEURE

It is therefore very interesting and curious to consider the generation of painters who came into prominence as recently as 1890; for the art they serve is spread over everything, and is no longer specialised in useless indefinite canvases.

One of the most characteristic figures among the artists who now hold the field, armed with pen, or brush, or burin or lithographic pencil, is Georges de Feure, whose decorative gifts are essentially "personal," and whose originality, so far from



"LES JARDINS D'ARMIDE"
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR
BY GEORGES DE FEURE





"L'AMOUREUSE DU MAL" FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGES DE FEURE

growing less, shows a marked advance with each fresh creation.

Georges de Feure is one of those whose celebrity will be assured in the near future. He only began to produce his work in 1890, and already he has achieved a great deal in oils, in lithography and in engraving. His lithochromes number a hundred; his pictures displayed in the past two years at the Champ de Mars are now hanging in several private galleries, while his posters which have appeared on the street walls in Paris and Brussels are already as much sought after by collectors as those of the young Chicago artist, Will. H. Bradley, to whose work that of De Feure bears some resemblance.

The whole art of Georges de Feure strives to express the hereditary misery of man and woman, the destiny which leads us on to unknown goals, and to reveal under an aspect of calm, patient passivity the persistence of the sorrows which accompany or precede or follow every living creature here below. His personages on the rack of a moral hell, their muscles distended as though under torture, seem to recall all the vain and historic efforts made by man in his attempts to reach happiness. As that sound critic, M. Paul Adam, remarks in an article dealing with the works of Georges de Feure: "The faces of the beings he depicts in his paintings have a dreadful look of dull stolidity at the uselessness of striving, and at the relentless cruelty of fate."

One of his pictures, *La Course à L'Abime*, would make a splendid illustration of certain passages in Goethe's "Faust," or of one of Uhland's ballads. A wretched mass of humanity is rushing to death across a bridge, under a dark mysterious sky. Two female forms emerge from the background with a patch of sharp light, their anguish - stricken limbs telling of the hopelessness of living, with, on the one side, the inevitable descent into the abyss, and on the other the insolent voluble prodigality of vegetation, seen in the foreground, with unheard-of flowers of fairy hues, so bright and full of life that the bird pecking near can hardly be distinguished from the gorgeous petals. This sombre picture tells of the inevitable transformation of all things—of herbage, of bird, of woman, of death itself—moving resistlessly towards that state whence life shall spring indomitable once more.

The same philosophic idea is recognised in another of his canvases, *Fin de Lutte*, a keen, clear landscape with a figure rising in astonishment at being still alive, and watching the phantom of danger passing away towards the horizon. *L'Angoisse* is the title given to a curious picture of two women stretched on the sea-shore, and gazing on the limitless ocean with questioning eyes, yet ever failing to grasp the heart-sickening logic of the unceasing murmur of the waves.

"M. Georges de Feure's great power," writes M. Paul Adam, "consists in his impeccable draw-



"LA FILLE DE LÉDA" FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGES DE FEURE

ing. His line has all the sureness of a Vivarini or a Van Eyck ; he goes so far even as to insist upon it cruelly, scarring the flesh with the marks of the fire into which he thrusts his figures. And this gives to his works a certain character which certainly adds to their beauty and force."

In his *Spleenétique*, a big decorative canvas inspired by some melancholy poem of Baudelaire's, De Feure paints a quite modern woman, with red flowers in her hair, like a Bacchante, sitting on a terrace beneath the browning leaves of autumn, and looking across the grey and misty plains into the distance, soft and milky, and plunged in mystery ; while the sun hides behind the dense clouds, scarce showing his disc, half covered with whitish film like the iris in the eye of the blind. There is a pervading atmosphere of sadness about this painting, a depth of dreaminess and a sense of wandering thought, which one can scarcely equal save in the works of some of the master-minds of the Renaissance.

De Feure's gifts have something essentially feminine about them. One feels that he loves womankind in its supreme beauty, which is the supreme evil itself. He strives to paint in all its varieties her eternal feline attributes—the woman of a thousand curves, a thousand fascinations, consumed by a selfish love, given to all excesses, the trunk whence all the vices spring, the source of all the ills, the soul of every forbidden delight. He sees in these sirens nothing but demons whose mission it is, as St. Augustine thought, to increase sin and degrade all vigorous thought. Thus continually haunted, like a visionary, by the sight of an endless procession of human woes, Georges de Feure devotes his whole mind to lamenting them in his eloquent works—a series showing Man bearing his cross under the maleficent influence of Woman, perverse, distracting, unconscious. This series he calls *Les Caresses de Satan.*

Another picture by De Feure, which, doubtless, satisfies his artistic soul, is composed as follows: In a sky, quivering with clouds of miraculous flowers, and studded with celestial jewels, one sees a woman's form, regal, triumphant, satanic. Deliciously childlike in its virginal simplicity, her youthful body is outlined in gracious curves, soft as a caress ; her heavy masses of hair crown her brows as with a diadem ; her face bears the stamp of a strange and prodigious beauty ; from her mouth, with its blood-red, kiss-provoking lips, and its two rows of pearls, gleams the light of hell ; her nostrils quiver in ardent palpitations ; while below her pure forehead are two terrible eyeless orbits, staring vacantly on the world, blind to the victims of her fatal body.

On the earth, beneath the Demon's feet we see poor humanity writhing in terrible convulsions, harassed by sickness and misery, hunger, madness, suicide, ambition, greed, hysteria, murder, warfare, jealousy, and hate.

In the foreground, among the wretched throng, stands Death, gigantic, calm, all-powerful, watching and waiting.

This, it will be seen, is a return to the philosophic, intellectual, and decorative painting of the masters of the fifteenth century. De Feure, however, does not seek to use his brush in what may be called the "professional" mode of painting; all he seems to attempt is the precise, delicate, and distinguished style of the fresco, with its sharp, bold outlines, using his colours with great effect, and putting them on quite flat. His canvases are thus not pictures in the ordinary sense—that is to say, his painting has none of the thickness or the brilliant varnished surface common to ordinary work of the kind, as taught in the schools. Rather they are wonderful tapestry cartoons, of great breadth, absolutely pure in design, and exquisite in their range of colouring.

Even those of the public who know and admire Georges de Feure scarcely appreciate him at his proper value, rather regarding him as an illustrator, a decorator, a designer of posters who has done much good work in *Le Courrier*, *Le Messager Français*, *La Butte*, *Le Boulevard*, and other of the new illustrated publications.

As for his poster work, he has put his name to a score of polychrome placards, some of which have become valuable as rarities among collectors. Among his most successful works of this kind are *La Loie Fuller*, *Salomé*, the *Palais Indien*, and *Izita*. The last named was illustrated in THE STUDIO for December 1896. Despite the great number of artists now engaged in this work, De Feure has made his mark by sheer ability; moreover his work bears little resemblance to that of any other artist.



"LA CHARMEUSE D'OISEAUX" FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGES DE FEURE

In lithography he has done innumerable pleasing little things—menus, invitation-cards, book covers, and many curious plates, such as *Les Trois Mendiantes dans la Forêt*, *Entrée des Vices dans la Ville*, *La Voix du Mal*, *L'infini*, *Le dernier Amant*, *Fleur de la Grève*, *L'amour Sanglant*, and *L'amour Aveugle;* and a few lithographs in black, like *La Princesse Maleine*, which have all the air of some romantic scene from "Faust" by a Célestin Nanteuil or an Eugène Delacroix.

De Feure is at present engaged in preparing, as

illustrations for a book, a series of women's figures, symbolising certain flowers, to be known as *Féminiflores*, and other illustrations for *La Porte des Rèves*, by Marcel Schwob.

To impress the features of any new artist on the public memory, a brief and precise biography is indispensable.

Georges de Feure was born in Paris in 1868, his father being a Dutchman and his mother a Belgian. Thus from his parents he inherited his love of the tranquil, melancholy land where the sea waves moan and the forests rustle in the breeze. From them, too, springs his thoughtful vision, his sad dreaminess, and his intimate comprehension of the symbols dear to the Northern spirit.

When quite young De Feure was taken to the Netherlands, where his father, a rich and prosperous architect, brought him up amidst every luxury. At fourteen the lad, longing for independence, was placed in a business house at Utrecht, but he did not stay there long. Meanwhile his father, after a series of disastrous speculations, had suddenly found himself ruined.

Thus, when scarcely sixteen, De Feure's easy, comfortable existence was changed in a moment into one of trouble and anxiety, such as befell some of the heroes of Dickens and Lesage. He had all sorts of ups-and-downs. After being clerk to a firm of forwarding agents at Dordrecht, assistant to a bookseller at La Haye, and working at a hatter's in Rotterdam, he ultimately became a sort of wardrobe-keeper's assistant and "general utility" man in an Amsterdam theatre, where for fifteen florins a week the poor lad had to post the bills and clean the scenery during the day, and at night to play all sorts of parts in absurd operettas or comedies, in quality infinitely heavier and less subtle than the national Schiedam.

During this sombre time De Feure's ambition was to devote himself to literature, and he wrote in the Netherland tongue numerous stories, articles, and bits of description, of the merits of which we have no means of judging.

In 1890 De Feure gave up the pen for the pencil, and began to turn to profit some of the notions of drawing he had picked up in connection with theatrical decoration. First he worked for a lithographer, who did posters, and although free from actual want, he suffered tortures as a mere workman condemned to produce rubbish to order, stifled in an atmosphere of ugliness. However, he set to work obstinately and determinedly, to emancipate himself by the personal gifts he felt within him.

At that time he dreamed of what he was soon to accomplish—the penetrating harmonies of tone, the soft curves, the bold outlines, the rich colours, the impetuous scenes; and just as one might fall in love with some fairy princess, the young artist grew enamoured of the beauty yet unrealised; set himself to commune with it, to express with his brush that which he felt in his innermost nature. He gave himself up wholly to this passion, which is the only source of art; resolved, with his glowing sense of life, to be himself in all his work, to give expression to naught but the ideographic, and in everything to be indebted to no one but himself.

Full of pluck and courage, and with his taste growing more and more refined day by day, De Feure came to Paris to measure himself by the hard standards before which so many a fine nature has failed. He has already made his name there, but he has the good sense not to over-estimate himself, and retains a clear idea of the distance which still separates him from the lofty peaks towards which he gazes. He is progressing bravely, and soon he will be near the goal of his ambition. Until lately he signed himself Von Feure, now he is De Feure; and this name, which he inscribes on his canvases, will soon be universally recognised as that of one of the leaders in the field of contemporary decoration. I have no fear of compromising myself in saying so much for one of the elect of art.

Octave Uzanne.

AN EPOCH-MAKING HOUSE. BY GLEESON WHITE.

A generation which accepts "Morris" papers and woven fabrics, Mr. Philip Webb's fireplaces, and Mr. Walter Crane's gesso-work as normal evidence of good taste in furnishing, that finds Mr. Whistler's paintings held in honour, and is accustomed to the reverence due to "blue-and-white" and "Tanagra" figures, may possibly forget that but a few years ago all these things were appreciated by a comparatively small number, and that it required no little courage for a rich man to include them in his scheme for a House Beautiful.

Artists are always privileged to be eccentric, and as a rule the tolerance which a layman bestows on them at first soon gives place to rabid imitations. But for a layman to be among the first in recognising the "new" movement is rare enough to be noted when found, whether in the "seventies" or the "nineties."

If we remember these facts, No. 1 Holland Park,



DRAWING-ROOM NO. I HOLLAND PARK

the home of Mr. A. A. Ionides, may be regarded as historic already. For, some twenty-five years ago, he maintained consistently the ideal which we all affect to champion to-day. The esoteric creed of a few has become the gospel preached from the housetops. To this end many influences have worked: first the firm of Morris and Co.—that famous movement wherein Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and others played no small part directly or indirectly; then the Century Guild, with its *Hobby-Horse*, and still later, the Arts and Crafts Society, with its exhibitions and lectures. Add to these the personal example of a large number of architects, painters, and sculptors, who made their own houses comely, reinforced with the pens of many able writers—and you find the primary causes that have diffused the lesson which this house embodies. To say as much is but bare justice; nor does it infer that, were the whole abode to be planned anew, its owner and those who worked with him would treat it exactly in the same fashion. Sentiment has changed rapidly, but chiefly in the direction of appreciation for consistent innovation and less reliance upon pedantic adherence to precedent than would have been judicious in the earlier stages of the movement. Now, we are more sure of our ground, and have greater faith in the power of living men to challenge comparison with dead masters. Yet this house is more nearly the forerunner of the newer experiments than is the last word of academic tradition. For in it Mr. Philip Webb, Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. William Morris found their own modes of expression, and initiated many things which have become almost hackneyed to-day.

Daily the fact is forced more and more upon those who study the matter that Morris, who was in many respects the slave of tradition, who preached the futility of attempting to do more than revive the best things of past centuries, was himself at times too full of vitality to limit himself within his own self-set bounds. It is no less certain that he succeeded in inspiring to experiment and enterprise others who have long since set their ideals far ahead and ceased to look behind. The lore of the past has become a clause of their artistic

creed, but an accepted rather than a vital factor to many people whose energy is directed toward the future.

In this house, where the work of Morris confronts a visitor everywhere, it is impossible not to recall a fancy often expressed before, namely, that in his body the soul of some thirteenth-century master-craftsman was re-incarnated. Perhaps it would be more near the truth to say the souls of many, for he was no blind adherent to any local precedent, but found inspiration as catholic workers found it after the Crusades brought back to Europe glimpses of the art of the Orient. In the drawing-room, especially full of Morris handiwork, you find Persian influence in rugs and embroideries as strongly evident as is that of the art of the monastery and the trades-guilds of Europe. Even the pianoforte (although it is true that this is not Morris's handiwork)—a peculiarly Western object, is encrusted with gesso that suggests Italy it is true — but a far more distant legend beyond.

In short, the spirit of the house reflects much of the spirit of William Morris. For it is a house to live in, not a palace to be visited by strangers, or used only on state occasions, wherein small rooms are kept for domestic use, and the rest for ceremonial functions.

The house outside can hardly be called distinguished. It is true that an iron gate and a tiled entrance-lobby suggest to a casual passer-by that the plain façade is but the husk of a precious kernel. Yet it looks mainly what it is, a commonplace London house (a "family mansion" an agent would call it) made comely by alteration and additions that were not sufficiently drastic to leave it architecturally imposing.



GESSO PANEL BY WALTER CRANE

But within, a surprise awaits, and from the hall to the nursery every room is a perfect example of its kind. It is a feast of pleasure to one interested in the decoration of dwellings. But to avoid the risk of being misunderstood, it is as well to preface any description with a distinct statement that its ideal is neither the only satisfactory one, nor necessarily the best. The real charm of the house is that it is a consistent example of the use of fabrics and patterns designed chiefly by Mr. Morris, and that it represents the first flower of the "movement" in æsthetic furnishing which has now developed many fresh and charming varieties.

In one respect it obeys the law of a perfect house,



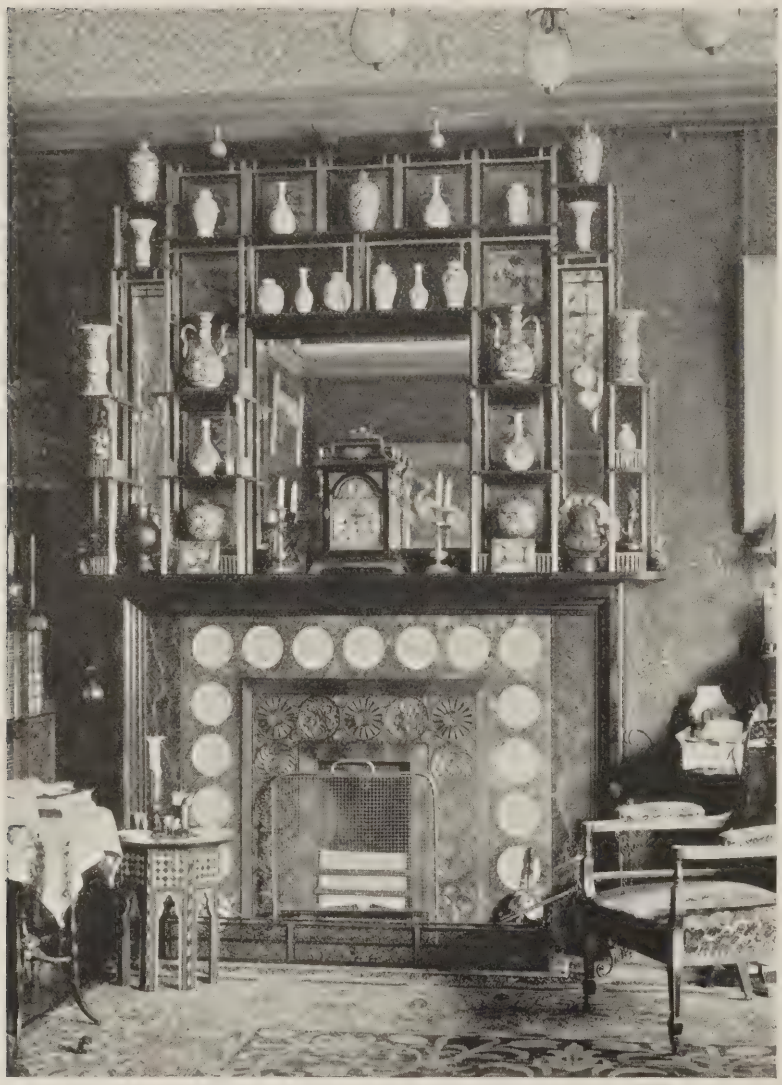
FIREPLACE IN THE DINING-ROOM
AT No. 1 HOLLAND PARK

viz., that the impression produced by it upon a visitor should not be too vivid at first. Its best achievement is surely to be merely restful and pleasing on first acquaintance, and gradually to disclose new points of interest, and to yield new aspects by degrees. If this be true (and it is undoubtedly even of simple houses), it becomes still more important when all that money can achieve has been lavishly introduced without its cost intruding itself on your notice. Simplicity, whether the result of economy or of a deliberate effort to be austere, may accomplish this result; yet when an ornate and sumptuously decorated interior is so cleverly managed that you are only conscious of harmonious schemes of colour and a general sense of comfort and domesticity, the good taste that controlled the undertaking is also beyond praise. The beauty of complexity is one thing, the beauty of simplicity another, but both may be beautiful.

Poor people do not realise how vulgar they might be were economy not always their safeguard. To do without bad ornament is far easier when you cannot afford the more expensive. It is only when you are able to set aside the question of cost that you realise how often the most expensive product is also the least artistic.

This is merely a roundabout way of saying that lack of taste is better worth having than bad taste, and that good taste, inseparable from all artistic successes, is not necessarily limited to simplicity.

No. 1 Holland Park, which from a commonplace villa was gradually evolved into a Victorian interior destined to be historic—that is the point whence we started! Its success is due chiefly to three influences. First, the wise judgment of its owner in recognising the genius of men who had not then made world-wide reputations; next, as we have already seen, to William Morris, whose handiwork is everywhere; and thirdly, but co-equally, to Mr. Philip Webb, an architect whose influence has not yet received formally that appreciation which all students of architecture and design so willingly acknowledge it to deserve. To Mr. Philip Webb the structural changes are chiefly due, to Mr. Morris the patterns on the walls and fabrics, to Mr. Ionides himself the discrimination which recognised the beauty of things then unfamiliar.



FIREPLACE IN THE MORNING-ROOM NO. 1 HOLLAND PARK

In the hall a delightful mosaic pavement is perhaps the first thing which strikes an interested visitor. To the average person it may (as an anecdote has it) seem a very good imitation of oil-cloth. To one who is concerned with design it

is a masterpiece of its kind, this simple pattern of olive-green conventionalised foliage, with red A's and black "I's" dotted here and there upon a white surface. So quiet and unobtrusive is the effect, that perhaps only a thoroughly trained and practised eye would be attracted by it. Delightful *bric-à-brac*, Morris wall-paper, ceilings painted by the same artist himself, pictures by Mr. G. F. Watts—one a family portrait group which is among his earliest works—all these come into the picture; and above all, the sense of comfort, and even of snugness—a rare quality in such a place—are equally impressive. For the house, although commodious, is not vast, and by the planning of its passages and anterooms it is so eminently "liveable," that possibly its real size is somewhat less apparent thereby. Everywhere beautiful things in bronze, lacquer, or porcelain heighten the effect, but nowhere do they crowd so as to suggest a museum. For much of the decorations and detail would not be noticed by an ordinary person paying a social visit; it is only apparent to one searching for it.

From the porch you pass up a staircase of Mr. Philip Webb's design, where cleverly-planned steps, on a larger scale beneath the handrail, afford resting-place for bronzes. The ceiling, decorated after designs by Morris, one of several in the house, is yellow upon white, the carpet a pleasant harmony in pale greyish-green and cinnamon, every item of the pattern and decoration being selected to support a delicate scheme of colour wherein the pink and silver of the walls come as an important factor.

The walls of the drawing-room are covered with a gold lacquered paper rich in various colours, that at first sight suggests Japan, but proves to be a design of chrysanthemum (by Morris) embossed in silver, overlaid with washes of brilliant transparent lacquer. The cornice is also lacquered, and the ceiling painted with gold and silver upon an ivory ground. The chief colours in the hangings are green and blue mixed to yield a delightfully soft "bloom," which is echoed in the fabric clothing the walls of the second drawing-room opening out of the first. The mantelpiece in the first room was especially designed by Mr. Walter Crane to display some of Mr. Ionides's unique collection of Tanagra statuettes. But this need not detain us, as a consideration of these superb *bibelots* will be the subject of another paper in THE STUDIO. To see how well the terra-cottas of Tanagra "go" with the Gothic and Oriental details of Morris is to realise once again that nearly all noble things can be trusted to exist happily in each other's society. For here Japanese metal-work, Chinese blue and white, historic majolica, and these little figures in their delicate colours set in a quasi-Greek overmantel, make no discord, but come together far more happily than do the average objects in a room kept rigidly to the work of a fixed period. The carpets by Morris reveal the features which he made his own—robust generous curves blossoming into flower-like patterns, and with a sense of space unlike the "tight" effect of most modern carpets. In the second room a *portière* of old embroidery over the dining-room door is a superb piece of colour, that harmonises strangely well with the modern work around it.

In this room stands a grand piano (which will be remembered by many visitors to the Arts and Crafts) with a case of wood stained green, and almost covered with elaborate detail in gold and silver gesso, the design and work of Miss Faulkner.

The pictures on the walls are full of interest, although many of the famous works which once hung here have been dispersed; yet these which remain, by Rossetti, Watts, Legros, and others, are fine enough to provoke much rhapsody, but they are not quite pertinent to the present article, so they also must be passed over.

From the inner drawing-room the dining-room is entered, and here we have a very notable instance of a very elaborately decorated apartment, that at first sight does not reveal itself as materially unlike any similar room in a well-appointed modern house. Yet the walls, the ceiling, the doors, sideboard, in fact the whole room (except the high dado of Spanish leather and the marble mantelpiece with its Persian tiles) has been lacquered upon silver. Although pitched in the highest key (next to stained glass) which craft allows, metal of all shades, from crimson to pale green and silver, has been so deftly softened by transparent lacquers, that the result is the reverse of gaudy, and as harmonious as a fine piece of ancient metal with the patina of age upon it.

The designs of the surface decoration are all by Mr. Walter Crane, who was assisted in the modelling of some of the subjects by the late Osmond Weekes. In the large panels of the frieze the subjects are taken from Æsop's Fables. The motive of the ornament elsewhere is the vine, which culminates in a bas-relief representing the famous quatrain of Omar Khayyam, which in the first edition runs:

"Come, fill the cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance play.
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the wing."

As a former writer upon this house has pointed out, it is the vine of "old Khayyam" that Mr. Crane has chosen for the motive of the decoration of this room. "Perplext no more with Human or Divine, To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign, And lose your fingers in the tresses Of the Cyprus-slender Minister of wine," might be its motto, or any of the dozens of original quatrains in praise of the grape which Fitzgerald distilled into some three or four in his classic paraphrase.

Panels of the frieze and of the ceiling here illustrated will show how Mr. Crane has treated his theme, and introduced the "turned-down" empty glass of the Persian singer, as well as the "twisted tendril of the growth of God." It is a happy instance of appropriate decoration for a dining-room, this choice of Omar's vine; which, as readers of his works know well, is not so much a Bacchanalian symbol as an emblem of the "Wine of Life" that keeps "oozing drop by drop"; of earthly pleasures fleeting, but not necessarily shameful.

"Better be jocund with the fruitful grape
Than sadden over none or bitter fruit,"

is the philosophy it teaches.

The more obvious incidents of Æsop's Fables, "The Stork and the Fox," "The Fox and the Grapes," "The Man and his Cloak," all these need no comment, except that they afford another instance of Mr. Walter Crane's felicitous treatment of an anecdote, so that it tells its tale at a glance.

The sideboard, ornate though it be, is not out of harmony, but keeps its place as part of the scheme. The mantelpiece is a good example of Mr. Philip Webb's original and dignified treatment of material, its Persian tiles with hawking scenes are framed in sober mouldings of Purbeck marble, so that the whole takes its appointed place. To read a description of this room may call up a picture of glitter and over-gorgeous ornament; yet one glimpse of it would prove how false were such an impression. Although not a square inch is free from decoration, the breadth of the whole is preserved, and the place,



BILLIARD ROOM NO. 1 HOLLAND PARK



MARBLE HALL AT No 1
HOLLAND PARK, W.

rich with colour as it is, is far less ornate than it appears in our reproduction from a photograph.

For where black-and-white makes the detail appear "fussy," colour has welded it to a certain unity that keeps every item of its scheme duly subordinate to the effect of the whole. Indeed, it would be very hard to find another instance of equally elaborate decoration that was so cunningly kept within the proper restraint. Here (as I said before) comfort and quiet beauty are the earliest and latest impression which all the splendour produces. The question whether it cost thousands of pounds or only a few shillings does not force itself upon you; nor at first are you even curious to hunt out its details of interest: they may accidentally attract your attention afterwards. But, unless to a person who is technically interested in such matters, it seems quite possible that he might dine in this room and never remember aught beyond a pleasant sense of comely fitness—such as dozens of rooms impart—where no great taste has been expended, and no single item of the whole was specially designed. Here everything has been made for its place, yet the assemblage of "star" artists gathered together have sunk their own personality in the nobler effort to make a room which, like a well-dressed woman, leaves only an impression of faultless attire, with scarce a memory of the colour, much less of the fashion of each garment.

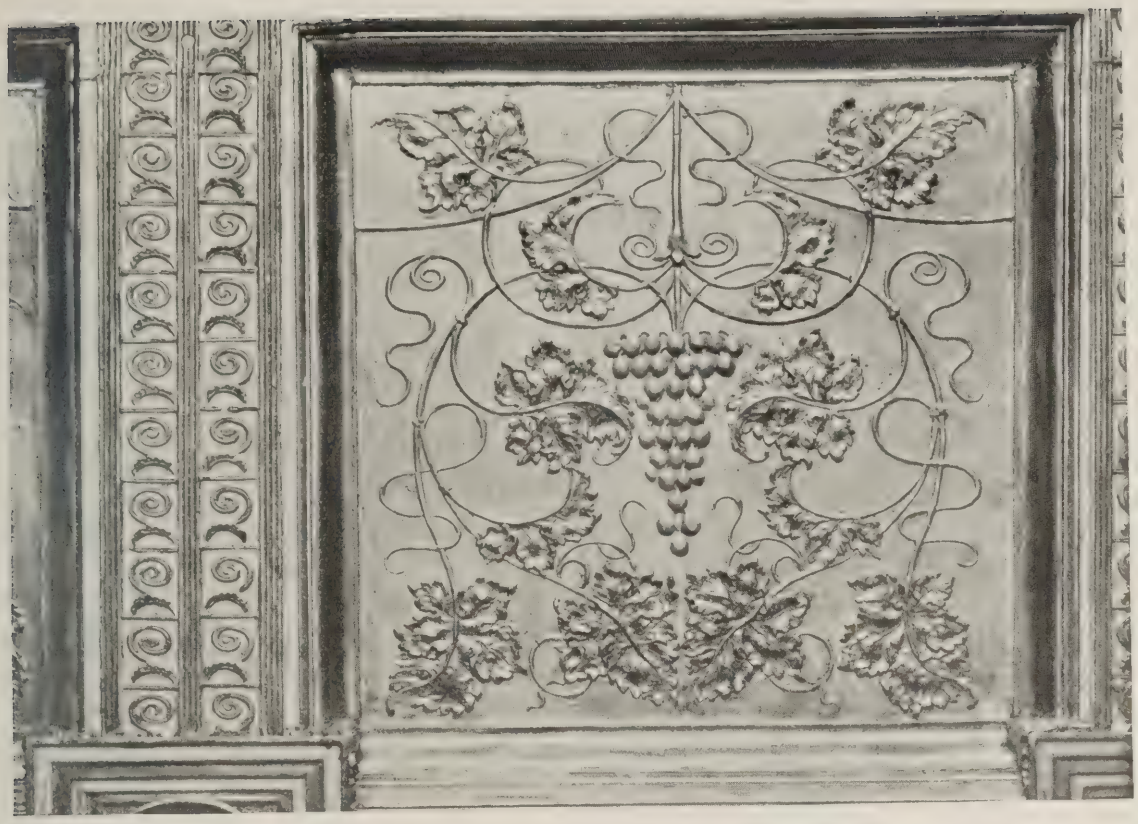
The billiard-room is lined with Japanese paintings on silk, and Japanese colour-prints under glass, framed in polished wood; in the ceiling panels of Japanese lacquer (mostly red) are used in like fashion. The overmantel is a happy example of a quasi-Japanese treatment, which has in late years suffered by travesties, so that its original charm no longer impresses one. Yet that it was both excellent treatment for wood, and could be designed with fine proportion, the structure proves clearly enough.



PORTION OF DRAWING-ROOM

NO. I HOLLAND PARK

The marble hall, which is illustrated here, is in every respect a really unique interior: its very proportions suggest a picture by Mr. Alma-Tadema. So cleverly has Mr. Philip Webb employed his material that a sense of translucency, almost of transparency, is its dominant note. Instances of interiors lined with marble are not uncommon here or in America; yet with a vivid memory of a certain "bar" in New York, where a huge picture by Mr. E. A. Abbey in a pale scheme of greens takes its place in a room lined with marble the



CEILING PANEL IN GESSO BY WALTER CRANE

colour of apple-blossom, or of certain public buildings in London, one doubts if the sumptuousness of fine marble has ever been more clearly demonstrated. Mr. Webb has not spoilt his scheme by undue variety of colour. To understand how marble should be employed, this vestibule, or Mr. Lethaby's fireplaces at the Arts and Crafts, should be studied; how not to use it a certain exhibit at a recent big exhibition proved with almost every possible perversion. It should be an axiom that variegated material be treated either with plain surfaces or simple large mouldings. Here, a cornice which runs round the room is perfectly adapted. As the light falls through the windows, especially through the circular window at the end, this cornice is seen to be semi-transparent, and so proves itself to be not enamelled slate, or any ingenious imitation, but veritable marble—the material for imperial palaces.

In Mr. Ionides's study, the chief architectural features are the large semicircular window, the repeating upper storey of the bay of the billiard-room below, and the fireplace with overmantel and grate designed by Mr. Jeckyll, who was the first to employ Japanese motives in woodwork and surface ornament; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, the first to design original work with Japanese principles assimilated—not imitated. He it was who designed the room at Mr. Leyland's house in Prince's Gate, afterwards famous by Mr. Whistler's "Peacock" decoration. But the rest of his house, with its arras tapestry by Morris, its green-stained joinery, its early Morris papers, and a thousand and one items of real interest, cannot be described without the risk of reiterating what has been said already. Even the servants' hall, the bathroom, and the bedrooms would be worth illustrating if only to show how thoroughly the principles of beautifying a house have influenced every part.

To a colourist, the whole house suggests the splendour of an old silk rug—one of the "pedigree" carpets, worth their weight and over in solid gold to-day—with harmonies of colour beyond praise. This rich mellow "bloom," wherein analysis finds every hue of the prism discreetly employed, is the "secret" of the house. As any one of the rugs in question would not look out of place on a cottage floor, and indeed might escape

the notice of a parish visitor were it there; so the restrained splendour of this home is only revealed to those who are not unfamiliar with the masterpieces of applied art. One can quite imagine many a person of "up-to-date" taste declaring that the house looked dull, and "needed that enlivening touch" (*vide* any popular manual on cheap art-furnishing) which cheap *bric-à-brac* dotted about and a few yards of "art fabrics" supplies so economically. Like a Monticelli, its jewelled radiance does not shout at you. It is a symphony of colour orchestrated by a master of scoring, rendered by a Richter orchestra, full and complex, yet never noisy, never strident, but almost a lullaby. It is the equivalent to the "Siegfried Idyll" or the "Wotan's Abschied," which to an untrained ear are just soothing melodies, sweet and satisfying, although to a musician the last word in complexity of passion, the final climax of emotion, that reveal just as much beauty as the listener himself is learned enough to discover. That a Mozart quartette or a Palestrina motet may do the same is also true; therefore in claiming for this house the harmony of complexity, one does no injustice to others no less harmonious in severely simple styles. To appreciate the beauty of simplicity is to have attained the final end of art; but to recognise an equal beauty in complexity made simple by cunning skill is only to arrive at the same end by a paraphrase.

G. W.

THE POTTER'S ART; WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE WORK OF AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

M. Auguste Delaherche holds a high place among the artists who by their efforts have brought about the successful renaissance of the potter's art in France. He was one of the first of them to devote himself entirely to this work, rightly holding that, as there is no such thing as "inferiority" in art, one may exhibit just as much originality, talent, and genuine merit in shaping a pot or a vase or any other article of daily use, as in transferring some picturesque scene on to canvas; and moreover, amid all the vagaries which were bound to accompany this revival, he at least has succeeded in remaining true to the traditions of his art.



PORTRAIT OF AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE

Before considering M. Delaherche's work in detail, I should like to say something about pottery in general, and its new developments.

In the first place, it is curious to note that this love for the primitive arts has revealed itself at a period and amidst surroundings of excessive refinement. Just by way of contrast, it will be said; and one may well believe that such is the case. Certain it is, in any case, that France may justly pride herself on being the first among the nations to welcome and foster the new movement.

Two men beyond all others have exercised a preponderating influ-



GLAZED POTTERY — DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE

ence in this direction, and, to do them full justice, have been chiefly responsible for the restoration to favour of the art of pottery after years and years of neglect. I refer to MM. Ernest Chaplet and Jean Carriès.

Without injustice to the merits of his successors, Chaplet may truly be styled the father of the whole movement: he it is who was the real restorer of a neglected old-fashioned art, the secrets and methods of which seemed lost for ever. Chaplet's *grès flambés*, or fired stoneware, is and will continue to be regarded as among the finest ceramic work of modern times, both from the artistic and the documentary standpoints. An indefatigable worker, he devoted his whole energy to the arduous task, beset by frequent fruitless experiments and failures, of discovering the processes of this art. As examples he had, of course, the admirable bits of Japanese ceramics, marvellous *grès flambés*, in which every fanciful colouring, every phase of imagination, every degree of technical richness seem to be concentrated. But there is nothing more mysterious, nothing more risky or more incomprehensible, than the art of firing. Science and study and research, united with every precaution, are often at fault, and have to admit defeat from this formidable force, this terrible element, which devours, destroys, and annihilates, and can turn the potter's work either into a masterpiece of art, unique in colour and in material beauty, or into an unlovely thing, dry and hard and dull and commonplace.

Jean Carriès thus was largely instrumental in bringing about this revival. A sculptor of remarkable talent, endowed with a rare gift of imagination, and eager to extend indefinitely the sphere of the processes he used, Carriès gave up pure carving to devote himself to what may be termed applied sculpture. His portrait of himself in working dress, with a statuette in his hand, his busts of Auguste Vacquerie, Velasquez, and Franz Hals, all indicated a sculptor of the first rank; and in addition to his bronzes *en cire perdue* in the Salon of 1892, where he gained his first real successes, he exhibited a series of busts, and pots, and animal figures in enamelled stoneware—frogs, salamanders, and other fantastic creatures looking as though they had escaped from some Gothic cathedral or Japanese temple. His pots were in the shape of strange, deformed fruits—gourds fashioned like an *aubergine* or a pumpkin, whose form and colour he sought to reproduce. And the simple ornamentation of these curious productions consisted of thick overflowings (*coulées*) of enamel, skilful glazing which the action of the fire had invested with the most sumptuous colourings, and drops of gold stopped in their course.

Carriès, who was born in 1855, was in the prime of his fresh genius when he died in 1894. M.

Arsène Alexandre, in a charming book simply entitled "Jean Carriès," has paid the tribute of admiration so well deserved both by the man and by his works. If not exactly an originator, he was at any rate a marvellous workman, full of will and patience, and of quite exceptional originality and boldness.

Unfortunately his influence has not produced the happy results that were hoped for; and this demands a little explanation.

Carriès, with his own hand, executed the sculptures which afterwards he moulded in stoneware. He designed them to suit the material in which he intended them to be produced; thus there was direct and complete connection and unity of conception and execution. In fashioning the rough models of his busts, his animals, and the other strange grimacing figures which he intended for the decoration of a sort of church front, Carriès knew exactly what the effect of the firing would be on his work, both as a whole and in detail. The practice of adapting stoneware in this fashion may perhaps be condemned; but at any rate the originality of his ideas and the success with which he carried them out are incontestable. He himself succeeded admirably; but it must be confessed his example led to deplorable results, for stoneware sculpture has now become a hateful thing. This very special material, by no means suitable for all purposes, is now used indiscriminately in all kinds of decorative objects. One manufacturer has gone so far as to exhibit stone arm-chairs of antique pattern, fireplaces, lamps, &c.; while an architect, who piques himself on being quite up to date, has used this stoneware for the *façade* of a house, for the staircases, and Heaven knows what beside.

As for true pottery, few there are, amid all this confusion, who have remained faithful to its traditions, few who are content to trust in the simplicity and sincerity of their work to attract the attention of the public, instead of producing eccentricities like those I have just mentioned.

Auguste Delaherche is of those who had rather remain unknown than condescend to debase the



GLAZED POTTERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE



GLAZED POTTERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE

very essence of an art process by applying it at random, without regard for its requirements or limitations. He has too much admiration for the Japanese *grès* on the one hand, and the every-day potteries on the other, ever to go wrong; too well he knows the wonderful resources of earth and fire. He is a potter, and has no ambition to be anything else; holding his craft to be one of sufficient dignity, and considering it needless to resort to fantastic shapes and ornamentations in turning out sound pottery work.

Thus his work maintains the strictest simplicity of shape, in which one can always note the impress of the workman's hand. A pot, to please him, must be executed in the plainest, easiest manner, without touching up or complication of any sort; must, in a word, have come straight from the potter's fingers. Accordingly his curves are simplicity itself, his object being to produce those traditional harmonies of line, the whole charm of which lies in their perfect proportion. One looks in vain in Delaherche's works for the eccentricities indulged in by others under the pretext of modernising an art which has no need of being modernised, seeing it reached perfection long ago, and that everything that can be done in it has already been done, and everything that can be said has been said.

Delaherche was brought up in a good school. A native of Beauvais, living in a district where pottery has always been held in honour on account of the special soil which abounds in the Department of the Oise, he educated himself by studying on the spot a fine collection of Beauvais work owned by one of his uncles. The influence of Bernard Palissy is still seen in the neighbourhood of Beauvais, especially at Savigny, where he left several characteristic traditions in the art of the place. At this spot they still make a rough pottery of a very interesting kind, such as the enormous salting-jars, which in simplicity of shape and in material recall the pottery of the ancients.

Delaherche's first efforts date from 1883, but it was not until 1889 that he would allow them to be shown publicly. At the Universal Exhibition he had a show case containing a collection of enamelled and fired stonework, which called forth the admiration of all art lovers.

At that time he was working in Paris, in the Vaugirard quarter, with earth which he procured from the Oise ; now, however, he has established himself in the immediate neighbourhood of Beauvais, and set up his ovens there. He spends the greater part of the year amid this beautiful Picardy scenery, working steadily and alone, far from the cliques of Paris and all its petty tendencies. And every year fresh shapes, fresh patterns, are added to his collection of works, which now number not less than eight hundred, every one of them quite original and individual, and fashioned by his own hands.

Delaherche impresses one with his strong will, his untiring patience, and his unerring knowledge of his art. He has devoted himself to it entirely, and it is no wonder he has acquired such knowledge and such skill.

"The art of pottery," he remarked to me while showing me over his workshops one lovely day in late summer, when all the landscape seen through the windows was flooded in golden light, "the art of pottery is a jealous art, demanding absolute fidelity. One must work, and seek and find unceasingly, and finding is most difficult of all, for one's discoveries must be made wittingly, with intention. It will not do to leave one's work to chance, as so many do. We are grappling with a blind power—fire ; of all the elements perhaps the most powerful and most formidable, and we have to subdue and master it, and not let it conquer us. To this object all the potter's efforts must tend. Despite all the worker's care, and no matter how deep may be his knowledge of the processes of all sorts taught by experience, I defy him, whoever he be, to be able to know beforehand, at the moment when he puts his works into the oven, what exact results will have been obtained when he brings them out again. Do I mean by this that we are working absolutely in the dark? Happily this is by no means the case ; but almost always we meet with results unforeseen, surprising, and very often most interesting ; and this is our best school. It behoves us to make use of the unexpected, for each time the



GLAZED POTTERY

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE



GLAZED AND DECORATED POTTERY — DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE

oven is heated there are fresh lessons to be learnt by the attentive observer. The danger lies in letting oneself be fascinated by these surprises, and thinking they will suffice of themselves to give this or that piece of work the ornamentation desired. But to be satisfied with results obtained in this haphazard way is to bring this admirable art down to the lowest level. Some of the pieces," continued M. Delaherche, "which I have broken up, as being unworthy of holding a place among my productions and of bearing my signature, were really remarkable: the action of the fire had taken all sorts of rich and fanciful colourings, and I had often to resist the importunities of collectors who were enthusiastic over the effects produced. But that's not art.

"The remark of *père* Ingrès still applies with as much force to the potter as to the painter or to the sculptor: 'Even if you have a hundred thousand francs' worth of ability, buy two sous' worth more!' For art consists in achieving as nearly as may be the effects one has conceived and hoped for, by dint of slow and scrupulous study and observation, ever-increasing experience, and deeper and deeper penetration into Nature's mysteries.

"It is indeed an exciting moment when the work is taken from the oven. You have pictured, for instance, a splendid combination of colours for your amphora; you wished the *coulée* of the glazing on your vase to stop at two-thirds of its height; or on another piece you wanted to see a coating of rich enamel. But in one case it has all gone black; in another the drops have flowed too low; in a third the bottom has blistered, and is all over dull pustules; or all the materials have run into one another in the fusion; all is incoherence and disorder; the vitrified matter has distributed itself badly, and the earthenware reappears in patches!

"But, on the other hand, how boundless the domain of the process! What miracles these twelve hundred degrees of heat can perform! And what joy, what triumph, when one succeeds in bringing to perfection a beautiful piece of pottery, complete and satisfactory in its smallest details as in its entirety! I can assure you one's trouble is fully repaid, for the tints of the finest colourists can never equal the splendour, the brilliant variety, the deep, rich sumptuousness of some of these enamels."

No one who loves and appreciates the art of pottery will consider M. Delaherche guilty of exaggeration or professional vanity in thus proclaiming aloud the virtues of his art.

As a decorator Delaherche has the rare merit of extreme sobriety and simplicity of style. A leaf of thistle or clover, a wild-rose blossom, or a few peacock's feathers arranged in a wreath or *en arabesque* in two parallel rows around the neck or

middle of a large vase, for instance, or on the brim of a goblet or water-jug—this is all he allows himself in the way of ornamentation. For my own part I prefer pottery devoid of all line work and decorative ornament, relying for its richness and beauty on the charm of the vitrified material, on the various effects of the fusion on the enamels, and on the oxydations.

As may be seen, one of the dominant characteristics of Delaherche's work is its saneness. It is firm and full of power. He has no fancy for any but normal harmonies of colour, if one may so express it; in other words, he ignores—and very wisely so—the complexities and subtleties which resolve themselves so easily into mere "Byzantinism." He loves the rich robust forms akin to nature, those which spring sanely, normally, I had almost written naturally, from the potter's fingers.

To adorn all he touches, this is the *raison d'être* of every artist. The blacksmith, the illuminator, the cabinet-maker of the Middle Ages put his whole conception of the beautiful into his productions, whether it was the iron-work of a box or a candlestick, an ornamental letter or a piece of furniture. There is as much beauty in a Greek vase as in the sublimest statue; and the man who to-day makes a stoneware pot, adorned with all the magic of the fire and radiant in the rich splendour of its material, holds in the eyes of all who really understand what art means, a place of equality beside the masters of the brush and the chisel.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—The font-cover, of which we give an illustration, is interesting as not only indicating in its design some fancy and freshness as well as a wish to avoid the more obvious and hackneyed, but also as a fine piece of craftsmanship and skilful technique. It was made at Menai Bridge by Mr. Llewellyn Rathbone, from a design by Mr. Harrison Townsend, for the Church of All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, a building that has been the recipient within the past few years of much good decorative work. The cover is carried out in copper, entirely hand-beaten, with no spun or cast work. The font, of which the illustration only shows a small portion, is a huge bowl of Mexican onyx with burnished copper inner lining, and the play of colour between the faint tones of the onyx, the purple-brown of the copper-work, and the soft



FONT COVER DESIGNED BY C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, EXECUTED BY LLEWELLYN RATHBONE



SGRAFFITO PANEL BY CESARE FORMILLI

green of the Cipollino marble flooring, is very pleasing.

For a great many centuries sgraffito has been recognised as one of the simplest, and, at the same time, most effective forms of mural decoration. The process is one which presents few difficulties in execution, and the effects which can be obtained by its use are extremely varied, so that it has the merit of being easily applicable to a very wide range of decorative work. Moreover all the necessary materials are absolutely permanent, and can be depended upon to withstand all ordinary atmospheric influences. It is not easy to understand why, under these circumstances, decorations of this character should be comparatively so rare in this country. It may be that the absence of colour variety, which is inevitable when the sgraffito is treated as a monochrome process, has prevented its general acceptance by our native artists; and it is possible that a demon-



SGRAFFITO PANEL BY CESARE FORMILLI



EMBROIDERED PANEL DESIGNED BY
THE REV. E. GELDART. EXECUTED BY
THE DECORATIVE ART NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY

stration of its adaptability for the interpretation of designs in many colours may secure for it more attention, and encourage its more frequent use. This demonstration has been supplied by Signor Cesare T. G. Formilli, an Italian artist living in London, who has combined in a very interesting fashion fresco painting in polychrome with ordinary sgraffito. The illustrations which we give are reproduced from panels which he has recently executed in this manner.

His method of work is by no means complicated. Its chief principle lies in the substitution of a surface of fresco in full colour for the coat of white or yellow plaster which is in ordinary sgraffito applied over the ground of black plaster. In the monochrome work the whole effect of the design is obtained by the incised lines which cut through the light surface and show the darker ground below; but Signor Formilli uses a surface painted like fresco in a full range of colours, and depends upon the incising to give only the outlining and light and shade effects. The result at which he arrives in this way is an excellent one, as his fresco colours can be applied in flat, and therefore pure, masses, and he is able to gain by the firmness and decision of his incised lines an accuracy of definition which makes his statement of the facts of his design admirably clear and intelligible. Moreover, the combination allows a far greater complication of detail and elaboration of effect than there is any chance of obtaining in the monochrome sgraffito,



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and therefore a much greater range of opportunities is afforded to the artist. For these reasons decorative and architectural designers would do well to study closely the possibilities of his method.

The headquarters of the Decorative Art Needlework Society is a place any lover of fine embroideries cannot fail to find of unusual interest. The panels here illustrated, which show exquisite schemes of colour, will give an idea of the excellence of the figure subjects executed by the members of this Society. A mere list of the beautiful work on view at 17 Sloane Street would exhaust pages, but we hope to call attention to it again before long, for, whether regarded as an influence for art or as a philanthropic institution, the Society deserves warm approval, and in Miss Gemmell has a director whose good taste is visible in every detail of its numerous undertakings. The reparation of old tapestries—many historic and of priceless value—which the Society has accomplished would alone entitle it to the warmest praise at our disposal.

Sir John Gilbert, whose death was announced in the early days of October, was an artist of extraordinary energy and very strongly marked individuality, who, by some sixty years of strenuous labour, had made for himself a prominent place in the front rank of the British school. He belonged by manner and inclination to the romanticist group, which in the earlier half of the present century produced a number of peculiarly able painters, and created a large amount of very interesting art; and by his extremely numerous achievements in oil painting, water-colour, and black and white, kept alive the traditions of this group long after its methods had ceased to be popular with the younger painters of the day. His efforts gained for him considerable recognition; he was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1872, Royal Academician in 1876, and was President of the Royal Water-Colour Society from 1871 till his death. He was also a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and a member of many other art societies, British and foreign.



"EVENING" BY ALBERT TOFT

BIRMINGHAM. — A most interesting "two men" exhibition was recently held at the Graves Gallery here, consisting of some fifty paintings, drawings and sketches by Mr. J. Buxton Knight, and half that number of pieces of sculpture by Mr. Albert Toft. Mr. Knight's work is too well known to need criticism, and his robust technique, strong effects, and rich harmonies of colour, and his reverent study of Nature in her many moods, were all well set forth in the collection of his pictures gathered together, containing as it did some of the best work he has done.

Mr. Albert Toft is a Birmingham man, so that his statuettes in bronze and plaster, his portrait-busts, and his plaster sketches provoked much interest and pleasure among Midland art-lovers. Most of the pieces exhibited have been seen in London, and it is therefore unnecessary to refer to them at length here. Illustrations are given of two of his best works—*Evening*, a beautiful statuette which well displays his poetic grace and dainty

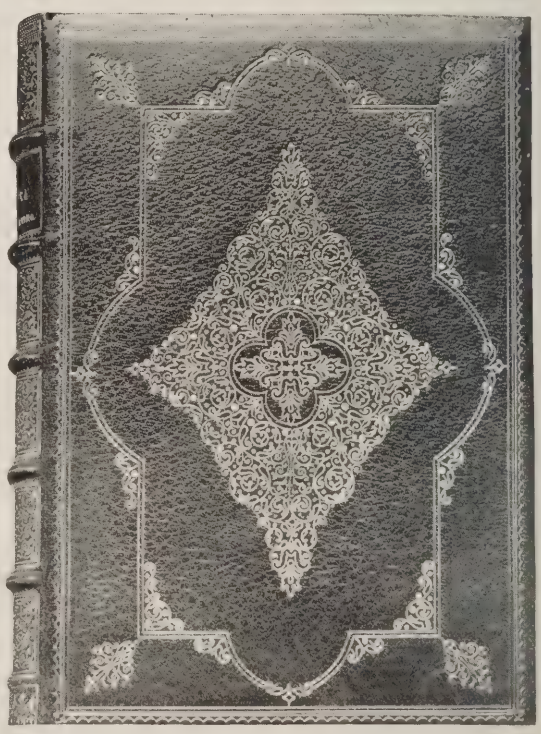


"A VISION" BY ALBERT TOFT

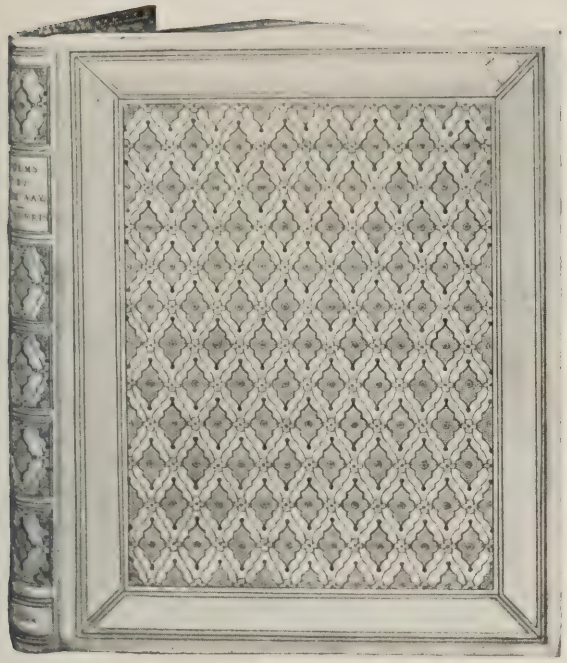
fancy; and *A Vision*, a striking conception of the head of a young girl. Two others of his works, *Invocation* and *Spring*, have already appeared in special numbers of THE STUDIO. The latter, a small plaster slightly touched with colour, which was exhibited in this year's Academy—probably the best thing he has yet done—has been purchased for the permanent collection of the Corporation Art Gallery. His portraits of Mr. Gladstone, Mark Hombourg, Cuninghame Graham, and a fine head of an old man, *The Sere and Yellow Leaf*, well represented the more realistic side of this versatile young sculptor's art.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME.—Book-binding is a most conservative craft, and although the last few years have seen several recruits, notably Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, who have extended its design, and one, Miss MacColl, who has introduced a distinctly new method of "tooling," the chief binders abroad as well as at home proceed on familiar lines. Mr. G. T. Bagguley in his "Sunderland Decoration" has introduced an innovation of real importance. Hitherto colour-decoration has been applied to leather-binding either by painting or staining, by inlaying, or by embroidery. Now Mr. Bagguley tools the pattern itself in brilliant permanent colours, which (especially on a vellum ground with gold freely used) produce an effect at once dainty, delicate, and beautiful. But if to experts the method is surprisingly novel, to the general reader the designs have even greater interest from their intrinsic charm. Being greatly reduced, and lacking the variety of colour which is at once their chief novelty and greatest value, the illustrations here given fail perhaps to suggest all that the originals deserve. The designs by Mr. Leon Solon were made especially for the particular volumes they adorn, and Mr. Bagguley has had new tools cut for each, and so far has not made new combinations of the motives, but started each fresh pattern with a completely new series of tools.

All these intricate patterns, most ingenious and beautiful in themselves, are pure hand-tooling, and each dot or tiny detail, each leaf or line, is impressed in colour exactly as gold is applied in



BOOKBINDING. "SUNDERLAND DECORATION" AFTER A "LE GASCON" DESIGN



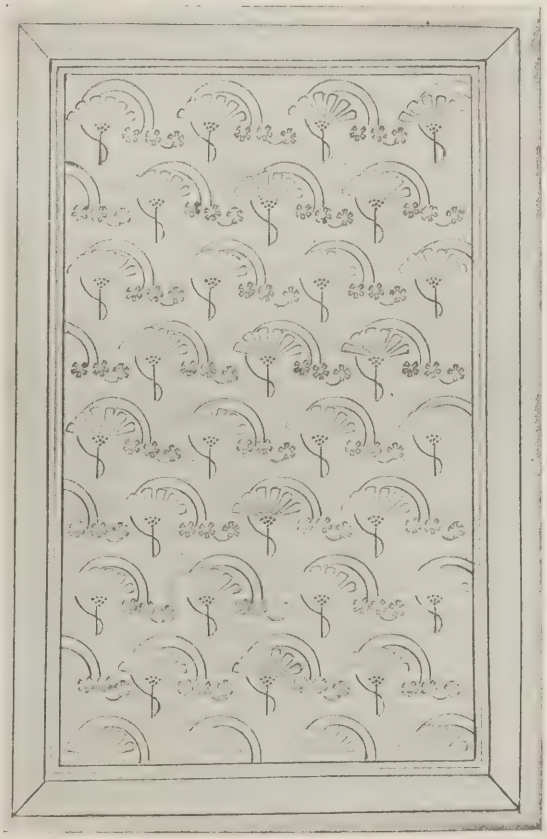
BOOKBINDING. "SUNDERLAND DECORATION"
AFTER A "PADELOUP" DESIGN
(*By permission of Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland*)

the ordinary way. Her Majesty the Queen and other members of the Royal Family have already commissioned specimens. As a rule, the most novel application is seen in the "doublures" (the lining to the cover), where vellum with exquisitely dainty patterns, in soft harmonious colours, offers something entirely new and good. The mechanically perfect qualities of the finest binding are preserved in Mr. Bagguley's work, which on its own merits deserves to be placed in the first rank. For the moment space forbids more description of the volumes illustrated or of others just finished. It is rare to find a designer of equal power planning schemes for book-binding; that is, for a number of different volumes. In this enterprise Mr. Leon Solon has accepted the position of art director. That the "Solon" designs in the "Sunderland Decoration" will be the prize of collectors is a safe prophecy, for everything that makes binding a fine art is obeyed here, *plus* the novelty of colour, which is their own entirely. Experts of eminence, no less than mere lovers of pretty things, are united in their approval of an innovation in the one department of the applied arts where it is most difficult to find a novelty which is also a distinct addition to the finest resources of the craft.

E. B. S.

BERLIN.—This year's Art Exhibition was styled "National" to distinguish it from the International displays, open to foreigners. Possibly this was due to the fact that—as had been unpleasantly noticeable—the public had been displaying special interest in the foreign works exhibited in Berlin, and had purchased them very freely? I cannot tell if this was so, but I may say at once that the art dealers continue to do the best business with Italian and Spanish productions, this being the kind of work that seems most popular here.

So this year we were, with a few exceptions, free from the wicked foreigner. Some there are, especially in certain art circles, who are much gratified at all this; but others, and I think they are right, hold the opinion that we have had no worse exhibition for years past, and that, if the rivalry of the simultaneous displays at Dresden, Munich, Stockholm, Venice, &c., was too strong, it would have



BOOKBINDING. "SUNDERLAND DECORATION"
FROM A DESIGN BY LEON V. SOLON
(*By permission of Her Majesty the Queen*)

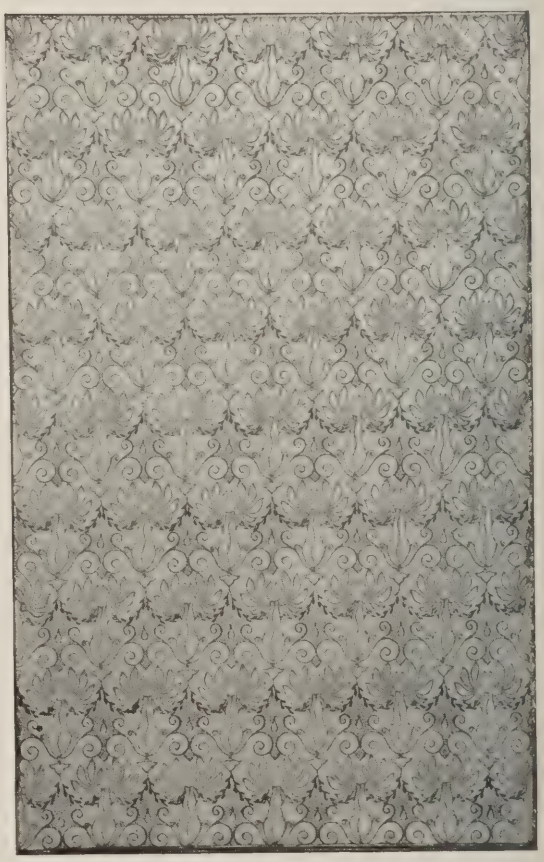


DOUBLURE. "SUNDERLAND DECORATION"
FROM A DESIGN BY LEON V. SOLON
(*See Newcastle-under-Lyme Studio-Talk*)

been better for once not to have had an exhibition at all. About 2100 art works were displayed, and how many of these had the slightest claim to serious consideration?

One may say, without fear of contradiction, that in all these galleries there was, with few exceptions, absolutely nothing to charm the eye or awake the imagination; almost everything left one in a state of perfect indifference. As a rule one can walk through a picture gallery, admiring this and condemning that, finding a certain power and individuality in the works, whether good or bad: at any rate one's feelings are appealed to. But here, all these "pot-boilers," were they by Mr. X. or Mr. Y., left one quite emotionless; and indifference is the one feeling which is most fatal to art. But to be just, I must admit that many of the best and most famous names were to be sought for in vain. A Berlin exhibition without Menzel is like a headless trunk. However, we had a fine collection of the works of Max Liebermann, who has at last gained the large gold medal, and this exhibit formed an oasis towards which the visitors flocked, to rest and refresh their eyes. Liebermann was represented in all his stages—from the dark and melancholy manner which he took from Munkaczy, to the full-coloured, gladsome style of the present. And in them all we saw the same personality, the same power, which only truest art can produce, the same joyous revelation of nature, and, let his opponents say what they may, the same capacity for seeing and reproducing its beauties. The unusually tasteful arrangement of this gallery added not a little to its excellent effect.

Close by in a couple of rooms was displayed the work of the Union of Karlsruhe Artists. Last year I observed that a most praiseworthy school of painting had quietly sprung up in South Germany, under the influence of a few artists; and this year there was again a very good display, although not quite so satisfactory all round as that of 1896. Landscapes predominated, not "open-air" work *à outrance*, but revealing rather the more sentimental tendencies in accord with Germany feeling. Among the landscapists may be mentioned Schönleber, H. von Volckmann and Pötzelberger. I



DOUBLURE. "SUNDERLAND DECORATION"
FROM A DESIGN BY LEON V. SOLON
(*See Newcastle-under-Lyme Studio-Talk*)



"A STUDY IN CRAYON"
BY FORAIN



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

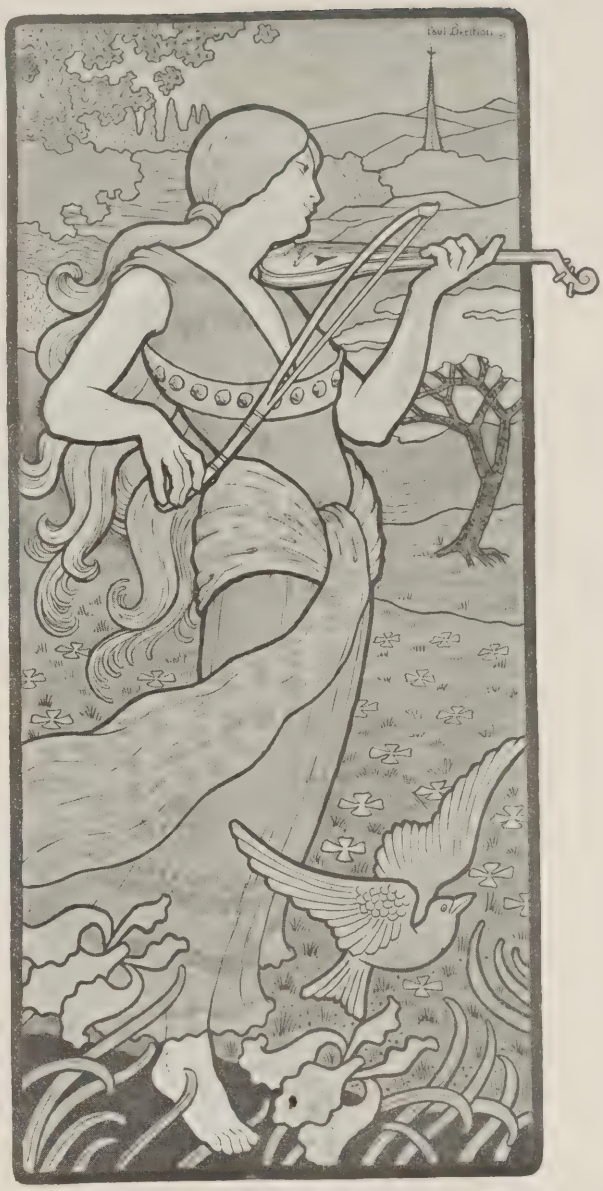
have seen nothing better, I think, from the brush of Count L. Kalckreuth than his woman's portrait, which once more emphasises the fact that the merit of a work of art such as this is in no way dependent upon the mere beauty of the model. The same artist also contributed a fine etching—a portrait of himself.

Carlos Grethe occupied a special place among this little group of artists, with his remarkable and most original effects of light, as though produced from a lamp hanging overhead. He also displayed a lithograph in colours, which struck me as being an uncommonly delicate and tasteful piece of work. It represents a boat gliding along a stream, flowing fresh and strong from a dam. It is evening, and the water gleams rich with gold, as it gradually disappears in the distance, while a horizon of forest in delicate blue-grey tones forms the background. The artist has produced a most remarkably artistic effect by the dexterous and tasteful use of his plates.

The Munich artists were almost unrepresented, and those from Düsseldorf, while present in goodly numbers, had mostly devoted themselves to a style which now appears somewhat old-fashioned.

Without any attempt at classification, a few exhibitors whose work had qualities out of the common may be mentioned in conclusion. O. Reiniger of Stuttgart sent a most poetical and impressive landscape—a stretch of fallow ground under the dark, cloudy November sky. Eisenblätter and B. M. Koldewey of Dordrecht also sent notable contributions.

I make no complaint that many of the female portraits, particularly the best of them, bore strong traces of English influence. The models, moreover, were seated in Chippendale chairs, and English tapestries formed the backgrounds. The pose, too, was generally English, and so were the types selected. I will only suggest that imitation in art is always dangerous, and that no truly personal artist will lend himself to slavish copying of this kind. However, I think our German portrait painters may with advantage learn a good deal from abroad. But it must not be carried too far. G. G.



"LA VIOLE" BY PAUL BERTHON

PARIS.—M. A. Arnould has just published a decorative panel (lithography in colours) by M. Paul Berthon, styled *La Viole*, which is reproduced here. It may perhaps be urged against this artist that he is somewhat too much under the influence of M. Grasset, an influence from which, it must be remarked, decorative draughtsmen do not take sufficient care to escape. Nevertheless, M. Paul Berthon has an exquisite sense of line and colour, and he seems to attach more importance to expression than does his master.

The same publisher is issuing some very interesting lithographs in colours by M. Marcel Lenoir, and a *Wotan* of fine decorative effect, by M. Bellery-Desfontaines. M. Arnould will shortly produce an

inkstand, a cup, and a vase modelled by Vibert, the sculptor, and executed in stoneware by M. Dalpayrat, one of the best of our ceramic artists.

M. Vollard, director of the gallery of that name in the Rue Laffitte is preparing now, and will publish in the course of November, an *Album d'Estampes Originales de la Galerie Vollard*, consisting of thirty lithographs mostly in colours, by various artists, including Maurice Denis, Sisley, Vuillard, Bonnard, Odilon Redon, Lunois, Charles Cottet, Lucien Simon, Shannon, Toulouse-Lautrec, Puvis de Chavannes, Grasset, Leheutre, Cézanne Wagner, La Gandara, Fantin-Latour, and Carrière. This album, of which only 100 copies will be printed, is to be followed shortly by a series of portfolios, devoted to MM. Fantin-Latour, K. X. Roussel, Maurice Denis (scenes of chivalry, entitled *Amour*), Odilon Redon (a series on the Apocalypse), Bonnard (*Croquis Parisiens*), and Vuillard (*Paysages et Intérieurs*). Each album will contain at least twelve drawings.

In addition M. Vollard is engaged on the preparation of a collection of poems by Paul Verlaine, *Parallèlement*, to be illustrated by Leheutre. The headings, ornamental letters, and tail-pieces will be forty-three in all, the number of the poems, and will be drawn on the wood by Leheutre, and engraved by Paillard. There will also be twenty separate etchings in colours. This handsome volume will be produced in an edition of only 200 copies. The type selected is that designed by Garamond, in the reign of Francis I., which only the Imprimerie Nationale possesses. The characters are very finely shaped italics of great delicacy and lightness, and will go admirably with the verses of the poet who wrote *Sagesse* and *Fêtes Galantes*.

G. M.



"A LA SORTIE DE L'EGLISE" (FRAGMENT) BY G. CHARLIER

BRUSSELS.—After gaining one of the prizes offered by the City at the Venice Exhibition—for his group *Le Pardon*, reproduced a few months ago in THE STUDIO—M. Pierre Braecke, the Brussels sculptor, has, by competition, been unanimously chosen to undertake the



"PÊCHEURS HALANT LEUR BARQUE" BY G. CHARLIER

execution of the monument to be erected in the Place du Marché-aux-Grains at Louvain, in memory of Rémy, the philanthropist. He has conceived quite an original scheme, and even now it is evident we may rely upon a work of great merit.

The "Grand Prix de Rome" for sculpture has been awarded to M. Bonquet, a student at the Brussels Academy, who won the second prize three years ago. At the International Exhibition this year his group, *Les Tourments de L'Amour*, obtained a medal of the second class.

For a wonder the subject of the competition for the Prix de Rome this year was neither Greek, nor Roman, nor Biblical! The idea was: "Thor, King of the Thunders, fighting and killing the Great Serpent, but dying himself from the poison emitted by the Monster" (Northern Mythology, "The Twilight of the Gods").

Like the group just referred to, M. Bonquet's figure for the "Rome" contest is full of power and movement, and displays remarkable force of expression.

The Brussels sculptor, Guillaume Charlier, recently gave a display in his vast well-lighted studio, of a collection of his own works, together with the principal paintings, sketches, and studies of his friend, Theodore Verstraete, the landscapist, whose work has unhappily been stopped by a serious illness. The numerous admirers of this sincere and feeling artist have thus had an opportunity of renewing acquaintance with his work, which is that of a genuine painter, and most original colourist and draughtsman.

Verstraete has treated landscape not from the colourist's point of view alone. He has grasped and recorded the spirit of the soil in its subtlest aspects and in his most characteristic manner, and with all possible delicacy and intensity of feeling revealed the close connection between Man and the Earth he inhabits. What Segantini (whose work was recently dealt with in THE STUDIO) has done for the Italian Alps, that Verstraete has done for the neighbourhood of Antwerp, where he has lived and worked.

Charlier's works are of all kinds, showing in every variety the utmost technical skill not only in applied art, such as his ingenious writing-desk in pewter, but also in his more important productions. Among the latter may be noted his *Sortie de L'Eglise*, showing two groups of beggars, life-size, on the steps in front of a church door—a consumptive, with a fever-stricken child in his arms, and two women squatting in their rags. This work has been keenly discussed, and it is objected that the architectural portion, by occupying too much space, has had the effect of detracting from the import-

ance of the figures. However, despite all this, it is a work of great personality, thought out and executed with the most scrupulous care.

In addition to numerous busts, including those of the Queen of the Belgians, and A. Struys the painter, and several works of lesser importance, M. Charlier displayed his beautiful low-reliefs, *Pêcheurs halant leur barque*, and *Pêcheurs revenant du Port*, which form portion of a scheme for a series of *bas-reliefs*, to be surmounted by a *Statue of a Fisherman*, in honour of the "Toilers of the Sea."

F. K.

FLORENCE.—Paolo Testi is among the most active of Florentine artists. He was trained in the *Accademia delle belle Arti* here in Florence, and devoted himself first to painting, but after obtaining the first prize for work from the nude he abandoned this branch of art for sculpture in which, at the end of the year, he again carried off the first prize. He next competed for and gained the greatest prize given by the *Accademia*; that which has since been converted into a *prix de Rome*.

It is probably his sympathetic intuition of feeling, combined of course with his conscientious technique, that makes Testi so excellent a portrait sculptor. "I love portrait modelling more than anything else," he said to me one day. "At one time, when I had not much work on hand, I used to lay my friends under requisition and take them one after another, an hour each, sometimes for days at a stretch. I find it intensely interesting to try to give in clay an impression of the characteristics of my sitters; most attractive, too, to study the physical idiosyncrasies which individualise them."



BUST OF A BOY BY PAOLO TESTI

Working on these lines, Paolo Testi produces portrait busts which are remarkable for their vivacity, their truth of impression, their freedom of movement. Among many others we may cite as good examples the bust of Paolo Ferrari, lately unveiled in the School of Recitation in this city; that of the painter Nicolò Barabino, and a very fine medallion of Dr. Alessandro Foresi, the late antiquarian. Visitors to



MEDALLION BY PAOLO TESTI

Florence will, it is to be hoped, also see Testi's work before long in one of the empty niches of the Mercato Nuovo, as the statue of Ghiberti, which is to adorn it, has been entrusted to him.

For his single statues, of which he has made many, both for funeral monuments and other commissions, Paolo Testi chooses types that are slim and elegant rather than florid. He himself says that he likes to "see the anatomy" of his models; but the true reason of the preference is probably that he finds individual characteristics more strongly marked as a rule in the spare type.

Conscientious, imaginative, endowed with quick intuition, Paolo Testi is a distinctly interesting workman, and one who is likely to make himself known among the sculptors of the present day.

I. M. A.

The article upon the work of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, which appeared in the October number of THE STUDIO, contained two slight inaccuracies which we have been asked to rectify. Mr. Brangwyn did not study at the South Kensington Art Schools, but at the South Kensington Museum, and, moreover, he is a full member, or sociétaire, of the Société Internationale de Peintures as well as of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Lectures on Art. By Sir E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A. Fourth and enlarged edition. (London: Chapman & Hall. 1897.)—It is interesting to read a lecture on decorative art delivered in 1869, by the present titular head of the arts in England. Therein we find the objects which provoked most bitter criticism were railway bridges and other engineering works, stucco-covered houses (with a passing word of approval for the Queen Anne style then *not* revived), the "elegant" furniture of contemporary drawing-rooms, coal scuttles with painted flowers by way of adornment, inartistic silver-ware which displayed "hideous solidity" as its one claim to notice, and realistic as opposed to "flat" ornament in surface decoration. Thirty years have done much to improve most of these particular things; except for silver-ware the strictures are out of date. But the principles Sir Edward maintained then are true as ever, and his exaltation of Michel Angelo above Raphael, which then needed some courage, has become a commonplace. In the other lectures are many excellent pieces of advice. "To copy a portrait by Titian or Velasquez is a better and surer means of forming a good style of handling than all the precept in the world, provided the work be done under good direction," is advice that is perhaps even more pertinent to-day than when it was penned. Other opinions are open to dispute, as for instance: "The only parallel to this perfect spontaneous art [Greek decoration] is in the vivacity with which Leech gave vent to his feeling for the humour of English life." But even after saying this the author continues with one other exception—the spontaneity of Japanese art, to which he pays splendid tribute—so that we feel inclined to forgive the somewhat parochial bias in favour of the *Punch* draughtsman. He "laments the decline of the taste for the antique," and there we are at one with him, but when he goes on to add: "Our collectors of to-day devote themselves to blue china, a taste, it is true, which needs no education," probably the most keen admirers of Tanagra figures and antique vases would dispute his assertion warmly. Remembering the position of the writer, the book is important, and if it could be taken as a hint that under its new *régime* the Academy would throw open its ranks to include "decorators," illustrators and others, as well as painters of easel pictures, sculptors and architects, then indeed would its reappearance be a happy augury.

A London Comedy and other Poems. By EGAN MEW. (London: George Redway.)—In this very dainty volume—a vellum-covered vanity that is not "mated with Falsity and Folly," but rather with "Fact, Mirth, and Sanity," to quote from one of its pretty conceits—the poems appeal to be noticed at length, yet this is not the place. All the same the text of the book is no less good than are the drawings by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen which illustrate it, and some of them being at his highest level, further praise is needless. Yet in days when the lighter verses in French forms, which Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Andrew Lang, and others once fashioned so deftly, are replaced by vague rhythms and straggling rhapsodies, one is glad to find "decorative poetry" still winning new recruits, and to welcome Mr. Egan Mew for his first collection of pleasant trifles, already familiar since their first appearance in various periodicals.

Modern Painters. By JOHN RUSKIN. Vols. I. & II. (London: George Allen.)—This new edition, in small form, of an epoch-making work so far as the art of Great Britain is concerned, offers an opportunity for a re-appreciation of a classic. Despite all its exaggeration, its wilfulness, its constant tendency to

confuse art with morals, and a hundred other things that have aged and no longer arouse sympathy, what a wonder-house it is! The lucid method of its arguments, its marvellously just appreciation even of those qualities which Mr. Ruskin preferred to deem ignoble, its clear vision, and at times its almost perfect style—these do not age. New prejudices have arisen, new ideas have been set up, since the author launched the first volume of this book; yet it would be safe to assert that he was not blind to many truths which later students rank so dearly, even if by his amazingly individual personality he chose to be bigoted to Turner and a few others who are by no means the chief deities in the Walhalla of art to-day. It is a real service to art, this admirable and inexpensive edition of the best or at least the most complete effort at art criticism which the nineteenth century has produced.

Daphnis and Chloe. Illustrated by RAPHAEL COLLIN. (London: The "Fin de Siecle" Library, H. S. Nichols. 1896. Pp. 166–xvi.)—In a well-bound, well-printed, and well-illustrated edition of that famous love idyll of antiquity, the Daphnis and Chloe of the Greek romancer Longus, Mr. H. S. Nichols presents us with the first volume of his somewhat inaptly entitled "Fin de Siecle" Library. The illustrations rather than the text, however, are what give distinction to the volume. These consist of some very careful, if at times mechanical, etchings by Champollion after designs of Raphael Collin, printed in various colours, and apart from as well as in continuation with the text. There is a purity—one might almost say a chastity—about these studies of the adolescent nude, as striking as grateful, when one considers the latter-day prevalence of qualities quite other.

Arbeiten der Osterreichischen Kunst-Industrie. (Vienna: Kunstgewerbeschule.) The works illustrated have been executed under the direction of Professor Unger in the school of the T. R. Austrian Museum. They reveal every quality that deserves praise, except the one which happens to be valued most highly by English art-workers to-day, *i.e.*, original design. Conceived for the most part in a florid style, chiefly based on the German Rococco, it is not easy to bring them within the range of one's sympathies. It is true they are works of art in their way; but it is the way that leads to the debased horrors of continental *bric-à-brac.* All that learning and craft can achieve may be theirs, but for evidence of original thought, or of creative design, we search and search and find no trace.

A Note on the National Gallery of British Art. By CHARLES HIATT. (London. 1897.)—This well-written, calmly-argued pamphlet deserves careful reading. It presents a well-considered ideal of a British Luxembourg, managed with broad catholicity within a very distinct and sharply-drawn line ruling out mediocrity of any sort. It is rare to find a controversial subject treated so dispassionately.

A Plain Guide to Oil Painting. By HUME NISBET. (Reeves & Co.)—The dedication of the book "to the greatest living genius in oil painting, Mr. G. F. Watts," is typical of Mr. Hume Nisbet's state of mind. An ordinary disciple of Mr. Watts would have felt that "a great living genius" would have expressed his entire admiration, and would not have extolled his hero at the expense of others. In the preface the author says: "Artists, although fluent and constant exponents of the theories concerning art, are too often, unhappily, not lucid writers." In this class Mr. Hume Nisbet must certainly be placed. Much of its information, if spoken to a student at work, might pass muster as reasonable, if not very new or profound advice; but to print the jerky sentences was a mistake. "Before you attempt to take (*sic*) impressionist pictures" is a fair example of the very colloquial style. The phrase "to take a photograph" is possible—but "to take a picture" has so far been limited to buying or stealing one. It would serve no purpose to criticise exhortation and advice which the author has not troubled to make plain.

The Shakespearean Guide to Stratford-on-Avon. By H. SNOWDEN WARD and CATHARINE WEED WARD. (London: Dawburn & Ward. 1*s.* net.)—Though a guide-book pure and simple, this dainty little volume deserves commendation above the majority of its kind, not only by reason of the superiority of its literary matter, but also on account of the care displayed in its production. In addition to a number of pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. W. T. Whitehead, the illustrations include eight carefully printed half-tone plates from photographs, and a plan of Stratford-on-Avon.

Mrs. Keith's Crime. By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6*s.*)—This is the sixth edition of Mrs. Clifford's pathetic and well-told story, which was first published in two-volume form in 1885, and was subsequently translated into French, and appeared serially in the Paris *Temps.* The new edition is clothed in a neat green cover, and has for frontispiece an "Imaginary Portrait," reproduced from a drawing by Mr. John Collier.

Ornamental Design for Woven Fabrics. By G. STEPHENSON and F. SUDDARDS. (London: Methuen. 7*s.* 6*d.*) The joint authors of this work have done



"DAMMERUNG." AN AUTO-LITHOGRAPH
BY ROBERT STERL

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their task well; it is lucid and complete, a model of what such a text-book should be. Above all, it is eminently practical, and does not waste time upon theories of design or history of its evolution, but keeps strictly to the purpose of its title, and does not attempt to teach the art of creating beautiful patterns, but only the power of expressing them in a workable fashion. It is a really invaluable addition to the library of a designer.

The Epic of Sounds: An Interpretation of Wagner's Niebelungen Ring. By FREDA WINWORTH. (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—As a writer in these pages lately pointed out, modern decorative artists have been often inspired by the great music-drama which Richard Wagner founded upon ancient mythology. Hence a good analysis of the story and its musical treatment is by way of being a technical handbook to designers. With a knowledge of the "Ring," extending over many years, and a collection of various works on similar lines to Miss Winworth's, one has no hesitation in placing hers as the best, the most clear, and the least concerned with abstruse symbolism.

Stained Glass, Mediæval and Modern. By STEPHEN ADAM. (Glasgow: Carter & Pratt.)—This is a pleasantly contrived pamphlet written by one who evidently knows his subject, yet we cannot ignore the very inelegant colloquialism of its style. But although what is said might have been expressed less clumsily, the whole argument is true, and these "extracts from lectures on Truth in Decorative Art" are worth reading. "Raw cabbage-green doors and so on may be cult, but it is only an ephemeral fad," is a fragment of one sentence which is unluckily not an unfair sample of the style of the book. Its printing and decoration are both extremely good, hence a regret that the proof-sheets were not "read" by a practised hand.

The Chippendale Period of English Furniture. By K. WARREN CLOUSTON. (London: Edward Arnold. 21*s.* net.)—An enthusiast without prejudice is rare; but this really delightful book shows critical perception of the faults as well as the virtues of its subject. It is a book that was well worth doing, and it is very well done. But that space forbids it, many quotations pertinent and with a moral for to-day, might extend this notice indefinitely. It is worthy of careful study.

The Cabinet Makers' and Upholsterer's Guide. By A. HEPPLEWHITE & Co. 1794. (London: B. T. Batsford, 1897).—This is a re-issue of the third edition (improved) of Hepplewhite's famous designs for furniture. After a hundred years a phrase in the original preface may again, for the first time since it saw light, be used truthfully. It runs, "English taste and workmanship have of late years been much sought for by surrounding nations." But the rest of the sentence—"the mutibility (*sic*) of all things, but more especially of fashions, has rendered the labours of our predecessors in this line of little use," is obviously not so apt now, else were this book left untouched. That many of the designs are both beautiful and fit is true—yet we can but feel that the twentieth century should have courage to design its furniture without this constant reference to the past. Mr. Batsford deserves warm praise for this notable re-issue. It will be valued by every designer as a standard work of reference.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR IRON-WORK BRACKET.

(A VI.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Feraille* (Jacques Houry, Hazeldene, Manor Road, Bishopston, Bristol).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two guineas*) to *Lilian* (Chas. J. White, 30 Ruston Street, Birmingham).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Art Metal* (Frederick Perry, 37 Oxford Street, Pleck, Walsall, Staffs.); *Ajax the Less* (W. S. Moyes, 4 Albert Drive, Crosshill, Glasgow); *Appetite* (W. S. Kershaw, 6 Albany Road, New Basford, Nottingham); *Arties* (Arthur Manock, Benfield House, Boscombe Park, Bournemouth); *Black-Sheep* (Chas. G. Thompson, 24 Roxburgh Avenue, St. Michael's, Liverpool); *Bent* (E. L. Pattison, 204 Kennington Park Road, S.E.); *Chandos* (James D. Jameson, 50 George Street, Edinburgh); *Castile* (A. Hamilton Scott, 43 Mill Street, Paisley, N.B.); *Dragon* (A. H. Locock, 33 Chester Terrace, S.W.); *Doctor* (Agnes C. Martin, 45 South Road, Handsworth, Birmingham); *Hillas* (Hugh D. Simpson, Grange Place, Kilmarnock); *Iron* (Wm. K. Harris, 35 Leyton Park Road, Leyton, E.); *Indian Ink* (James S. Alderson, 1 Market Place, Rugby); *Jason* (Jas. Thirtle, The Elms, Banstead Road, Ewell, Surrey); *Judy* (Jessie Deakin, Norham, Lansdowne Road, Worcester); *Luther* (Martin M. G. Arnott, Rose Crescent, Dunfermline, Fife); *Moonshine* (T. D. Bryan, 21 Claremont Road, Bishopston, Bristol); *Monster* (W. H. Reed, 6 Summerhill Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne); *Podley* (Arabella L. Rankin, Muthill, Perthshire, N.B.); *Peg* (Margaret Sandford, 94 Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.); *Penwiper* (F. White, 19

Amott Road, East Dulwich, S.E.); *Rising Sun* (Wm. Middleton, 1 Academy Lane, Montrose, N.B.); *Rustrix* (Francis S. Swales, 1022 Granite Building, Rochester, New York, U.S.A.); *Red Rose* (J. B. Fulton, East Chapelton, Bearsden, Glasgow); *Sygne* (W. H. Jenkins, 125 Beaufort Street, Chelsea, S.W.); *Seda* (A. de Sauty, 63 Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.); and *Tramp* (D. C. Veazey, 10 Brewer Street, Woolwich).

DESIGN FOR ORNAMENTAL "TAILPIECE."
(B VI.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Yukon* (Maurice Clifford, 44 Bath Road, Bedford Park, W.)

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Ezekiel* (F. H. Ball, 189 Noel Street, Nottingham).

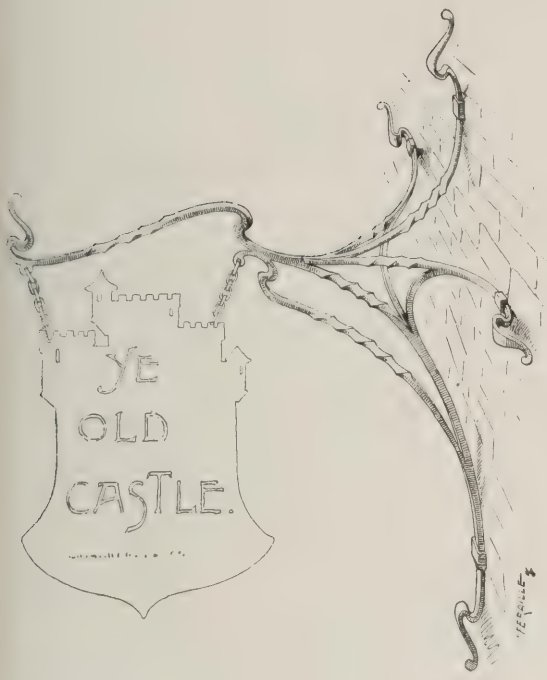
Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Abana* (Emily A. Attwell, 1 Lavender Grove, Queen's Road, Dalston, N.E.); *Anthropos* (Stavros Homere, Wyken House, Bridgnorth, Salop); *Alige* (Alice E. Newby, Landsdown House, Brodrick Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.); *Aidee* (Alfred Dennis, 28 Chiswick Road, Chiswick, W.); *Bel* (Isobel B. Williamson, 18 Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool); *Black* (R. W. P. de Vries, Jun., Edam, Holland); *Black Sheep* (C. E. Thompson, 24 Roxburgh Avenue, St. Michael's, Liverpool); *Banshee* (Madeline Price, Houses of Parliament, S.W.); *Corvus Corone* (Ernest Sprankling, Trull, Taunton); *Corydon* (W. E. Webster, 4 Ifield Road, Fulham Road, S.W.); *Cactus* (*no coupon*); *Canute* (Eveline A. Brauer, St. John's Road, Knutsford, Cheshire); *Camu* (Charles Gale, 51 Butt Road, Colchester); *Die Neuzeit* (T. C. Dugdale, 61 Plymouth Grove, Manchester); *Derelict* (Claire Murrell, 11 Templeton Place, Earl's Court, S.W.); *D* (Robert Donn, 48 Seafield Road, Dundee); *Daisy* (Margaret T. Griffith, 30 Hough Green, Chester); *Ethel Kate* (Ethel K. Burgess, 2 Lilford Road, Camberwell); *Forget-me-not* (Thomas Henry, 46 Rue Madame, Paris); *Fleur de Lys* (Miss E. A. Lilly, 7 Canterbury Road, Brixton, S.W.); *Flutterby* (Helen Kück, Holly House, East Dulwich Road, S.E.); *Fiona* (Jean C. Archer, Milford, Surrey); *Finis* (Edgar J. Ransom, Warwick Studios, Herkomer Road, Bushey, Herts); *Grumbler* (Rosa C. Petherick, Maple Lodge, Havelock Road, Croydon); *Gay-Sha* (Charles A. Allen, Lorne Street, Kidderminster); *June* (Catherine M. Mann, 8 Auckland Road, Upper Norwood); *Jason* (J. Thirtle, The Elms, Banstead Road, Ewell, Surrey); *Lamp Black* (M. J. Hunt, Southwood, Torquay); *Leekey* (Ernest A. Taylor, 8 Esplanade, Greenock, N.B.); *Longo* (P. Allaert, Rue basse des Champs 15, Ghent, Belgium); *Limpet* (Helen Troubridge, 25 Graham Street, Eaton Square, S.W.); *May* (May Dixon, Mulberry Green, Harlow, Essex); *Micawber* (Edmund Whitehead, Post Office, Jersey); *Nikko* (E. Davy, Twynsham, Shortlands, Kent); *Namron* (Haywood Norman, 802 South Summer Street, Nashville, Tennessee, U.S.A.); *Nereid* (Thomas Corson, 8 Blenheim Walk, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds); *Oxford* (Alfred J. Moore, Wayside Studio, Bushey, Herts); *Perfician* (Alice M. Giles, 2 Clarkson Street, Glossop Road, Sheffield); *Pokey* (Enid N. Jackson, 12 Forest Road, Birkenhead); *Punchinello* (May S. Tyrer, Southam Villa, Prestbury Road, Cheltenham); *Pekin* (Mary G. Houston, 13 South Parade, Fulham Road, S.W.); *Rita* (May M. Falcon, Milverton, Somerset); *Romanesque* (T. T. Blaylock, Lynton, Serpentine Road, Poole, Dorset); *Seaweed* (E. O. Brown, Van Bwreog, Bournemouth); *Seda* (A. de Santy, 63 Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.); *Scarabus* (A. M. Appleton, 20 Edith Road, West Kensington); *The Rook* (Marion Wallace-Dunlop, Ellerslie Tower, Ealing, W.); *Ulmus* (Nellie Brightwell, 42 Gough Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham); *Un élève de Grasset* (Paul Follot, 43 Boulevard Diderot, Paris); *White Heather* (Gwynedd Palin, 7 Algernon Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham); *Weeds* (Nancy M. Ruxton, 24 Wetherby Gardens, S.W.); and *Yered* (R. Percy Glossop, 65 New North Road, N.).

SKETCH OF A STREET HAWKER OR ITINERANT MUSICIAN.
(C VI.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Rex* (J. E. Staniforth, Llanishen, Cardiff, South Wales).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) to *Bohend* (F. Leather, 114 Merton Road, Wandsworth, S.W.).

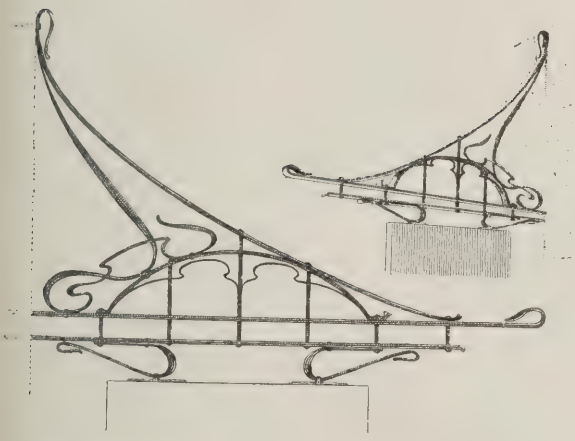
Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Claud* (C. Cooper, The Vicarage, West Norwood); *Conon* (W. J. Urquhart, 3 Radnor Street, Chelsea, S.W.); *Extra Special* (Edgar J. Ransom, Wayside Studio, Old Bushey, Herts); *Irish* (Will Gulzow, 58 Helix Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.); *Ingles* (Ernest Mitchell. 8 Ingles Road, Folkestone); *Jackdaw* (Miss E. M. Monsell, Curragh Chase, Adara, co. Limerick); *Jumelle* (Florence M. G. Dimma, 59 The Common, Upper Clapton, N.E.); *Quill* (Hanslip Fletcher, 7 Milner Street, Islington, N.); *Roy* (Roydon Desmond, c/o Mr. McCabe, Middleton Road, West Hartlepool); *White Friars* (J. S. Brydone, 6 North Crescent, Bedford Square, W.C.); and *Wagner* (C. A. Chapman, South View 2 Richmond Road, Basingstoke).



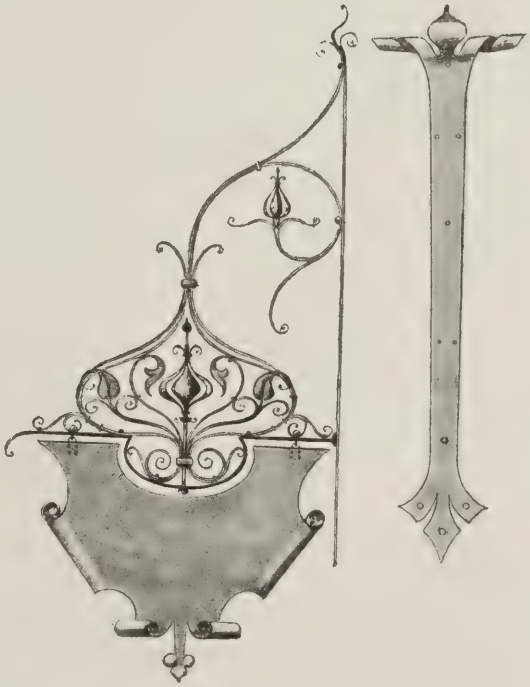
FIRST PRIZE "FERAILLE"



SECOND PRIZE "LILIAN"

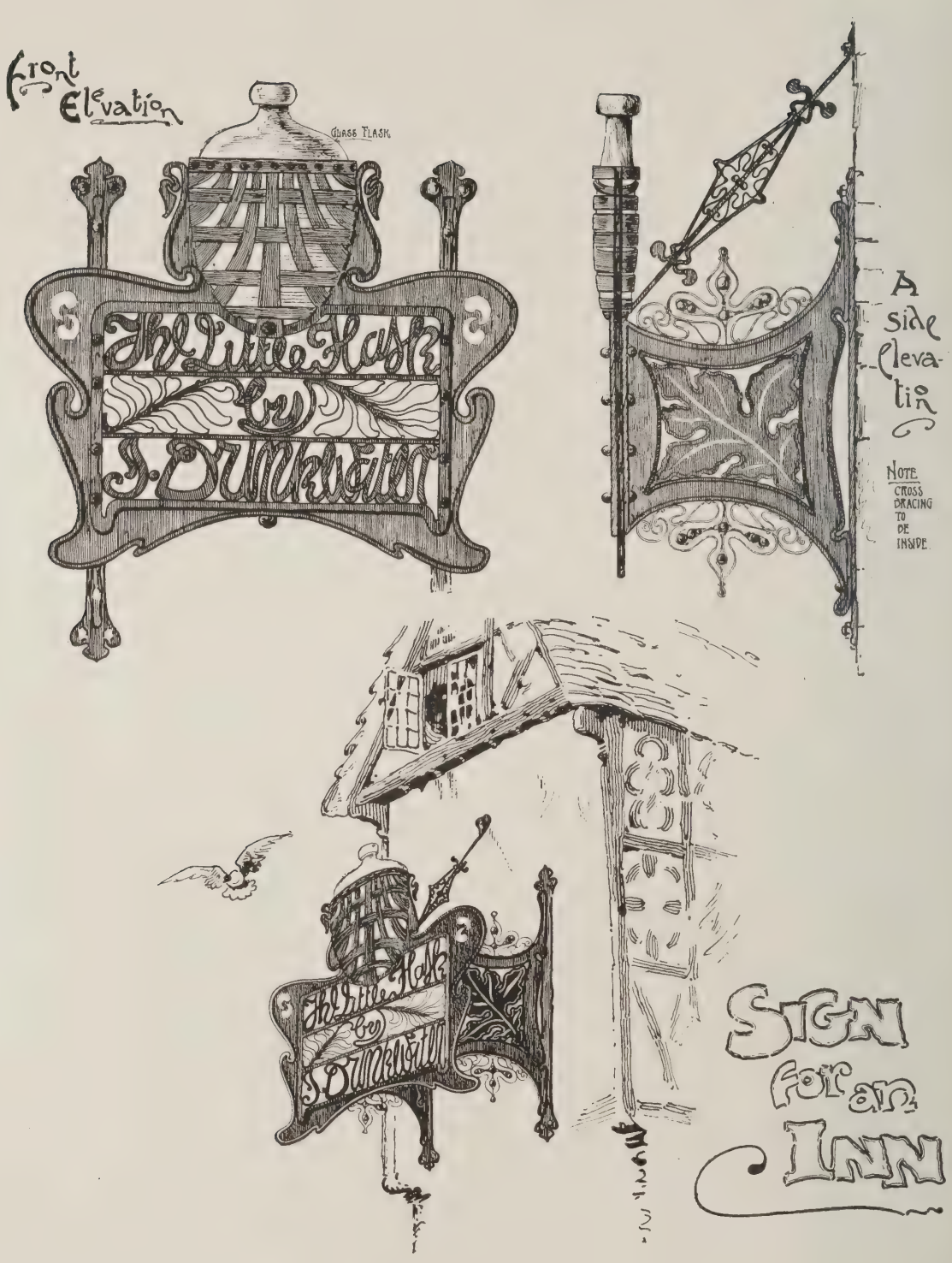


HON. MENTION "INDIAN INK"



HON. MENTION "ART METAL"

DESIGNS FOR IRON-WORK BRACKETS (COMP. A VI.)



DESIGN FOR IRON-WORK BRACKET
(HON. MENTION, COMP. A VI.)
BY "BLACK-SHEEP"



DESIGN FOR IRON-WORK BRACKET (HON. MENTION COMP. A VI.). BY "JASON"



FIRST PRIZE "REX"



SECOND PRIZE "BÒHEME"

SKETCHES OF ITINERANT MUSICIANS (COMP. C VI.)

Awards in Competition B VI. (Ornamental Tailpieces)



FIRST PRIZE "YUKON"



HON. MENTION "GAY-SHA"



HON. MENTION "DIE NEUZEIT"



HON. MENTION "UN ÉLÈVE DE GRASSET"



HON. MENTION "BLACK"



HON. MENTION "BEL"



HON. MENTION "ANTHROPOS"



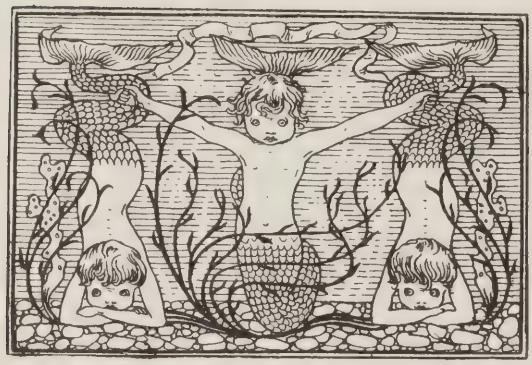
HON. MENTION "THE ROOK"



SECOND PRIZE "EZEKIEL"



HON. MENTION "FORGET-ME-NOT"



HON. MENTION "WEEDS"



HON. MENTION "PEKIN"

Awards in Competition B VI. (Ornamental Tailpieces)



HON. MENTION "WHITE HEATHER"



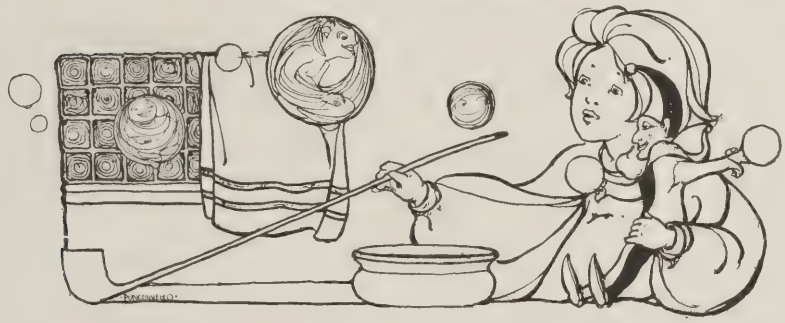
HON. MENTION "GRUMBLER"



HON. MENTION "CANUTE"



HON. MENTION "RITA"



HON. MENTION "PUNCHINELLO"



HON. MENTION "AIDEE"



HON. MENTION "FINIS"

THE LAY FIGURE. "KELMSCOTT AND JAPAN."

"Is it possible that, to-day, any sane person denies art to the Japanese?" said the Lay Figure. "Surely you are joking."

"Well," the Man with a Clay Pipe said quietly, "some people, you know, still declare that the earth is flat. I find in this book on 'William Morris' by Aymer Vallance——"

"Yes, I know!" broke in the Gifted Amateur, who had dropped in against his will to prove he was but mortal. "Morris did say all art is based upon architecture—Japan has no architecture—therefore Japan has no art."

"One dubious premise, one inaccurate statement, and a false deduction, that is all," said the Lay Figure. "Really even if Morris said it, it is not worth combating seriously."

"But has Japan any architecture?" the Gifted Amateur said in a thin sour tone. "I thought it had but bamboo frames covered with paper, a city of folding screens, painted with storks askew."

"As well imagine Gothic art to be *all* Oxford frames," the Lay Figure retorted. "Really if one must go back to first principles—were not Greek temples evolved from wooden constructions? Do you not know photographs of the Temples of Kioto, Nikko, Nara, and Shiba, or of the Castle of Nagoya?"

"No," said the Gifted Amateur, "and I hope I never may; Japan does not interest me. It is so utterly without 'soul,' and architecture is surely concrete music, a symphony of lasting material. I cannot feel interest in wooden houses—. Yes, I know you say it has stone bridges and the rest—but so far they seem to be only big 'curios.'"

"But," the Man with a Clay Pipe broke in, "is architecture necessarily limited to brick or stone? If so, what of the so-called half-timbered houses—the Town Hall of Lavenham, or Little Moreton Hall, which are practically wooden in structure as well as in ornament?"

"I thought the rage for penny fans and glove boxes at ninepence three farthings was past," said the Gifted Amateur, taking no heed of the interruption. "Nobody regards them as 'precious' to-day, not even in the newest suburb."

"Who that was worth listening to ever did?" said the Lay Figure. "As well say that because Berlin wool-work is a horror, the mosaics at Ravenna are also. Japan, with its draughtsmen worthy peers of Dürer, Rembrandt, or Whistler; its lacquer the last word of human artifice; its metal work absolutely beyond rivalry; its 'all-over' patterns, now simple and symmetrical, and again inexhaustible in their novelty—against the evidence of these even the dictum of so great a craftsman as Morris is merely another example of the fallibility of genius."

"But Mr. Ruskin—" the Gifted Amateur added, with a crushing air.

"Mr. Ruskin was more logical," the Lay Figure broke in. "He did write to a bookseller: 'Do not send me any more Japanese prints: they confuse me, I am too old to go into the subject now.' One respects his attitude, because it is a confession of ignorance, and reveals possibly a certain dread lest his prejudice might prove ill founded."

"I will not hear it hinted that Morris was not logical," said the Gifted Amateur in a white rage.

"Perhaps the word was ill chosen," the Lay Figure replied quietly. "I do not doubt that Mr. Morris spoke with honest ignorance, but King David also made rash statements in haste. I sometimes think that the Morris you set up as a deity is not nearly so great a hero as the great craftsmen we outsiders respect. To own that any man, however noble, may be unjust to certain things which chance to clash with his preconceived opinions is not to do him dishonour."

"I think," the Man with a Clay Pipe added, "it is another example of Mrs. Partington trundling back the ocean with a mop. The art of Japan, like the art of Greece, is one of the verities beyond fashion, above faction. You despise both, I know."

"I never despised Greek art," the Gifted Amateur said, with an air of generous toleration. "Of course it is infantile beside the fine flowering of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but in its own limited way it is not despicable."

"How nice of you!" the Lay Figure said, with a laugh. "Gallant little Greece has found another champion. Can you not say as much for Japan?"

"No, most certainly not," the Gifted Amateur retorted. "The Japanese cannot draw, have no idea of design, no sense of beauty."

"That is quite absurd," the Lay Figure said, with a laugh, "as absurd as Mr. Vallance's comment on Morris's hasty speech, which he says Professor John Milne and Herr Oscar Munsterberg have corroborated on 'purely scientific grounds.' Evidently the ostrich who puts his head in the sand still exists. But why be angry? The ostrich grows fine feathers and is a good bird in many ways!"

THE LAY FIGURE.



"NOEL" BY BARON
ARILD ROSENKRANTZ



"NOEL." BY BARON
ARILD ROSENKRANTZ

A FRENCH WOOD-ENGRAVER: AUGUSTE LEPÈRE. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

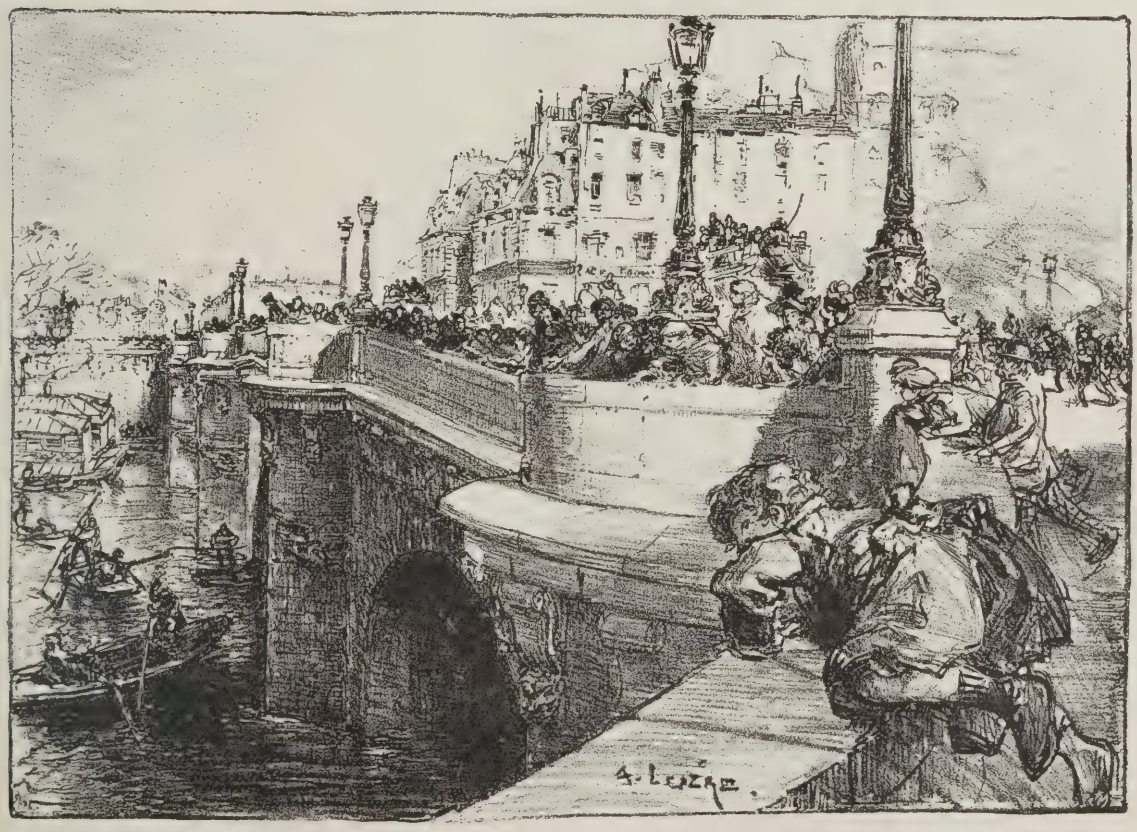
"LEPÈRE, unique artist of his kind! An engraver, dependent on no one for his drawings. A draughtsman who engraves his own work on wood!"

Such are the terms applied to the artist whose work and whose genius I propose to analyse, by one of the most experienced craftsmen of to-day—the engraver, Félix Bracquemond.

And a unique artist he is, in truth, combining a rare gift of observation with a keen and very personal sense of truth and an imagination full of the most delightful fancy. Lepère is an incomparable draughtsman, surmounting all sorts of difficulties with an ease which many must envy him; an engraver, too, of the first rank, handling with equal facility the knife or the burin, equally at home in relief engraving or in etching; also a lithographer of remarkable flexibility and breadth of touch. He excels, in fact, in every branch of his art. Everything he touches bears the impress of a truly personal originality, alike in his mode of looking at things and in the way he reproduces them. With a deep knowledge of all the secrets of the draughtsman's art, he has one great merit, among many others—namely, in never being cramped in the expression of his ideas, in always succeeding in developing them to their fullest extent.

There is no trickery or make-believe in all this. Where the painter by a dexterous touch, more or less patent to the eye, may succeed in deceiving the beholder, the draughtsman must, on the contrary, show thorough self-control and complete acquaintance with his art. Each imperfection, each awkwardness, each careless stroke appears here in all its nakedness, whereas a happy touch of colour might have covered up the defects. The art of drawing is an art *par excellence*, "the only plastic art," according to Bracquemond's very categorical definition. It would seem as though our contemporaries are beginning to understand it better than did the generations who preceded them, proof of which is seen in the popularity now attending the revival of original plates.

"It is incontestable," wrote Ph. Burty in 1867,



"UN NOYÉ" FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

"that people are losing interest in metal engraving, that the *eau-forte* is taking the place of the graver, that lithography is dying out, that wood-engraving is threatened, that 'process' work is gradually superseding the burin, the etching, the lithograph and the wood-engraving, and that the chief cause of all this revolutionary tendency, directly or indirectly, is photography."

Walter Crane, too, in his interesting work on "Decorative Illustration," accuses photography of having corrupted the art of drawing in this year of grace 1897. "It has," he says, "confused and deteriorated the faculty of inventive design, and the sense of ornament and line; having concentrated artistic interest on the literal realisation of certain aspects of superficial facts, and instantaneous impressions instead of ideas, and the abstract treatment of form and line."

Doubtless all this is perfectly true, yet this curious fact remains to be stated—the success of photography, cheap and common success though it be, has, by process of reaction, assisted in the renaissance of this very art of drawing to which I am referring, a renaissance which is now being felt throughout France, where during the past ten years or so a constellation of remarkable draughtsmen has appeared. The success of these artists in certain papers has assisted and even been the cause of the new popularity of the engraving pure and simple. Fifteen years ago one could not have discovered a dozen amateurs capable of taking delight in an original lithograph or wood-engraving; whereas now the numerous happy experiments in this direction amply prove that the taste for this kind of work has increased a hundredfold. We may congratulate ourselves on the fact, for the art of drawing must inevitably benefit therefrom.



"DANS LE RUISSEAU" FROM AN ETCHING BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

We owe much to an artist like Lepère for the powerful stimulus he has given by his untiring efforts, by his sincerity, by the faith he has shown in the virtues of processes too long neglected and despised. With several other artists of energy and ability he founded the magazine known as *L'Image*, whose illustrations consist solely of wood-engravings, which have been most cordially welcomed by the intelligent section of the public.

A few particulars and



"AUTOUR DE LA HALLE"
FROM AN ETCHING BY
AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

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dates will show the extent of Lepère's steady work and patient endeavour.

He was born in 1849, and his first real work as a wood-engraver dates back at least twenty years. According to M. Beraldi, whose books, "Les Graveurs du XIX^e^ Siècle" and "La Reliure Française au XIX^e^ Siècle," contain some interesting biographical notes on this artist, the first wood-engravings published by Lepère appeared in the *Monde Illustré*. He was only a "translator" then, but what a translator! Vierge's *Les Saisons*, *Attaque d'un Train*, *Les Rameaux à Séville*, and *Paris-Ischia*, afforded him an excellent opportunity to display the technical ability it had cost him so much trouble to acquire. He also engraved some work by Morin, exquisitely delicate drawings, thoroughly Parisian in spirit.

His first original wood-engraving in the *Monde Illustré* dates from 1879, and he soon became a regular contributor to that paper. His love for Paris, the great restless picturesque city, so fertile in contrasts and striking pictures, was strong within him already; and he showed it in such works as *Promeneurs sur la Glace*, *Fête de Nuit au Bois de Boulogne*, *La Place de l'Opéra pendant le Match de Billard de Vignaux et Slosson*, and *La Chambre des Députés pendant les Funérailles de Gambetta*, all of which, with many others, enabled him to "fix" some of the innumerable aspects of life in the capital.

Almost at the same period he was contributing a series of original wood-engravings—little masterpieces—styled *Voyage autour des Fortifications*; then followed another set—*La Forêt de Fontainebleau*.

In 1889 Lepère made his appearance in *L'Illustration*, which published a series of large original wood-engravings by him of the towns of France. The blocks dealing with Rouen and Marseilles are among the most characteristic examples of this side of his genius.

From 1889 to 1892 there appeared in *Harper's*



"MARCHANDES AU PANIER" FROM A WOOD-CUT IN TWO COLOURS BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

a new collection of Parisian pictures, *Le Marché aux Pommes*, *La Rue Beauregard*, *La Rue de la Lune*, &c.

His style had begun to take definite form, each fresh series showing him to be gaining fuller possession of his powers, with vision clearer, broader, more original, more complete. In 1889–1890 he put his name to one of the most entirely personal of his series, which appeared in a book dealing with the Exhibition of 1889, published by the firm of Baschet. These are masterly productions, unequalled in freedom of drawing and in depth of expression. *Le Trocadéro illuminé*, *Le Palais des Arts Libéraux*, *Intérieur du Palais des Beaux Arts*, *Montée à la Tour Eiffel*—all these are "documents" of the most definite kind on the gigantic fair of 1889, signed by the hand of a great artist. Two of these plates in particular are worthy of all praise—*La Tour Eiffel*, *la Nuit* and *Les Fontaines Lumineuses*. The fleeting splendours of these fairy scenes are recorded, brought to life again, with an art, a fancifulness and a truth impossible to be surpassed. In these works Lepère reveals himself a prodigious black and white artist. These artificial light effects, which were the admiration of the whole world, with their variegated atmosphere, their rainbow-hued water sprays glittering in the night like fairy flowers, these and all the other unforgettable wonders of the spectacle which all the world saw and admired, Lepère has immortalised in the two blocks in question, which are true marvels of art.



"LE BAIN DES NYMPHES" FROM A WOOD-CUT BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

In 1892, at the invitation of M. H. Beraldi, the distinguished bibliophile, who was anxious to possess a unique book, Lepère illustrated the "Paysages Parisiens," the text of which was from the pen of that genuine poet, M. Emile Goudeau. The work was printed for M. Beraldi, and only 138 copies were issued. It contains five etchings and forty-two wood-blocks.

Each one of the vignettes adorning the book might well be described in detail, for Lepère's prodigious ability surmounted apparently insurmountable difficulties, and he produced the most extraordinarily powerful effects by blending the two processes of tinted engraving and engraving *au trait*—a method which some perhaps will entirely praise and others be inclined to disapprove. The second of these two processes pleases one infinitely more than the first, for the draughtsman is more at his ease, and his work is more full of freedom and expression. In



ILLUSTRATION FOR "LES TROPHÉES." FROM A WOOD-CUT BY A. LEPÈRE

ILLUSTRATION FOR "LES TROPHÉES" FROM A WOOD-CUT BY A. LEPÈRE


CAR LA RACE DE JOUR EN JOUR DIMINUEE
DES FILS PRODIGIEUX QUE N'ENGENDRA LA NUEE
NOUS DELAISSE ET POURSUIT LA FEMME EPERDUE



"COUPEURS DE BOUTS DE CIGARES" FROM A WOOD-CUT IN TWO COLOURS BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

the *gravure de teinte*, on the other hand, care for the mere process seems to pre-occupy the artist, who is consequently not so logical or so natural as he might be.

If ever any reader of THE STUDIO should come across this rarest of volumes let him turn to page 51, *La Vue de la Seine prise du Viaduc du Point-du-Jour*, then to page 55, *Place de la Concorde*, and also to page 163, *Feux de Nuit au Quai de la Rapée*, for these will give a fairly adequate idea of Lepère's style. I know no modern engraver who has succeeded so well in putting life into our monuments and our buildings, revealing as he does their very atmosphere, their real character; nor can I think of any other who has realised so fully and translated so faithfully our street types, the movement, the multiform life of the populace—gestures, faces, characteristics, all seized with a stroke of the pencil, rapid and unrehearsed to all appearance, yet every one of them clear, expressive, and full of purpose.

But to get a full and real grasp of Lepère's powers, one must see the original drawings from which he has worked, the ideas put on to paper as they sprang from his fancy, and then compare them with his experiments on the wood until the definite result is reached. One realises then that Lepère has the engraver's spirit in every fibre, that his craft is part of himself, that the original idea in each of his drawings was conceived simply to be engraved, and, save for that purpose, has no other reason for existence.

In 1890 Lepère put his name to a large number of wood-engravings in the first volume of a series called "Paris Vivant"; the second volume appeared in 1893 in the form of an article on the Theatre by M. F. Sarcey.

Then in 1895 he produced for M. Beraldi "Paris au Hasard," with letterpress by M. G. Montorgueil. M. Beraldi's ambition was to have a book with a wood-engraving on every page. In this volume there are 200, and nothing more exquisite, more satisfying can be imagined.

Since that date, however, Lepère's manner has been undergoing a steady alteration. He appears to be abandoning the tinted method of engraving for the *gravure au trait*, and to be tending towards a

more directly decorative form of art. This is seen in the frontispiece to "Les Trophées," and in a set of plates published in *L'Image*; and further evidence of the fact is afforded by the ornamentation of the little volume "Paris Almanach" (1897). In these works he has still further freed himself from all tradition, and is no longer bound by the customary methods. He appears to be aiming at other effects, stronger, sharper, farther removed from reality—aiming, in a word, at more decorative results.

Bold contrasts of pure white with broad black effects, harmonies of line, in rich, strong supple strokes—these are the characteristics of his new style, in which, it may be said at once, he is entirely successful.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote the "appreciation" of this evolution, given by M. Bracquemond: "The course taken by Lepère is the reverse of that generally followed in wood-engraving. Instead of proceeding from the simple to the complicated, Lepère's style, as he advanced, merged from the complicated into the simple. This change of manner, which must be noted, consists in the rigorous suppression of every secondary 'value' in the composition of a drawing, and in retaining only the essentially constructive elements, that is to say, those which make up the modelling of the work."

How Lepère contrives to produce his effects, in plain black and white, as in most of his later wood-blocks, and without any half-tones caused by the hatching, more or less fine in character, practised now and formerly by nearly all wood-engravers—this is the very secret of this ardent and original worker's art.



"LE GUEUX DES CHAMPS" FROM A WOOD-CUT BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

"The fundamental element in an engraving," declares M. Bracquemond, "is the white of the paper." And he adds: "With regard to the wood, the stone, or the metal—the materials necessary for the production of the engraving—there is but one principle to observe, namely, to see to the natural distribution of the lights and shades; and this rule governs every process in every branch of art."

It were impossible better to express in so few words the immutable, eternal rules of art, as applied to engraving.

I know very few artists of to-day who adapt themselves so strictly to these rules as Lepère, or who, while maintaining these traditions, display so much originality. His work proves once more how vain and how dangerous are the theories sometimes put forward, to the effect that it is impossible for an artist of



"LES TOITS DE SAINT-SÈVERIN" FROM AN ETCHING BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

the present day to be "modern" and truly personal, without severing himself completely from the rules, the traditions, and the processes of other times. It proves, moreover, that it is quite possible to produce work bearing the stamp of true individuality, without posing as a revolutionary, an independent, or an anarchist in art.

In his later wood-blocks, so frank, so expressive, so full of bold and vigorous harmony, Lepère has used no method but that employed by the *maîtres-graveurs* of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But this in no way prevents him from being thoroughly modern, or from giving full expression in these admirable plates to the features of the life of to-day.

Take, for instance, his "Paris Pittoresque" series, published in *L'Image*. Is it possible to mistake them for ancient wood-blocks? Are they not eminently modern in their careful exactitude, in their real truthfulness? How characteristic the touch, how sure the hand! What clearness, what intense poetic feeling in their various types—these faubourgs, these Parisian outskirts, these old deserted districts, with their narrow streets and dilapidated houses; these rubbish-littered landscapes of the Fortifications, with their withered grass and scanty trees; these kitchen-garden patches; these poverty-stricken dwellings!

Some of these drawings are extraordinary; for example, this bit of Notre Dame, rising from the water, like some tall ship, standing out quite black, with a dazzling sunset as a background. All the fire of the heavens is reflected in the waters of the Seine, which ripple like a piece of shot-silk. How supreme the art with which he has treated the white portions of the paper, to produce these astounding effects of light!

Then again—one might go on writing for ever about the work of such an artist—Lepère has to my mind still another great merit. He is French. He loves the clearness, the movement, the life, the picturesqueness of his Paris; and he shows it sometimes, nay, often, in the healthy joyousness, the humour, I had almost said the *gauloiserie*, of his work. He always says what he wants to say with accuracy and without excess, for he has the eye for measurement, the sense of proportion, the taste of his race—all those delightful qualities which, alas! we seem to be losing more and more every day.

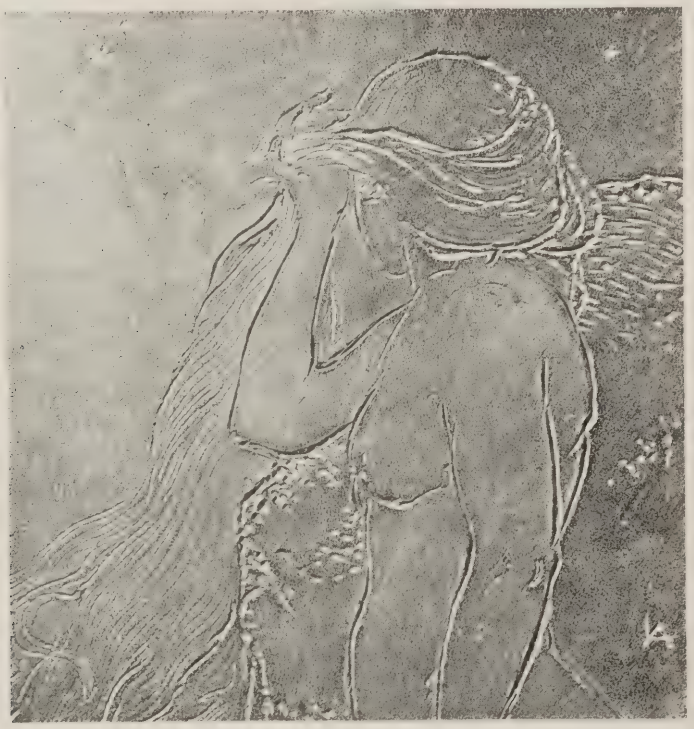
As I have already suggested, Lepère, besides being a wood-engraver, is an aquafortist and a

lithographer of the first order. Needless to say, he has not an equal command over each of these branches of art. Nothing could be more interesting than to compare his various ways of treating the same subject—on wood, on copper, and on stone. The conception of the subject, the mode of treatment, even the arrangement of the picture, are in each case adapted exactly to the requirements of the material he is about to use. He will never yield, for instance, to the temptation to produce upon the stone any of those wood effects in which he excels, nor allow himself to do on the copper-plate anything properly belonging to lithography. This seems natural enough, but it is no small merit on his part nevertheless, in these days, when most artists engaged in engraving let themselves be led away by anything which seems to promise additional effect, even though it should involve the mixture and the overlapping of all kinds of processes. Lepère has too keen a sense of the fitness of things, knows too well the possibilities lying within each of these various methods, to fall into this grave error.

I referred just now to Lepère's new-born leaning towards decorative sentiment in his work. Not only has he striven to introduce it into his drawings and engravings, but evidence of it may be seen in



INCISED LEATHER WORK BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE



INCISED LEATHER WORK BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

one of his series of coloured wood-engravings, after the manner of the Japanese masters, and also in the four plates, *hors texte*, which illustrate the "Paris Almanach," published by the firm of Sagot, wherein Lepère has produced delightful effects by the delicate use of a flat colouring.

Lepère has also tried his hand, with no small success, at pure decorative art work. That admirable material, leather, attracted him by its supple richness, and he has done some excellent bindings. The first served for the specimen copy of M. Beraldi's "Paysages Parisiens." Lepère was encouraged to undertake the work by the celebrated French binder, Marius-Michel, whose professional opinion upon Lepère's interesting experiment, quoted by M. Beraldi, is as follows: "The retrospective bibliophile of to-day will grind his teeth at it; but in the sixteenth century it would at once have been hailed with acclamation." This, as I have said, was Lepère's

first attempt of the kind ; since then he has done several leather bindings, notably those for the "Cantique des Cantiques," "La Mer," "Hérodias," "Paris au Hasard," and for the volume in which, under the title of "Bois et Eaux-fortes d'Auguste Lepère," M. Beraldi has collected the artist's most remarkable productions.

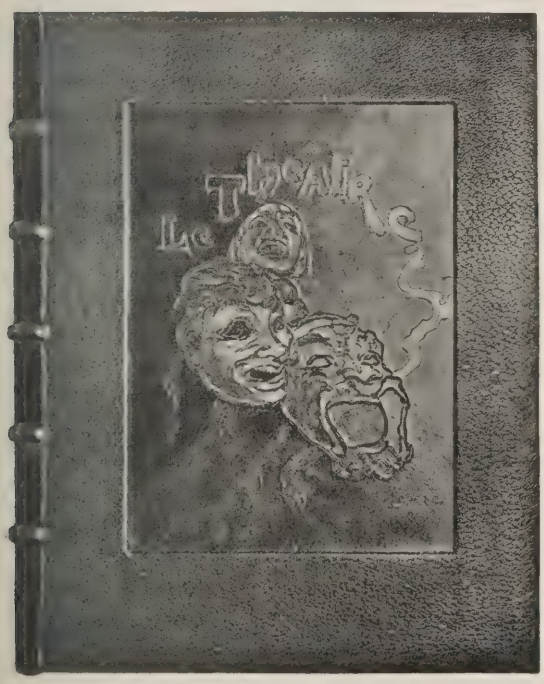
In these the process is quite new, and is admirably adapted for the purposes of binding. The leather, tooled and coloured by the hot iron, assumes a quite special richness, and Lepère's firm draughtsmanship suits it to perfection, his line work having beautiful strength and force. He has avoided the danger of over-elaboration, and shows himself here, as in all else, the simple, honest artist we know so well.

Much more might be said of Lepère and his remarkable work, but it is quite impossible within the space of a magazine article to convey any adequate impression of so many-sided an artist. In dealing with a rich and original worker such as this, one discovers, when all is said, that, after all, one has said almost nothing.

This at least I may add by way of summary and conclusion, even though my incomplete criticism may not have proved it so emphatically as I could wish : we have in Lepère a profound observer, a patient, conscientious worker, a devotee of Nature, a brilliant workman, whose supple fingers wield the implements of his craft with unsurpassable knowledge and skill ; in him we have undoubtedly one of the boldest and most original artists of our time.



INCISED LEATHER WORK BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE



INCISED LEATHER WORK BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

GABRIEL MOUREY.

THE ART OF WOOD-CARVING. BY G. FRAMPTON, A.R.A.—(PART II.)

BEFORE proceeding, as is my intention, to a more particular consideration of design in connection with wood-carving, I should like to controvert what within my own experience is a far from uncommon error among the

students of our latter-day art classes and technical schools. Many of these young people are wont to enter upon a course of study which they imagine will qualify them for obtaining a future livelihood as designers of wood-carving, and in this course they are frequently encouraged, I am sorry to say, by their teachers. Now, what is the outcome of all this? When they have in their own opinion, and in that of their masters, acquired a sufficient knowledge of the subject, they set out with their portfolio of more or less ingenious designs under their arm, and endeavour to dispose of them to the master wood-carvers, or to the makers of furniture, only to meet with a speedy disillusion. The fact of the matter is that practical wood-carvers either work from the special designs furnished to them by the architect, who is responsible for the structure of which the carving forms a part, or else they follow their own ideas. It is, indeed, this very fact, paradoxical as it may seem, which, though it has in the past done much to lower the artistic standard of wood-carving in this country, yet offers the brightest hopes of its forthcoming regeneration. The wood-carver, by the very traditions of his craft, must be a designer as well as a craftsman. Even when he works from an architect's design, it is only the general lines which are given him to follow, and it is left to him to supply those details and subtleties which very often differentiate a work of art from a mere mechanical reproduction. I have taken an early opportunity of emphasising this fact, as it seems to me to have a very vital bearing upon my whole subject. It is to the craftsman-designer that this little handful of haphazard papers, for they are designed after the fashion of loosely familiar talks upon the subject rather than as stiffly formal theses, are addressed. Throughout their course, therefore, I shall consistently take for granted the possession by those who read them of some certain amount of technical skill.

It now falls to us to consider somewhat more intimately the question of design as applied to the carver's art in its several manifestations. In the course of that consideration we shall find it necessary to glance now and again at the work of those who have preceded us. Now, there is a right way and a wrong way of looking at old work, or rather there are several sorts of wrong ways, but only one right way. I have already said enough to show that in my estimation one of these wrong ways is to allow one's admiration for the cunning artificers of the past to so carry one away as to make one believe that they did the thing they had to do so well that there is no way of doing it better, and that the workman of the nineteenth century must therefore apply his energies in slavishly copying the design as well as the methods of his forerunner of the thirteenth. In avoiding this Scylla of timid and superstitious adherence to tradition, one must be careful, on the other hand, to guard against the Charybdis of that so-called originality which affects to disregard and make little of the masterpieces of the past. The fact is, the art of the wood-carver is a living one, and without progression there can be no life. To use a somewhat familiar simile, it resembles a majestic tree, the main trunk of which, though some of the limbs are dead and rotten with decay, still gives passage to the living sap so that the youngest branches are able to draw sustenance therefrom and flourish. So while it is well that the student should lose no opportunity of carefully studying every style and every period of carving, he should cultivate first of all the habit of criticism, that he may be able with some degree of assurance to differentiate between what is good and what is bad in old work. Let him store his mind and memory with the manner in which the problems he himself has to face have been worked out by those who came before him, but let him at the same time keep constantly before him the fact that his own problems have to be worked out by himself, and by himself alone. From the past let him merely take an allusion here and a suggestion there, a hint, maybe, as to what to avoid in one case, as well as an indication as to what to conform to in another. Now let us see how this theory can be applied to practice; and in substituting the concrete for the general, let us, to begin with, confine our attention to carving as applied to furniture or *mobiliers* as the French, with a truer appreciation of the exact meaning of words, term it, differentiating in that manner between the fixed interior furnishings of a house and the movable furniture. Half an hour passed at South Kensington, or anywhere where a representative collection of the furniture of the last half-dozen centuries may be found, will be sufficient to convince us of the somewhat paradoxical fact that while in the work of the past period it fell to the carver to inform with the breath of artistic life the merely utilitarian product of the workman who preceded him, yet subsequently it was the want of restraint on the part of the carver which led to that vulgar riot of unshapely form which marks the furniture of the most debased periods. Nowhere can the lesson of the value of restraint be more clearly read. Some

of the most beautiful work, indeed, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is marred by this apparent lack of appreciation of the value of plain surfaces, and yet from these self-same objects there is much to be learned. Take, for example, that well-known and superlatively beautiful pulpit of French work of the fourteenth century in South Kensington Museum (Fig. 1). Taken by themselves, and apart from their context, the panels of this are well-nigh perfect as examples of design applied to interior woodwork. In some of them the carver has gone straight to Nature for his inspiration, and while avoiding stiff or mechanical regularity, on the one hand, has, on the other, made no attempt to produce an effect of unsatisfactory realism. He has, in fact, conventionalised with that innate conviction of the natural growth and disposition of the living plant which we are sometimes wont to look upon as a peculiar property of the Japanese artists. In other panels he has taken the heraldic forms set out for him in all their lifeless ceremonialism by some old-time pursuivant and, by a flowing line here and a playful irregularity there, has marked the difference between mere artifice and art.

So much on the credit side of his ledger. Now, let us see where, if anywhere, he has held up the danger signal to us. I think myself, as I have hinted before, what this warns us against particularly is the hazard which lies in doing too much rather than too little. If this long-dead and forgotten Frenchman had been content to restrain his chisel; if, for instance, he had left his lower panels plain, and confined the glorification of his material to the upper portion of the pulpit, I think he would have sounded a surer and a more convincing note to those to whom his work was to appeal. But this is a fault confined to no age and to no country. One sees it displayed in an even more marked degree in a very charming and attractive Court cupboard (Fig. 2) which owes its being to English fingers of the fifteenth century, and which has found a resting-place in our day only a few yards from the pulpit I have just referred to. There is a great deal to be learned from this by the young craftsman who is directing his attention to the carving of furniture. He will notice the absence of projections which are apt to catch in the clothes and drapery of those who move about the room. He will note the skill with which the desired effects of light and shade are produced with a minimum of depth in the cutting, so that unduly sunk cavities may not afford a harbourage for dust. He will admire, doubtless, the admirable fashion in which the ornamentation has been made subject to the construction; how the strength of the supporting pillars of the lower portion is emphasised rather than disturbed by the lines of the carving, but I think he will also feel—there is no doubt that he *should* feel—a sense almost of irritation at what I may call the universality of enrichment. How much more telling would be the panels of the cupboard portion of the upper part were the supporting stiles left plain! How much richer would the decoration of the string mouldings appear if some of the members afforded relief by being undecorated! Here, in short, we have a most striking instance of a

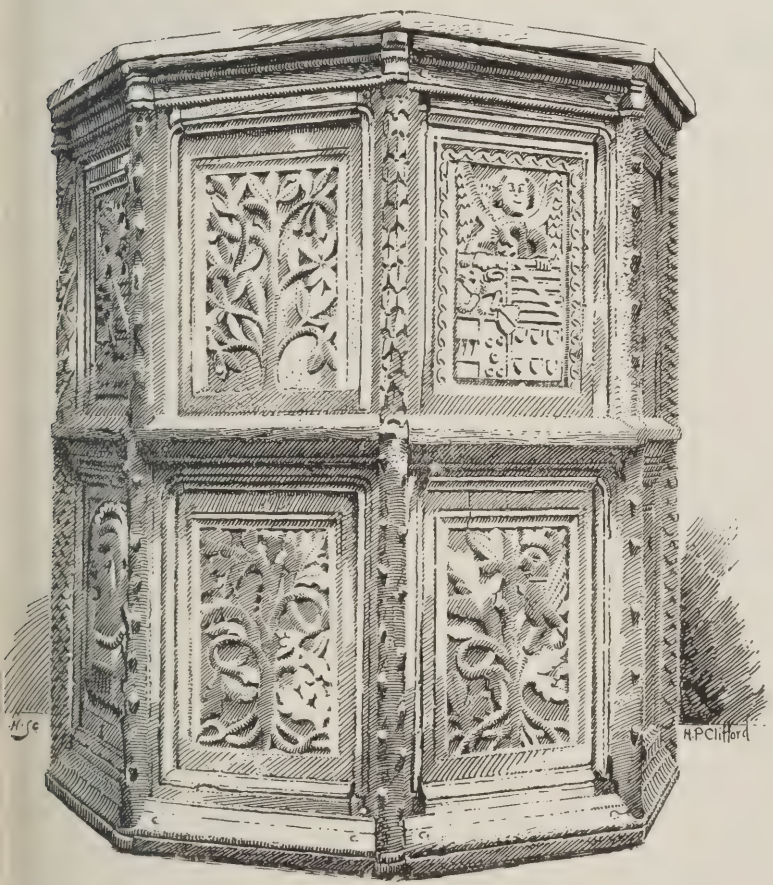


FIG. 1.—CARVED WOOD PULPIT FRENCH, FOURTEENTH CENTURY
(*South Kensington Museum*)

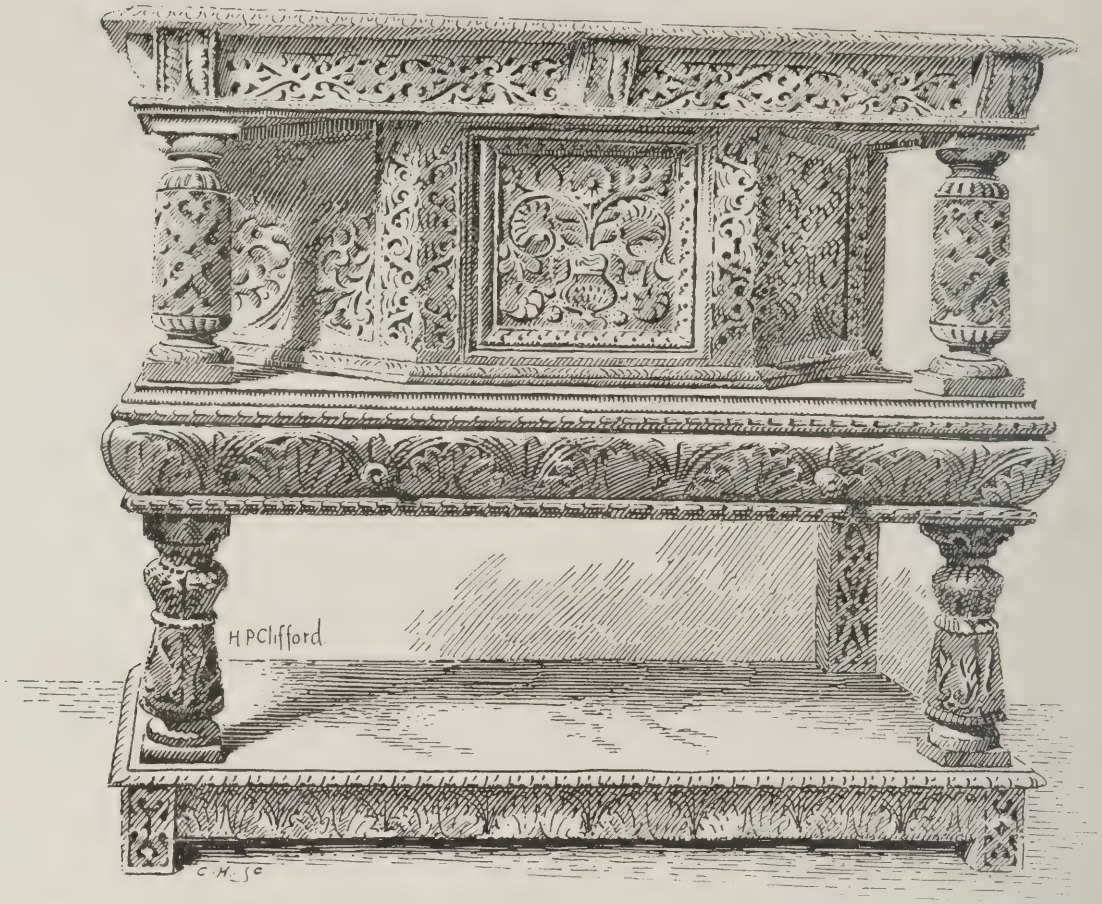


FIG. 2.—COURT CUPBOARD ENGLISH, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

(*South Kensington Museum*)

piece of old work from the copying of which, or even a portion of which, nothing but disappointment can result, but which, carefully and judiciously studied, cannot but be most helpful to the student from the point of view of design as well as of technique. It is over-laboured, as I have said; it is lacking in reticence, but yet how different is it from that collection of seventeenth-century chairs which, when I last visited South Kensington, were standing near it, and which, magnificent displays as they are of technical adeptness on the wood-carver's part, are yet so absolutely vicious when their ultimate aim and object are taken into consideration. The carver here seems to have run riot without a thought of the use for which the chair is designed. The backs are masses of highly-raised and deeply-sunken carving completely obscuring and hiding the structural lines, and rendering the chair as uncomfortable to sit upon as it is gorgeous to behold. Sharp points protrude as though in sheer wantonness from the centre; disturbing spikes project from the upper angles as though with the special intention of tearing the dainty habiliments of those who may occupy the chair, or catching the sleeve of the servant handing the dish from behind. It is not until we approach our own century, and, curiously enough, at a period when the minor arts, in England at least, had sunk to their lowest point, that we find a revertal to a more seemly principle in regard to the carving of chair backs. Whatever one may think of the general design of Chippendale and his contemporaries, there is no doubt that these famous cabinet-makers thoroughly appreciated the proper limits within which carving as applied to furniture should be confined (Figs. 3 and 4). Lowness of relief, adaptation to the structural lines, the employment of a maximum of plain surface with a minimum of carving, are all strongly-marked characteristics of the work of this period. There is nothing to catch or destroy the dress; there is nothing to produce agonising sensations in the most sensitive portion of the spinal column which the chair back is designed to support. The genius of the material itself is not forgotten. Close-grained, hard mahogany was

at this time almost universally employed for furniture, and so the delicacy and fineness of the carving suggest this material alone, and would be impossible of application to oak as to any of the softer kinds of wood.

And now I will travel back once more through the centuries for an example of what I must regard as well-nigh the perfection of design in carved furniture. Among the justly-esteemed glories of Italy are the elaborately-carved and gilt *cassoni* which, originally designed as marriage-coffers, found a place in every well-to-do Italian household. Through them alone one might fitly trace the whole history of that century or two of artistic fervour which we call the Italian Renaissance. They portray its faults as well as its glories. Those of later date, overladen as they are with a profusion of Rococo carving, wrought with an admirable degree of technical skill, but with all evidences of the touch of the craftsman's tool, which could alone vivify them, hidden and forgotten under their heavy load of gilded gesso, though sought after eagerly by collectors, are but vicious and misleading from an educational point of view. But among the earlier examples are many of a very different character. I have in my mind as I write a certain *cassone* at South Kensington (Figs. 5 and 6), which I have for long regarded as one of those rare instances of artistic completeness which in their simple perfection produce the same sensuous effect of pure satisfaction as does the strain of some melody beloved in childhood, or one of those half-

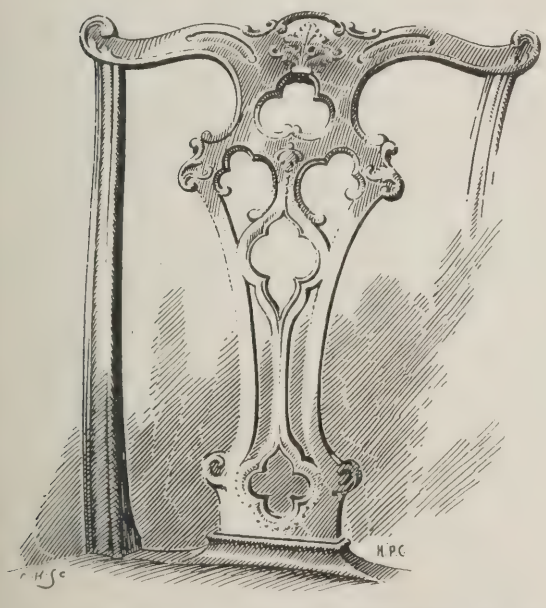


FIG. 3.—CHAIR-BACK ENGLISH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
(*South Kensington Museum*)

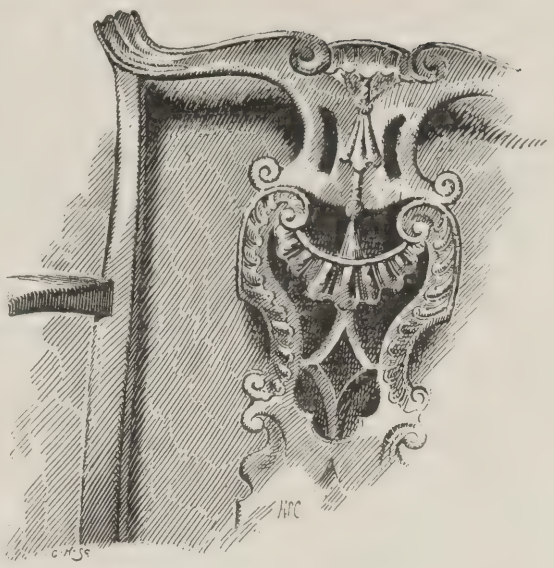


FIG. 4.—CHAIR-BACK ENGLISH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
(*By permission of the Hon. W. F. B. Massey-Mainwaring, M.P.*)

score or so of lyrics which the world has agreed to never let die. Its form is of the simplest—a mere rectangular box of oblong proportions, the severity relieved constructionally merely by a row of turned spindle-work along its lower edge, and by the graceful shaping of the angles which form, as it were, the legs on which it stands. But the whole of the flat surface of the front is enriched by the cunning of the carver until it fairly palpitates with beauty. I can think of no better phrase to express the effect which this dead and forgotten Italian craftsman has produced by aid of the simplest means at his command. It would, indeed, be almost a misnomer to call the work carving at all, so absolutely archaic is the technical treatment, were it not that the principles which underlie it are essentially those which should govern the wood-carver, whose task it is to apply his art to furniture. Let us take these principles seriatim. Firstly to be observed is the absolute flatness of the entire work, a flatness which does not depend entirely upon the obviousness of the technical method by which the design is incised rather than carved, in the true sense of the word, but is emphasised by the actual lines of the design itself. Even if a slight degree of modelling had been employed, the effect as a whole would still have been flat and reposeful. Secondly, note may be taken of the happy disposition of the lines of the design in relation to the space it occupies. To use a phrase of studio slang, it is "well covered." Again, the requisite amount of mystery is attained

by the simplest of means. At a slight distance the general effect is pleasurable in the extreme, though the details of the various subjects may evade observation. There is a subtle movement, as it were, of the surface, a palpitation, as I have observed above, which appeals to the senses one knows not why or wherefore, and which would be altogether lost were definition sharp and insistent. On nearer acquaintance, the game of hide-and-seek, which the main lines or the design seem to have been playing with one's artistic sense, gives place to a realisation of their cunning intricacy and abiding interest. The figure subjects are conventionalised, one notices, to exactly the requisite point, while the borders are marvellous in their almost riotous opulence of decorative motive.

I hope I have not let my pen run away with me in this consideration of a piece of work which nine laymen out of ten would pass by without a second glance, but I cannot help feeling that in itself it comprises a treatise on one aspect at least of the art of wood-carving. There are, indeed, other lessons to be learned from it to which my space will not allow me to refer. It preaches, for instance, most strenuously the doctrine to which in a former paper I have made public witness of my adherence—that design is infinitely more than technical skill, for it is quite conceivable that its creator restrained himself from a further modelling of his surface for the simple reason that he did not possess the requisite craftsman's ability therefor; it emphasises, as a glance at the simplicity of the design of the ends will show, the value of proportion, for it would be difficult to imagine any relation of space and ornament better considered than these exhibit; it solves completely, in short, the bulk of those problems with which the designer who would beautify the common-place articles of daily life and use is wont to find himself confronted; and, finally, it offers itself as a striking exemplar of a piece of movable furniture, whose supreme merit is that it is decorative, and not merely decorated.

It is possible that one of the above remarks may lead to a misunderstanding on the part of the casual reader. It must not be supposed for an instant that I am inclined to belittle or decry technical skill in endeavouring, as I have, to determine its qualitative value in respect to design. Absolute command over his tools and his material is, of course, the ultimate goal to which every craftsman should aspire; and when to this is united the sense of beauty which betrays itself in grace and seemliness of design, then we have the fine flower of consummate craftsmanship. What, for instance, could be more satisfying than some of the work of those thirteenth-century Frenchmen who seemed absolutely to revel in setting themselves problems of technical difficulty? We find a distinct gratification in the mere contemplation of the worker's skill, and apart from any question of design—a gratification which is increased, however, tenfold when we find that that design is almost as admirable in its own way as that of the Italian *cassone* we have been considering. Such an instance is to be found in the front of the oaken coffer of which Mr. Clifford has furnished me with so admirable a reproduction—a reproduction to which I am compelled to draw attention in that it seems to me one of the most extraordinary instances of perfect pen-work which has been brought before me for many years. This coffer-front, though it is by no means the equal of the Italian example from the point of view of design, is yet worthy of the most careful consideration. In proportion, in grace of line, in the due correlation of



FIG. 5.—END OF CHEST ITALIAN, FOURTEENTH CENTURY
(*South Kensington Museum*)

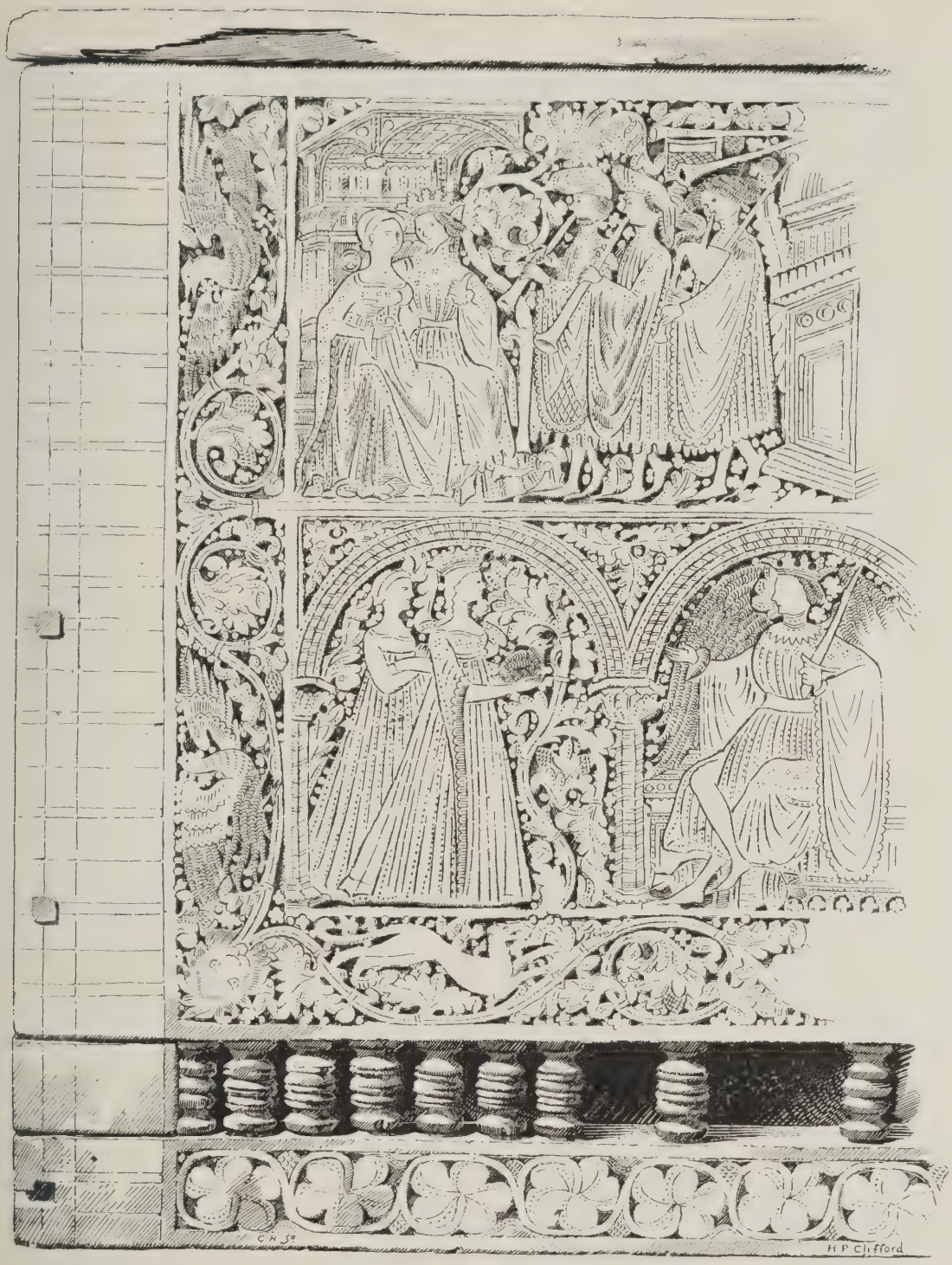


FIG. 6.—DETAILS OF CARVED WOOD COFFER, ITALIAN, FOURTEENTH CENTURY

(*South Kensington Museum*)

light and shade, and in its "covering" qualities, it is most praiseworthy; while from a technical standpoint it seems to me that it could hardly be bettered. But it lacks one chief essential. It is almost absolutely without the personal note. It bespeaks the school, and not the individual. As a product, then, of its own time and place, it may be regarded without cavil or question, but he who in our own day should endeavour to copy it with more or less exactness, and should thus strive to write in wood at the end of the nineteenth century the language of the thirteenth, would be guilty of something more than an artistic blunder. Forgery is a crime whether the forger choose wood or parchment as the object of his nefarious practices. GEORGE FRAMPTON.

A MODERN SWEDISH LANDSCAPE PAINTER, PRINCE EUGEN. BY TOR HEDBERG.

THE modern School of Painting in Sweden as well as that in the other Scandinavian countries, has made its studies in France. Nearly all mature Swedish painters have received their artistic training in Paris—have occupied themselves with the problems and championed the principles which, from the creation of realism and open-air painting, have developed into the French impressionist school, and subsequently have exercised a reforming and broadening influence on all modern art.

Thus it was colour which first occupied their attention, and so they have become interpreters of those colour-schemes and that atmospheric colour-life which will perhaps be considered eventually the most important in the realms of art of our time.

Some critics complain that they have been too much influenced by their teachers, that they have not only preferred to paint French landscape but also that they have painted Swedish landscape as seen through French eye-glasses; that, in a word, purely national traits have been much less prominent in the young Swedish than in contemporary Danish and Norwegian schools.

The reproach has not been altogether undeserved. The fact is explained by Sweden's rather isolated position and the less frequent intercourse with home nature during the years of study; possibly also other deeper reasons could be found. But if this has been true, it is so no longer.

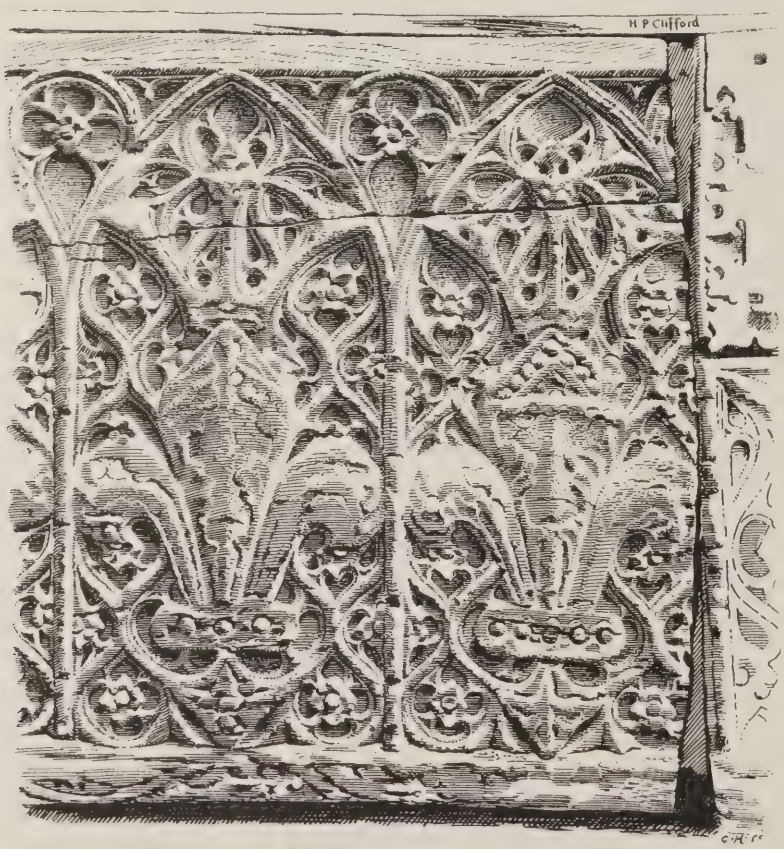


FIG. 7.—FRONT OF OAKEN COFFER FRENCH, FIFTEENTH CENTURY
(*South Kensington Museum*)

Swedish art of the last ten years bears an unmistakably national stamp; our artists are coming to their own again now that they live more in their own country. The character of Swedish landscape is, moreover, so different from French that a thorough study of the former must lead to different methods of expression. The delicate, pale colours, the light, monotonous tones which spread a white veil over French nature are not found here. We have, if not deeper colours, at least stronger contrasts

of colour. Our sky is seldom clear. Even in the beautiful midsummer days large white clouds float over the blue surface; there is more play and change in the tones of the air; sun and shade alternate more quickly and call forth greater contrasts. Our deep-green foliage, the stems of our pines which shine red in the setting sun, the ever-changing aspect of our woods and the rich flora of our fields, make up a varying play of colour where contrasts often meet without connecting shades. And towards autumn, when the air is more dry and transparent, these contrasts are still more visible; colours become still deeper, and the fall of the leaf approaches with a pomp which has hardly a rival in southern landscape. The more our artists have imbibed this nature, the more have they abandoned the light, pale tones which at one time were prominent in our landscape painting, and they seek to use the principles of the phenomena of light and atmosphere—which they learnt while studying—in a colour language which is stronger, deeper, and, for us, more characteristic. Moreover, they strike out in another and a new direction. When absorbed in the studying of light and colour, they neglected the expression of form, the firm, plastic outline, the well-built and artistically balanced composition. The picturesque triumphed over the decorative. In this the influence of the English school brought much change here as on the Continent. The decorative element has now begun to be appreciated both in form and colour. The firm, characteristic, eloquent outline has again acquired so much respect that it seems as though colour had been thrust aside. But such is not the case. What we now see is an artistic attempt to use the new principles of colour in other fields—to fuse them with artistic demands of another kind which were lately neglected. It is, viewed broadly, a process of fusion of the two tendencies of modern art which have their strongest expressions, one in French impressionism, the other in English pre-Raphaelitism.



"AT THE EDGE OF THE WOOD"
FROM A PAINTING BY H.R.H. PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN

Among the artists who represent this new current here in Sweden, Prince Eugen stands in the front rank, and in what has preceded I have tried to show some of the more important factors for a right understanding of his work. Ever since he appeared as a finished artist he has taken a distinct place, with a thorough knowledge of his

own aims and a sure command over his means of expression. After spending two years in Paris, working eagerly and earnestly in the studios of Gervex and Bonnat, he devoted some years to studying by himself under the direction of the well-known Swedish artist, Hugo Salmson. He exhibited once or twice, but he did not appear fully equipped before the public until 1894.

He made a decided success, and the position he then won has since been strengthened. He is now considered, both at home and abroad, as one of the leaders of Swedish landscape painters.

The most characteristic trait of his art is that he gives a sincere and intense expression to the inner meaning of native landscape, the deep, underlying connection between the country and its people. He touches something necessary for the life of our inner nature, for our manner of thought and feeling, whether he pictures the loneliness of home on the broad plains, or the deep seriousness of the pine forests, where the high stems stand out like pillars against the red evening sky, or the transparent darkness of summer nights, which spreads dreamily over the lakes and their islands. Like most modern painters he is a poet painter, but a poet painter of an original and strangely individual caste. He seizes the moment most fraught with feeling—grasps it and intensifies it until it produces almost a monumental effect. It is in his colour—always strong and deep, sometimes fierce—that he puts his effects of movement, of the shifting and changing of objects. The handling of colour is impressionistic, but the landscape itself emerges in firm plastic shapes and clear-cut outlines which look as if they could never be changed. Thus, while he renders the momentary feeling, he also gives the effect of permanency behind it—the effect of eternal life, over which the life of the moment passes.

Look, for example, at *The Old Castle.* It stands alone, abandoned on the plain, lowering behind a ridge which seems to absorb it slowly, as if to bury it. Over this the sky arches itself in lonely grandeur, and from the horizon the storm approaches slowly and inevitably. And this moment of anguish becomes an accumulated expression of the fate of generations which have lived behind those mighty and dignified walls. In the painting *The Cloud* the motive is as simple as possible. On one side a group of trees in rich, luxuriant foliage, the beautiful contour of which is counterbalanced by a hill on the other side. Through the valley and up the height curves a path. Where the vanishing-line of wood and hill meet "The Cloud" grows up large and white and plastic, one of those summer clouds which do not announce rain or break the sunny calm, but slowly traverse the sky or stand stationary on the horizon for hours. I say, with intention, "grows up," because it gives the effect of belonging to this landscape, the shape of which it has borrowed, completing its character of calmness and simplicity. On account of



"THE CLOUD" FROM A PAINTING BY H.R.H. PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN



"A SUMMER NIGHT IN SWEDEN"
BY H.R.H. PRINCE EUGEN

BY HUNT PRINT SHOP
"A" STREET AT THIRD





"THE OLD CASTLE" FROM A PAINTING BY H.R.H. PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN

the bold, broad handling, and the dominantly decorative effect, this interesting and powerful painting is very representative of the artist in his present development.

In *A Summer Night* the decorative effect is sought mainly by means of colour. It is a painting of a Swedish summer night, full of its own soft, dreamy poetry. The slumbering sky repeats its greenish light in the clear waters, whose broad surface is patched with the varied forms of islands. This is perhaps the most thoroughly Swedish of all the artist's pictures.

Prince Eugen is still a young man, and has in all probability a brilliant artistic future before him. His first efforts seemed to indicate a dreamy, soft nature, but he has since shown that he can also express strength and passion without jeopardising the distinct personal stamp of his work. The close and earnest application to his art, and the deep artistic seriousness with which he has taken up and followed his calling, is an undoubted assurance that his contribution to modern Swedish artistic life will be of durable and far-reaching importance.

TOR HEDBERG.

A SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE. BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT.

THE architect who tries to attain the true domestic quality in his work, that feeling of home which is so rarely to be found in modern houses, finds a peculiar pleasure in designing a small house, because it affords him so many opportunities of realising his ideal in this respect.

The sterner qualities which are generally associated with the public building, the gorgeousness and splendour which are connected with — in Mr. Chadband's phrase—"the mansions of the rich and great," are here exchanged for that tenderness and affectionateness of treatment which constitute the charm of a small house.

And then, if we consider the matter in a more practical way, there are so many problems which become more difficult, and therefore more interesting, under the restrictions imposed by a limited space and a limited purse.

Perhaps one of the most important of these is the due relation in the house of the family rooms and the servants' rooms.

Under ordinary conditions of modern life these two separate communities must be accommodated under the same roof with due regard for the privacy and comfort of each, and so the kitchen and servants' rooms must be placed in such relation to the family sitting-rooms as to insure isolation and convenience of service. And in this connection it is not enough to consider the position of the rooms alone, but it is equally important that the various routes taken by the family and the servants should become an object of study, and should be kept as distinct as possible. The study of routes indeed forms one of the most essential features in planning a house, and as a rule there are four different routes to be considered—the servants, the visitors, the adults of the family, and the children. In a

previous article in THE STUDIO for January 1895, a house was described wherein a special point was made of keeping the hall free from the routes of the visitors or servants; and in a large family great attention would be paid to the planning of the route of the children, and a children's entrance adjoining a playroom, with a lavatory conveniently placed, would be probably appreciated.

In such a small house as we now illustrate, however, such a complete isolation of routes becomes impossible, but a reference to the plan will show how far this question has been found capable of treatment under the circumstances. The serving-room isolates the kitchen from the rest of the house, the serving-door obviates the necessity for carrying dishes through the hall, while the small servants' staircase also adds to the privacy of the hall.

The relative position of the kitchen and servants' rooms also sufficiently prevents the passage of sound, while the thorough ventilation of the kitchen by a shaft carried up at the side of the flue, as well as the absence of direct communication with the family rooms, will prevent that permeation of the smell of cooking which is often only too noticeable in a small house.

To pass on to another practical consideration—the saving of labour—it may be pointed out that not only is this helped by the compact form of the house and the relative position of the rooms, but it is still further kept in view in the finishing and furnishing. In the average house the introduction of much furniture becomes almost a necessity in order to distract the eye from the bare and uninviting appearance of the rooms, and the chief effort of the decorator is concentrated upon an heroic attempt to cloak their abounding ugliness.

But the artistic house with its well-proportioned rooms and simple fitments will be found to need only such furniture as is actually required for use. And so all those devotions to the fetish of the furnished, but uninhabitable room, which find their expression in days severely set apart for the polishing and dusting of things which merely cumber the too limited floor space of a small room, all that cleaning of cabinets, chairs, and knickknacks of all descriptions, becomes unnecessary. The useless and trumpery rubbish which one finds in almost every house is replaced by furnishings few and choice. And so we gain not only freedom from useless furniture, but what is perhaps more important still in a small house—elbow room. This leads us to the consideration of this important subject, which is yet another of the practical considerations involved in planning a small house.



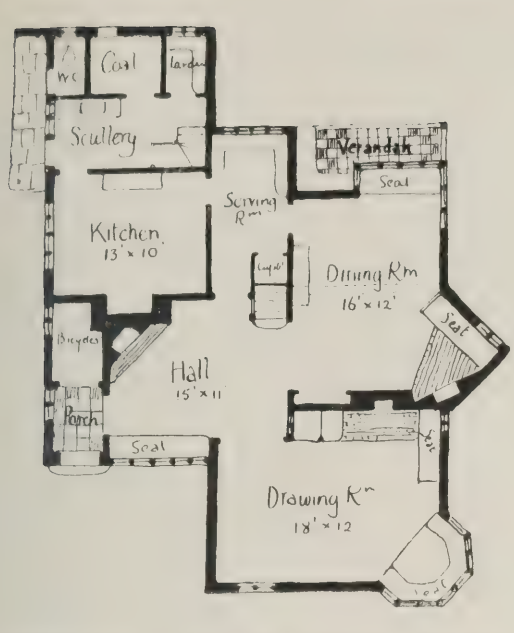
VIEW OF HOUSE FROM SOUTH-EAST — M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT



VIEW OF HOUSE FROM SOUTH-WEST
M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

The quality of breadth, which belongs to good design, as every artist knows, is quite independent of actual measurement, and just as a small picture may possess this quality, so also may a small room when the proportions are good and the decoration appropriate.

The due relation of walls to ceiling,



GROUND PLAN M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

the division of the wall space and many other details, will help to give this appearance of breadth to the smallest room.

The feeling of space may also be gained by the use of sliding partitions, which may be opened out in summer time, and a glance at the plan will show how these have been used in the house illustrated.

In designing a house it must also be remembered that it must prove a happy haven under absolutely opposite conditions of weather, but as indoor life is so much more essential in the winter than in the summer, it will be well to consider the house rather as a protection from cold and storm than from heat and sunshine, and each room should be designed with a view to its possible comfort under the most trying conditions.

A few points in the plan illustrated may be mentioned in illustration of these remarks. The position of the kitchen range enables it to help in heating the hall and the central part of the house generally. The side turn on entering the hall from the porch minimises the possibility of draught from the entrance, and in both sitting-rooms comfortable well-lighted firesides have been arranged.

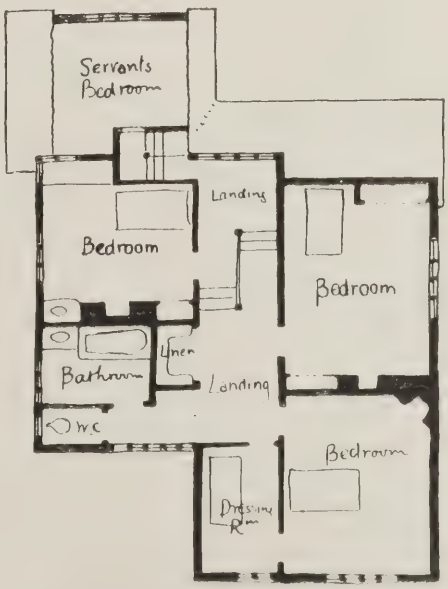
All these practical considerations, which have received so much attention in the planning of the house, tend to produce what is, after all, the essential quality of home—comfort.

It is not enough, however, that a house should possess this material comfort, which is so important, it must also *appear* comfortable, and the eye must be soothed and satisfied as well as the body. It will be found quite impossible, for instance, to be really comfortable in the most luxurious of arm-chairs amidst the barbarous and insistent ornament which is so often all that is meant by decoration. "I don't care about art," says the modern philistine, "I want to be comfortable;" but it is just because the artist cares so much for comfort that he gives so much attention to the decoration of his rooms.

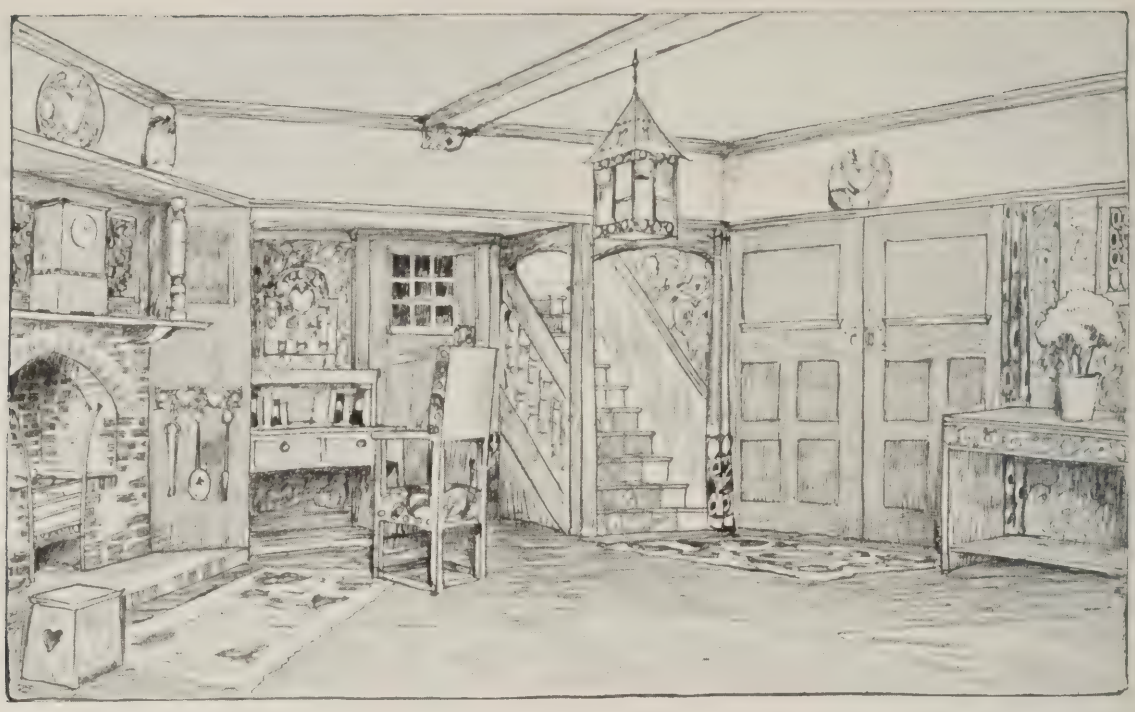
The true cause of art in this respect has suffered much from its unintelligent votaries. The simplicity, repose, and absence of all straining after effect which is the mark of good work, is rarely to be met with, and it is often replaced by a frantic striving for originality, for the new thing of to-day which to-morrow will be hopelessly out of date. And so rooms are filled with furnishings which, cunningly designed to catch the taste of the moment, become for evermore an incubus and an eyesore. The very term "artistic" has become so associated with work which is aggressive in character that one hesitates to use it in connection with quiet and unassuming design.

Just as in literature the noblest work is little more than telling a plain unvarnished tale in a simple way, so we find in design the tendency to return to simple forms and modes of construction, a tendency to deal with materials in a reasonable way, uninfluenced by tradition or convention.

There is so much unconscious slavery to prece-



FIRST FLOOR PLAN
M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT



HALL AND STAIRCASE — M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

dent and custom in house furnishing, that the application of common sense to the subject has often an *outré* effect, and the custom-ridden mind is startled and shocked by the simplest attempt to solve a practical problem in a common-sense way, and without reference to precedent.

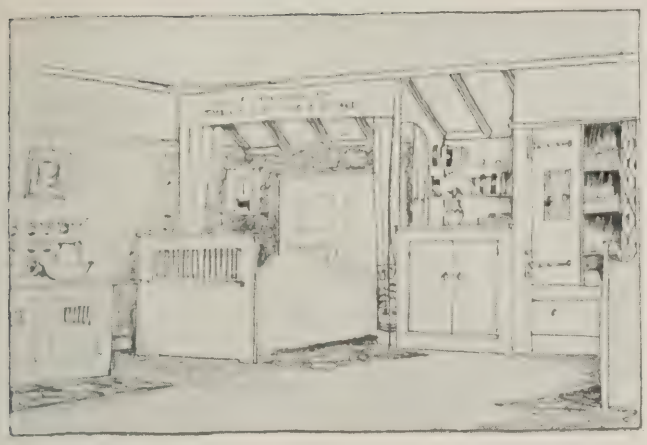
Every architect must be familiar with the quaint idea of the speculative builder with regard to skirting-boards. In the kitchen it may possibly be as much as seven inches high, in the back parlour nine, and in the front parlour probably as much as eleven or even fourteen. It increases in height in direct ratio to the magnificence of the room, and a similar superstition obtains in the case of the windows. Every one must be familiar with the abnormally large windows which are considered necessary in so many modern houses. The owner of these wide expanses of plate-glass will probably tell you that he likes plenty of light and air, and hence the large windows. But a glance at the furnishings of the windows, obscured as they are by heavy curtains and blinds, show that this argument is more ingenious than ingenuous.

There is, however, a definite purpose in these large windows. It is not to admit light, as one might suppose, but to show to the ordinary passer-by the splendour of the lace curtains, the table, and vase, and venetian blinds above. This dressing of the window for the benefit of the passer-by is the unconscious survival of the instincts of the shopkeeper, and represents the principle applied to the home which has been practised in the shop.

And then all this cumbersome and expensively ugly machinery of venetian blinds and curtain-poles is evidently regarded in some way as a kind of patent of gentility, and shows to those in the street that the house is inhabited by people who make themselves uncomfortable at least once in the week surrounded by the varnished triumphs of the modern cabinetmaker.

When one considers the enormous prevalence of these houses, and the narrow lives which they suggest, it is with a feeling of intense relief that one turns to the contemplation of a simple and unpretentious house.

The natural reaction from the dry mechanical routine of modern life leads to a demand for Romance in every form. In the form of fiction it supplies a retreat, an escape for the mind to an enchanted realm where thrilling deeds may be done without danger, and beautiful habitations enjoyed without expense. In the treatment of the home a more real and permanent haven may be secured. Here at least we may say there shall be no reflection of exterior ugliness. On crossing this threshold we pass into a charmed territory where everything



BEDROOM M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

shall be in harmony. Distractions and discomforts, all discordant colours and inharmonious sound shall be here replaced by repose and restfulness, by warmth and lightness.

In turning now to the more special consideration of the house illustrated, it may be well to remark at the outset that it is not proposed to give a definite recipe suggestive of the cookery-book for the treatment of each room, but some few remarks only will be made on possible decorative schemes. In the drawing-room, for instance, there may be a choice between a glowing warmth of tone or a dainty coolness of treatment. If the former is chosen, we may start with a golden yellow or orange wall-paper, glowing and palpitating with rich colour. The woodwork may be painted a yellowish-white, and the furniture generally also warm white. The same tones of yellow and orange may be repeated through the room in curtains, cushions, and other materials, and then the general tone may be broken with some single piece of furniture in green stained oak. Copper may be introduced in the form of sconces or plaques to help and vary the scheme, and on the floor a warm Oriental carpet may be surrounded with green felt.

Or again, suppose a cooler scheme is chosen, white again may be used for the woodwork, the walls covered with a greenish-blue paper, and the whole room treated in subtle tones of bluish-green and greenish-blue, running into purples with white, and a few touches of orange in copper or pottery.

The final effect of such a scheme will depend first on the clearly defined conception, and then on the patient choosing of every detail to form a part of the original idea.



DRAWING-ROOM M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

Taking the front door now as a natural starting-point for a consideration of the house, one is greeted on the threshold by that essentially modern requirement, a bicycle-room, which will also supply a resting-place for coats and hats. To the right is the inner partly glazed door to the hall, which is lighted by a row of mullioned panes with a broad window-seat. The sketch shows the corner fireplace with its brick arch and two shelves and the staircase, which is treated in a simple and cottage-like style.

As will be seen on referring to the plan, nearly the whole of the wall space in the hall is comprised in the sliding partitions to the dining-room and drawing-room, and the doors to porch and serving-room. The effect will thus be that of a panelled room, and it will be a matter of individual taste as to how this panelling should be treated. It may be low-toned fumigated oak or stained pine, or it may be green stained or painted white.

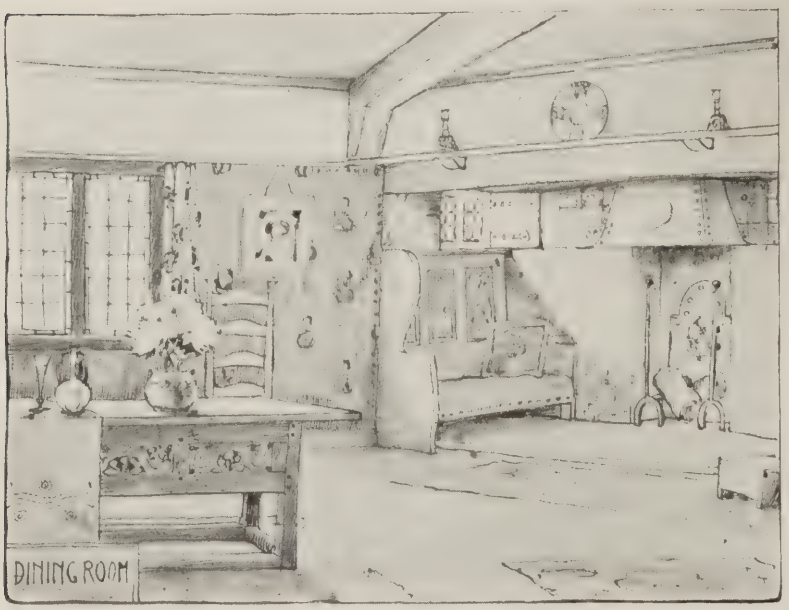
In the sketch the low-toned treatment is suggested, and above the dark wood a frieze of plain creamy plaster. Here, if funds allow, a modelled frieze in white would be a pleasing addition, or a broad and simple stencil pattern.

The furnishing of this hall is shown almost entirely in the sketch.

A little writing-table at the side of the fireplace and another small table at the side of the drawing-room door, with a chair and a small stool at the fireside, a copper candle sconce over the writing-table, a simple wooden clock on the mantelpiece (instead of the usual handsome marble timepiece), a few rugs on the floor, a copper coalscuttle, and fireirons in wrought iron and copper hanging in a row at the side of the fire. This is the inventory of the furniture.



STAIRCASE M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT



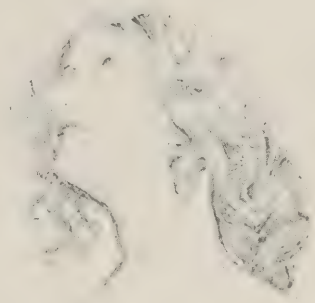
DINING-ROOM M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

In the dining-room the most striking feature is the ingle-nook in the corner with its red-brick back, Dutch tiles, and copper hood, and its wide brick hearth.

The table is of solid construction and as narrow as may be, the chairs rush-bottomed, and the sideboard of the dresser kind. The walls are hung with low-toned stencilled canvas, and on this a few pictures are carefully placed —pictures, not framed, mounted, and glazed in the usual conventional way, but possessing the same qualities of breadth and simplicity which have been aimed at throughout.

(*Continued on page* 177.)

LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF BYAM SHAW

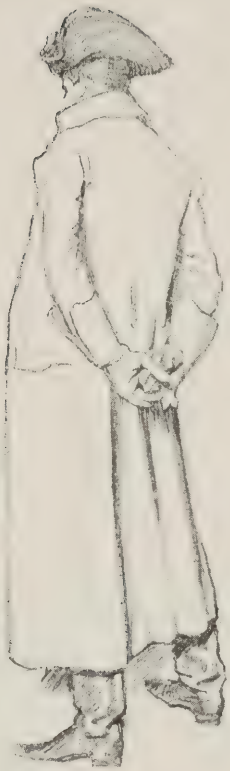




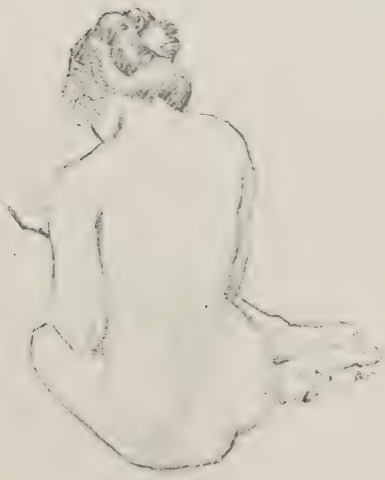
*** *The article which appeared in the May number of this year will have made readers of* The Studio *familiar with the work of Mr. Byam Shaw, whose Academy picture, "Love's Baubles," has just been purchased for the Walker Art Gallery by the Corporation of Liverpool. The drawings here reproduced are selected from the pencil studies made by this talented young artist for the illustrations to a recently published edition of Robert Browning's Poems.*













In the drawing-room the piano is an important item in the furnishing, and has its particular shuttered window. It is of the type which has been previously illustrated and described in THE STUDIO. A cabinet for music-books, &c., stands against the west wall, and to the left of this is the corner window, with its floor raised a step up from the floor of the room itself and with a broad, low window-seat. The ingle-nook is fitted with an arrangement of dainty, rounded, tapered posts with shelves, cupboards, and seats, as shown in the illustration. A few pictures, a few comfortable chairs, and a small table, complete the furnishing of this room.

The lighting of these rooms should be with lamps and candles when electric-light is not available. A central hanging lamp in hall and dining-room, and a standard and table lamp in the drawing-room, all of simple, homely iron work, with a few candles in sconces on the walls, will be all that is required.

The sketch of the staircase-landing gives some idea of its cottage-like character, and another illustration suggests the character of one of the bedrooms furnished with white woodwork and fitments.

The effect of the exterior is gained more by the proportion of the masses than by applied decoration. Warm-toned brickwork and tiles and broad spaces of white rough-cast with half timber-work are the materials employed.

The house was designed for a site with a western frontage to the road, and the small garden is laid out on simple and somewhat formal lines.

THE COLOURED PRINTS OF MR. W. P. NICHOLSON. BY GLEESON WHITE.

AN increasing knowledge of the marvels of colour-printing from the hands of the artists of old Japan has naturally provoked Western craftsmen to experiment anew with chromo-xylography. Readers of THE STUDIO need not to be reminded of the French and English efforts to recapture the beauty of the methods employed by Shunso, Haronobu, Utamaro, and the rest; for facsimiles of work by MM. Henri Rivière, J. D. Batten and others, have been reproduced in these pages. It is clear that many of these were far more obviously inspired by Japanese xylography than are the coloured woodcuts which Mr. W. P. Nicholson has executed. Yet, although his designs betray scarce a trace of Japanese convention, and are unconcerned with the subtleties of transparent pigment, and eschew intricate pattern-making, in spirit they are in many ways closer rivals of the Japanese prints than are any previous attempts of Western art. It is scarce overstating the fact to declare that, so far as his technique is concerned, Mr. Nicholson might never have seen a Japanese print. In every detail his work is conceived differently. For his colour, his arrangement of masses, and his choice of subjects, are entirely Western. Yet in the unerring selection of essentials, and his lucid expression of the truth and nothing but the truth of his subject as he sees it, he is at one with the great Oriental draughtsmen that Europe—tardily it may be—has at last named among the masters; not greater nor less, but co-equal in the hierarchy of artists.

If a pedigree were needed, the woodcuts of the earlier English school, and the curiously limited yet interesting work of Joseph Crawhall, might be found to contain some qualities that Mr. Nicholson has



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
(*"The New Review." W. Heinemann*)



"ARCHERY" FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
(*"An Almanac." W. Heinemann*)

developed and perfected. But without any further attempt to account for his artistic forbears, it seems enough to recognise, first, that he has discovered and obeyed the capabilities of his material, and secondly, that his art is not based on that of Florence, nor of Nuremburg, any more than it stops short at the thirteenth century, or "the cultivated Court of the Empress Josephine." He has taken the oldest method of the illustrator—wood-cutting—and without unduly regarding or entirely ignoring the traditions of his predecessors, has endeavoured to express his aspect of things in his own way. It is true that Mr. Nicholson uses the graver, and works with it on the end of the grain, pushing the tool from him. Thus his work is technically 'wood-engraving' and not 'wood-cutting'; but the spirit is the spirit of the old wood-cut, not of the modern rival of steel or copper-plate engraving.

Mr. Nicholson's style is distinguished by peculiar largeness of handling. In fact so bold is his touch, that we can see at once he does not discard process from any mistrust of its power to reproduce his work accurately. But this very largeness is due in no small degree to the less tractable material. When you are cutting a rigid substance, it is but natural to aim for the greatest effect by the least labour, and Mr. Nicholson is so entirely devoted to the expression of his work in wood, that he declares it would take him far longer to complete the same composition by brush. As you study his designs you see that they are absolutely dependent on their material. He has simplified his drawing to the farthest point; but this implies something near exact perfection in the drawing which remains. If the few hints are precisely accurate, the eye fills up the contour without effort. In the portrait of Mr. Whistler, the black clothed figure is seen (above the waist) against a black background. Practically, it ends there and imagination



"BOATING" FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
(*"An Almanac." W. Heinemann*)



"PORTRAIT STUDY OF W. P. NICHOLSON." BY J. PRYDE





FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
("*An Alphabet.*" *W. Heinemann*)

only continues it, yet it would seem as if the coat were as distinctly made out as the head. Your intellect assures you that from the waist to the head there is nothing but blank immensity of space; but your instinct detaches the torso of the figure as positively as if it were silhouetted against a white background.

The art of leaving out is the proof of perfect acquaintance with the art of putting in. You may put in a few truths and a hundred falsities, and the result will be like most facts, a mixture of wrong and right. If, however, you leave out all but a few hints, these must be aimed at the bull's eye, so that no one can be misguided. Mr. Nicholson states the few facts he cares to supply with straightforward vigour, the rest he leaves to the observer. Not that his pictures are prize puzzles; but, like many simple axioms, they satisfy the unlearned and the philosopher equally.

No little of the attractiveness of his woodcuts is due to the added colour, but as some of his earlier and unpublished work proves, it is not this which gives them their singular charm and veracity. And this veracity is not merely arithmetical completeness. The less demonstrable "Art" is there, and the personality of expression which is inseparable from good art is also there in ample quantity. Another quality not absolutely essential to art, but very rarely absent, is humour, and Mr. Nicholson's humour is frank and virile. He is no decadent with morbid suggestiveness, no ultra-precious "symbolist" or intensely Gothic person. All these have their place in the scheme of things, and in some moods—perverted maybe—they give some of us real pleasure. But at others, a healthy delight in flesh and blood, an open-air view of life demands less highly-spiced fare. Then a Velasquez or a Holbein arouses enthusiastic praise, and at such times the fine steadiness of Mr. Nicholson's woodcuts satisfies even a greedy appetite.

The portrait of *Her Majesty the Queen*, the first of the now famous series published in *The New Review*, which won instant fame for its author, has been the subject of a well-deserved eulogy by Mr. Joseph Pennell, so generous and thorough that it is needless to add a word. It is true that a few worthy people still regard it askance as a caricature, but these same people admire many atrocious chromolithographs of the venerable monarch, and are apparently blind to the true vulgarity of their favourite representations of the great Queen. The simple fact remains that to many people not unfamilar with the greatest works of art, this portrait is the most stately and the most reverent of any they have seen. The isolation of the figure, its dignity and its domesticity, reveal the two aspects which have made our



FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
("*An Alphabet.*" *W. Heinemann*)



FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
("*An Alphabet.*" *W. Heinemann*)

lady of Windsor the greatest figure in modern Europe. Looking at it, we realise the personality that has been as loyal to British ideals as the great Empire, which has come to its majority beneath her sway, has been loyal to its Queen. Turn from this to the portrait of Madame Bernhardt and you find that Mr. Nicholson is not a player with a single string. The divine Sarah again witches you with her peculiar fascination. You go to see her in a new part, full of insular prejudice and resolved to remain a perfectly impassive critic, and before she has spoken a dozen words you are again a mere abject slave. That is a common experience ; and in this print you are confronted not by the erratic lady of the many paragraphs but by the immortal Sarah who masters you and makes you credit her with any virtue she cares to claim. The portrait of Mr. Whistler shows no less distinctly different quality. It is—Mr. Whistler ; and it would be hard to add anything to that statement. For the complex personality that has impressed itself alike on foes and friends is not to be defined by any statement in words so epigrammatic and complete as is this coloured print.

Two volumes of wood engravings by Mr. Nicholson, to be published at popular prices by Mr. Heinemann, which will reach the public about the time this number appears, deserve long columns of appreciation. Yet it were mere fatuity to set oneself to describe the two dozen designs in *An Alphabet*, or the dozen in *An Almanac*. In the first, A, for Actor—you have Mr. Nicholson's caricature of himself in *formâ pauperis*—a most good-humoured travesty ; and in "B was a Beggar"—it might be possible to identify his colleague—when as the Beggarstaff Brothers, Mr. Pryde collaborated with Mr. Nicholson in the famous series of posters which it would be an insult to imagine the readers of this magazine do not know by heart. In C, for Countess, the shade of Velasquez would delight could he see it. E, for Earl, or E, for Executioner (the *Edition de Luxe* contains the latter subject which was considered too "gory" for juveniles) are both as good as they make them, which is slang, but also accurate. F, a flower girl with her basket of roses, is notably fine in colour—but space forbids even a bare catalogue of the rest. L, Lady, R, Robber, T, Topers, V, Villain, Y, Yokel, X, Xylographer (a happy choice for this alphabet), Z, Zoologist, are all memorable. In the almanac the single figures of the alphabet are replaced at times by groups, and the horses show that the author of *Persimmon* (the first published, by the way, of these engravings) is as well versed in equine character as in the peculiarities of humanity. That these volumes will be eagerly acquired by all



FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
("*An Alphabet.*" *W. Heinemann*)

lovers of modern art is a certainty, for they are at once new and good in a simple straightforward way that comes with still greater freshness after a pause during which subtlety and simplicity have been almost omnipotent.

In Mr. Nicholson we have a singularly novel force, that it is delightful to remember is wholly British, and a proof that the vitality of British imagination and power is not limited to any particular school. He is outside the schools. He is neither an impressionist nor a "decorative" artist. In many respects his methods are nearer the first, but his achievements are entirely decorative in the best sense of a much abused term.

Perhaps the secret, if there be one, is that he is fully an artist. And if a man be that the idiom through which he elects to speak is supremely unimportant. There are many things which delight for a time, and yet all the while no devotee believes in their lasting power to charm. In fact, because you enjoy them so keenly at the moment, you feel inclined to distrust their power to arouse equal enthusiam a year or ten years hence. But the engravings of Mr. Nicholson do not belong to the *bric-à-brac* of the moment, but to good and sufficient craft that looks as if it would wear well. We are justified in expecting much from him.

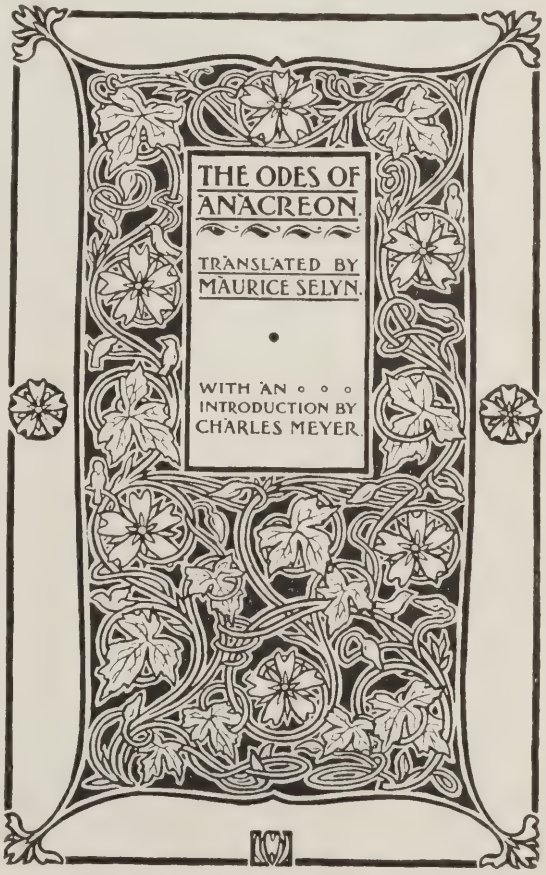
G. W.

MR. CHRISTOPHER DEAN, DESIGNER AND ILLUSTRATOR.

THE army of black-and-white draughtsmen is constantly being reinforced by recruits fresh from Art-Schools, in London and the provinces. There are "the younger generation knocking at the door," of whom we have heard much since Ibsen coined the phrase. It is difficult for the best-intentioned critic to be judicially impartial in his estimate of their work. If promise is there, he is apt to be unduly lenient, and if the new comer shows a high standard of academic craft, he hopes, often against the result of his experience, that with the increased facility which is only to be gained by practice, something more than mere craft may be developed.

In devoting some short articles to the newer designers, we hope to open the door to some few who stand knocking; but it is necessary to guard against a false impression being deduced. The works illustrated may be quite worthy to take their place in the open market, or they may only betray promise of better things. But in neither case is it the intention of THE STUDIO to put forward these younger artists as its "discoveries," much less to hail any one of them as a new genius. In the crowd of candidates for popular favour, some often fail to gain a hearing. It is not every boy or girl, scarce out of their teens, who has the needful confidence in his or her powers to force unsolicited interviews upon art-editors. Nor, even if the draughtsman is much older, is it a very pleasant ordeal to open a portfolio and stand demurely by while a harassed editor is scanning his wares. Only those who have already experienced the criticism of silence, which is worse than open censure, can realise the utter despair it inflicts. Some people never overcome the natural dislike to submit the result of much care and effort to strangers; such, by their nervous, hasty depreciation of their own work, do much to prejudice their case.

In treating of these younger artists, some already fairly well known, and others whose work is still unpublished, THE STUDIO is but endeavouring to



BOOK COVER BY CHRISTOPHER DEAN

give them the chance of winning new friends by the reproduction of their designs. Hence it seems best to let such examples be accompanied by a few notes pointing out their most salient merits, and, as a rule, letting the defects, if any, speak for themselves. The best test of any drawing intended for publication is surely to see it taking part in an actual book, with all the accessories of type and the conventional margin of the page. If it has qualities that suffer by process-reproduction, the artist will learn far more by seeing his work in print subject to all normal conditions, than by any theoretical criticism.

But Mr. Christopher Dean, the designer whose work is the subject of this first article, is hardly a typical example of the beginner, for his work has already found favour in the eyes of publishers; and that he is not better known in London is due partly to the fact that, until lately, his home has been in Glasgow.

That he has grasped the essentials of decoration in black-and-white is evident enough from these examples; that he is yet, like most younger men, influenced, unconsciously it may be, by the fashion of the period, is also clear. Here it would be uncourteous to indicate where his work betrays such influence; for in many details, notably in the border to *Hail the new-born King*, he has already found a distinctly personal expression. Like not a few black-and-white men to-day, in his quest for strength and vigour he sometimes passes by beauty. That all faces should be "pretty" in a petty sense is not desirable; but beauty should be the real effort of an illustrator, and that this can be gained with no sacrifice of other qualities is self-evident in the work of many artists who use the Dürer line. Whether it be the silver-points of a Helleu, the pen drawing of a Steinlen or an Abbey, or the pencil-studies of a Burne-Jones, facial beauty is discovered to be there with no loss of strength.



BOOK COVER BY CHRISTOPHER DEAN

The vigour and the clever disposition of his masses in a border supply a test-example to a designer. Mr. Dean succeeds here unmistakably. His border to the full page (with a not wholly fascinating wood-nymph for its central panel) has structural growth, and turns its surrounding corners deftly. So again he may be praised for his generally admirable use of solid blacks. His lettering is well placed, if not always sufficiently formal in the alphabets he employs to satisfy a purist. In short, without any wish to exag-



FROM A DRAWING BY
CHRISTOPHER DEAN



"A WOOD-NYMPH." FROM
A DRAWING BY
CHRISTOPHER DEAN



HEAD-PIECE BY CHRISTOPHER DEAN

gerate the merits of these designs, one may safely leave them to undergo the criticism of fellow-workers, who, if they be more eager to recognise excellence than to detect blemishes, will find no little to appreciate in the examples here reproduced; and will recognise in Mr. Dean one who may develop an interesting method of his own, wherein those who love to seek racial expression may discover Celtic interlacing as the structural form of foliage freely treated.

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—The Institute of Painters in Oil Colours has gathered for its annual exhibition the usual rather mixed collection of good, bad, and indifferent canvases which is characteristic of its shows. Fortunately, this year the number of good pictures is, in proportion to the total exhibited, a good deal larger than on most previous occasions, and of landscapes especially there is quite a considerable array that claims something more than passing attention. The strength of this part of the show is chiefly owing to the contributions of Mr. Leslie Thomson, whose *Wareham* and *Skerries* are in his best and most scholarly manner; Mr. J. L. Pickering, whose *Holy Island* is admirably vigorous and direct; Mr. Aumonier; Mr. Yeend King; and Mr. Peppercorn, whose study of grey weather in the Solent is exquisitely subtle and yet perfectly definite and expressive. Mr. Alfred East, too, is seen in his happiest mood in a fascinating study of a stretch of river, *Between Abbeville and Amiens;* and Mr. R. W. Allan's harbour-subject, *Starting for the Herring Fishery*, is by no means an unworthy example of an artist whose *Wild North Sea* was one of the features of the last Academy. The best of the figure-subjects are Mr. G. Wetherbee's charmingly designed *Nymph of the Stream;* Mr. James Clark's florid composition, *The Fountain;* Mr. G. F. Watts's sumptuous study of a girl's head; and the fluent sketch, *Egyptian Indigo Dyers*, by Mr. J. S. Sargent. An interesting study of a London subject, *The Monument and Gracechurch Street from the Church of St. Magnus*, by Mr. George Thomson, is very well worthy of attention.

At the Grafton Gallery there is a good deal of sound workmanship and interesting material in the exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters. Many of our more prominent painters are well represented, and most of the better known members of the society send adequate examples of their work, so that, in spite of the absence of popular favourites like Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. Solomon, or Mr. Orchardson, the general level of the show is well maintained. One of the most striking canvases is Professor Herkomer's *General Booth*, a wonderful study of character, expressed with amazing force; and places in the front rank are distinctly due to Mr. Greiffenhagen's extremely skilful *Miss Mamie Bowles;* Mr. Arthur Melville's *Opal and Grey*, a fascinating full-length of a lady in a grey dress; Mr. Whistler's tiny portrait of the late C. E. Holloway; Mr. Frank Daniel's *Poppies;* Mr. Borough Johnson's portrait of himself; Mr. F. M. Skipworth's *Kenneth Havers, Esq.;* and Mr. Lavery's *Portrait of a German Lady*. The best contributions by foreign artists are M. Aman Jean's *Madame X.;* M. Blanche's *Miss Capel;* M. Wauters's extremely skilful pastel drawing of Mr. M. H. Spielmann; and a large full-length of a lady by M. Neven du Mont. The importance of the exhibition is greatly increased by the addition of certain pictures by artists no longer living, the

chief of which are the *Shelling Peas*, by Sir John Millais, and Frank Holl's superb half-length of Lord Spencer.

The winter exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists consists entirely of the work of members, and is, possibly on that account, rather more interesting than usual. It includes a few really remarkable things, of which the chief is certainly the large tempera cartoon executed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones in 1892 for the mosaic in the Church of St. Paul in Rome. It is a characteristic example of his design treated in low tones of colour and with great richness of detail. Mr. Borough Johnson's *Eve's First View of Herself* is extremely refined and delicate, and is distinctly pleasant in colour; and Mr. Cayley Robinson's *Return of Spring* is agreeable in motive and is treated with no little skill. One of the best modern life studies is Mr. O. Eckhardt's water-colour, *Roses, Roses, all the Way*, and to the same class belong clever things by Mr S. H. Sime, Mr. R. Ponsonby Staples, and Mr. Manuel. Landscapes of importance are not numerous, but Mr. G. C. Haité's *Between the Lights*, Mr. Lee Hankey's water-colours, *A Road by the Sea* and *A Clover Field*, and Mr. A. Meade's *Morn*, are in various ways quite excellent. A curious study of character, by Mr. H. M. Livens, called *A Lesson in Anatomy*, is also worth notice.

The annual exhibition of the Royal College of Art Vacation Sketching Club was opened on October 22, in a room in the Western Galleries of the South Kensington Museum. It is always an interesting display; for, by reason of most of the work being done away from the influence of masters, and, indeed, being to a considerable extent in methods which do not form part of the regular course of instruction at the College, one expects and generally finds a much greater exposition of individuality than is usual in exhibitions of this kind. But on the present occasion it happens that the highest average of excellence is found in the etchings, where it is undoubtedly due to valuable and intelligent instruction. Miss Constance M. Pott has an aquatint of *The Old Chain Pier, Brighton*, as well as a more formal view of *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, of quite unusual merit. A detail often neglected, but in the present case so satisfactory as to deserve special mention, is the excellent engraving (with the burin) of the title and coat of arms below the last-mentioned subject. Mr. A. Hugh Fisher has also done some charming work; his *Jubilee Procession Passing St. Clement Danes* ought to be extremely popular. Mr. Morgan's plates are distinguishable for good composition and the exercise of that severe virtue, reticence; and Miss Gertrude Hayes exhibits a careful and intelligent study of an *Old Man's Head*.

In the various classes of painting there is, perhaps, more definitely good work shown than has been the case for several years. It is a little difficult to make comparisons among that of the various exhibitors, working as they do from points of view so widely varying. As a collection of studies, the set by Mr. Rook is perhaps the most satisfactory; they are carefully and simply thought out, unusually clear and brilliant in colour, and while the choice of a problem has never been sacrificed to mere picture-making, the result is often as good as if the latter quality had been the first essential. In this category also may be placed the sets shown by Messrs. Appleyard and Vokes. Mr. Vokes exhibits also a more finished work of considerable merit. Two remarkable pictures are shown by Mr. D. Snowdon, in which very difficult passages of evening light are treated in an almost masterly manner. Mr. Morgan and Mr. J. Wallis also have grappled with similar subjects with success.

Among other work of merit may be instanced an excellent study of foliage by Mr. H. Watson; and two strong and cleanly worked figure-subjects in water-colours by Mr. Lenfestey. These should certainly be seen later at more public exhibitions. Mr. H. P. Clifford shows a distinct advance on his earlier work, and is now attaining a mastery of water-colours which should carry him far. Mr. Ogden, choosing a simple and straightforward method of work, has a set of studies which are very pleasing. We lack space to more than mention other good work shown by Messrs. Onions, Collister, A. Hugh Fisher, and others; one sketch by the former student is very dainty. In Section B (for elementary students), Miss Noble has a series of studies of birds which are astonishingly good; in Section C (for former students of the College), Miss Agnes Jones exhibits some very pleasant water-colours; and in the class for portraits Miss Blakeney has two clever pastels. But of all the work in the exhibition the most remarkable is contributed by Mr. Shackleton. He sends a long upright panel, in an effective technique of his own which it is difficult to identify. In composition, in colour, and in imaginative power it is

such a production as is rarely seen outside the most advanced exhibitions.

The winter exhibition by members of the New English Art Club is by no means wanting in matter for serious consideration. A really large proportion of the total number of pictures and drawings can fairly claim to be regarded as expressing original ideas on the subject of technique, or as illustrating æsthetic convictions that plainly depart from the beaten track. Much of the work shown is, moreover, unusually important in scale and of remarkable merit. Mr. C. H. Shannon's *Souvenir of Van Dyck*, a fascinating study in silvery greys and warm browns, has extraordinary interest as a piece of notable handling; Mr. J. E. Christie's *Wheel of Fortune* is a valuable illustration of quaintness in imagining; Mr. Francis Bate's *Through the Trees*; Professor Brown's *The Mill Stream* and *Nidderdale*; Mr. P. W. Steer's *Knaresborough*; and Mr. Moffat Lindner's *Sunset after Rough Weather* are excellent interpretations of nature; and Mr. George Thomson's *The Woodcutter*, Mr. H. Tonks's *The Shadow of the Cliff*, and a variety of other characteristic studies show the sincerity of view and the power of statement which are typical of the exhibitions of the club.

The collection of *Gleanings from Italy*, by Miss Rosa Wallis, which has been on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery, deserves to be recorded as a very pleasant display of delicate colour and dainty technique. All the drawings were small in size and dealt rather with the nooks and corners of the country than with its spectacular and imposing features; and the Exhibition gained in attractiveness by this avoidance of the beaten track. It was altogether a very creditable show.



MURAL DECORATION BY MRS. TRAQUAIR

EDINBURGH.—It is not to the North that we look for art opulent with the colour and warmth of the South. For gold, silver, and precious stones, garments whose hems run along with dainty embroideries, and paint bright with the freshness of art's springtide, we turn to Florence, to the Riccardi Chapel, or we sit down in front of the Gentile da Fabriano in the Academia, to delight ourselves in the contemplation of perfect setting of jewels, delicacy of traceries, richness of inlaying and of colouring. In the grey cold North it is sombre art that we are led to look for. Therefore, when in Scotland's capital we turn a corner and find ourselves in the small chapel behind the choir-stalls of the Catholic Apostolic Church in Broughton Street, it is little wonder if we catch our breath at surroundings so rich and so little anticipated. For the



MURAL DECORATION BY MRS. TRAQUAIR

whole Chapel scintillates and glows like a jewelled crown. Bright blossoms and foliage inlay upon the gold background their curving spirals of rubied flower and rich, broad leaf. They wreathe themselves round the panels, which are a progressive series of pictures, and form a deep-set golden frame to each.

The subject of the decoration of the Chapel, which is the work of Mrs. Traquair, is a continuous poetic meditation on the parable of the Ten Virgins. It is conceived on broader lines than the Gospel story, or perhaps, we should rather say, it gives back to the parable the full richness and maturity that the enlightenment of the ages has taught humanity to discern in it. The first and great point in this decoration is that it is a delight to the eye. What we see at a glance is richness, purity of colour and imaginative picture-subjects, full of delicate imagery. And, moreover, it is not difficult to recognise that the artist has seized hold of some eternal passions and needs of the human heart and made them live afresh for us on the walls of this beautiful little Norman Chapel. Nor is it difficult to see that art has been used here (though with absolute integrity) as the expression of an individual emotional life. The fruit of one age is the food of another, and it is with the fruit of the mediæval age that this artist has sustained her art. Her work glows with the feeling and colour of the mediæval school, yet she has rendered her thoughts in a way that is completely modern.

The first panel represents the ten Virgins setting forth. They all start equally eager; they are equally equipped with lamps for their life's journey; lamps, or oil vessels, golden, inlaid and glittering, such as would delight a maiden's heart to keep trimmed and burning. Neither here nor elsewhere are the faces of the maidens strictly beautiful. The type is an unconventional one, full of emotional expression, with the peculiar interest and beauty that this alone can bring. In the second panel of the series, the maidens have advanced on their journey, the dawn is far behind them, the sun is low upon the horizon. Two of them have fallen by the wayside, and three more lean with drooping heads against their sisters. Weariness has crept into the whole picture. Even the brave unflagging five show signs of a painful eagerness to reach the goal. Strain is in every gesture.

On the south wall, close to this panel, is a smaller one of two angels supporting the watchman on his watch-tower, below which are the words, "The vision tarrieth, wait for it!" Above, on the barrel roof, is a continuation of the Heavenly Garden, where angels are ascending and descending as though they walked in and out at will among men as a matter of course. The next panel deals with the awakening. It is almost childlike in its simplicity, the gestures of doubt, surprise, and dismay among the foolish, who attempt to pour oil from empty vessels, remind one of the naïveté of a Carpaccio. Though the wise here have the suscepti-

bilities and intuitions of the nobler kind of souls, the foolish claim more of our sympathy.

Mrs. Traquair's work is not for the proletariat crowd, for the proletariat crowd have not got her artist's passion for pure and beautiful colour, nor her reverence for, and delight in, pure and beautiful thought. It will, however, always appeal to the simple-hearted everywhere, and to those whose culture has led them to discern, when they see it, the true value of inspired work like this, which is lawless and unrestrained only because the artist has set before herself a higher aim than working to a conventional standard. M. L. M.

OXFORD.—The Oxford Art Society has just opened its annual exhibition in one of the rooms of the new Municipal Buildings. If the majority of the exhibits deserve to be dismissed as amateurish, they are at least free from the pretentiousness which so often characterises the work of those to whom painting is a pastime rather than a profession. The interest of the exhibition undoubtedly centres in the screen on which is hung a selection of exquisite studies by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Amongst these, the most interesting, because the least familiar, are two very distinguished designs in gold for metal-work, which are dated 1896. The assured dexterity of Mr. Albert Goodwin's water-colours, of which several examples are shown, is in acute and almost grotesque contrast to the tentative technique of the pictures by which they are surrounded. His *Whitby* is remarkable for its elaborate detail and harmonious colour. Mr. Fulleylove's drawings of the Bodleian Library and the library of Merton College are thoroughly workmanlike, and their presence emphasises Mr. Walter Tyrwhitt's failure to achieve success in a representation of a Gothic interior, entitled *The Knight's Tomb*. A design for a reredos for Holy Trinity Church, Florence, by Mr. R. Spencer Stanhope, is quite agreeably decorative if not particularly original.

Mr. T. F. M. Sheard sends six pictures of unequal merit, and Mr. Carleton Grant has several pictures in which the predominant note is deep bluish-purple. He so frequently repeats this effect that his work is open to the charge of monotony. The arrangement of a Japanese doll, a green parasol, a yellow vase, and a blue and white tea-pot, which Mrs. Culmer entitles *Japonica*, is pleasantly fantastic. On the other hand, Mrs. Dockray's *Azalea House* and *Nature's Mirrors* have very little to recommend them. Mr. Briton Rivière's *Prometheus* is an old friend, Mr. G. Carline and Mr. Harry Goodwin have each several examples of their capable work. It is interesting to note that the vigorous art of black-and-white is on the whole well represented at Oxford, and includes some careful architectural drawings, amongst



MURAL DECORATION BY MRS. TRAQUAIR

(*See Edinburgh Studio-Talk*)

which a study of the Hall Staircase at Christ Church should be noticed. Miss Maud Sargent's *One, Two, Buckle My Shoe* and *Simple Simon* are good of their kind, and are altogether to be preferred to heroic attempts in oil and water-colour.

C. H.

GLASGOW.—The local art season may be said to commence with the opening of the Art Club Exhibition in the Royal Institute Galleries. The collection of pictures, which are entirely by the members of the Club, is one of a high artistic level, and well shows the vitality in art circles in the West of Scotland at the present time. In a future note I hope to make more detailed reference to many of the works exhibited.

Mr. Alexander Reid has open in the Société des Beaux Arts Galleries a select collection of pictures, mostly by the Glasgow School of Painters. Then Mr. W. B. Paterson has on view in his galleries a noteworthy collection of pictures by Monticelli, and some interesting examples of the Barbizon School. Messrs. Craibe, Angus and Son are showing a small but choice number of pictures by Corot, Daubigny, Deschamps, Mauve, Edward Stott, Mark Fisher, and others.

Picture exhibitions in the provincial towns in Scotland will not be so numerous this season, and therefore the call upon our artists for work will luckily not be so great as usual. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, painting out of doors has been difficult, and fewer pictures have been completed.

D. M.

DUNDEE.—Stewart Carmichael, of one of whose latest paintings we give an illustration, was born and educated in this town. Some ten years ago he determined to adopt his present profession in preference to that of an architect, and by means of much personal application, a couple of terms at Antwerp, and a period spent in travelling through the great art centres of Europe, he has developed considerable power and originality as a painter.

Being a Scot, and a patriotic Scot, nothing inspires his brush to such pathetic realism as a genuine native model. In *An Old Scotchwoman*, here re-



"AN OLD SCOTCH WOMAN" BY STEWART CARMICHAEL

produced, we have the accidental pose caught and recorded in a careful study of more than usually tender greys and browns. The worn hands, the time-honoured plaid, the "mutch" from which look out the tired features of the octogenarian—subjects such as this are truly national in character, and full of that pathos which has its counterpart in the finer elements of modern Scottish literature.

X.



PORTRAITS BY GEORGE SAUTER

(*See Munich Studio-Talk*)

DÜSSELDORF.—The Art Union of the Rhinelands and Westphalia which has contributed so greatly to the development of Rhenish art, has year by year, since its establishment in 1829, continued to progress with the happiest results. It has promoted the art of engraving on copper with great success; but above all it has been instrumental in supporting all sorts of artistic undertakings of a public character, accessible to all, and in some instances it has carried out the work by itself. The art productions in question are very numerous, and include altar paintings for churches and mural decorations for schools and town halls, stage curtains, statuary, &c. &c.

During the past month the Union was engaged, *inter alia* in the furtherance of Professor A. Kampf's scheme for the decoration of the Session Chamber in the Diet House at Burtscheid. I have had an opportunity of seeing the designs, and am delighted to be able to say at once that they promise to result in a work of art of great merit, and entirely modern in the best sense of the word. The scenes depicted are in no way "historical," as the word is usually understood, but deal rather with the aspects of the life of to-day; and this, so far as I know, is the first time in Germany that modern subjects have been considered worthy of representation in monumental wall decoration of this kind. A healthy innovation such as this must be welcomed with the utmost satisfaction.

A few weeks ago the Union to which I have been alluding—"Der Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen"—has received a commission for the decoration of the "Rittersaal" in the recently rebuilt castle at Burg a.-d. Wupper. The cost of the work has been fixed at 50,000 marks. The castle chapel is also to be decorated, and Willy Spatz, the painter, has been requested by the State to send in designs for the work. It is also in contemplation to entrust to another Düsseldorf artist the task of ornamenting the Ladies' Apartment within the castle.

The busy firm of Bismeyer and Kraus, art publishers to the Court, are proposing, with the assistance of a number of our best artists, to organise an International Exhibition of Lithographs

and Posters. This, one of the first displays of its kind in Germany, promises to be of great and varied interest. It will enable one to get an excellent general idea of the progress made in these important branches of art work, and in particular will show the extraordinary developments made in lithography. I shall have occasion to refer to this exhibition again. S.

MUNICH.—Among the artists who have been instrumental in promoting and furthering the new industrial art movement in Germany, a foremost place is held by H. E. von Berlepsch. He is a native of Switzerland, and came to Munich in 1876, after having been a pupil of the celebrated architect, Gottfried Semper in Zürich. In Munich he devoted himself to painting; but about the year 1884 he became actively engaged, both in word and in deed, in the development of modern art industries, and has steadily continued in the same path ever since, as is evident from the nature of the first "official" display of applied art in the Munich exhibition this year, which created a great sensation. Herr von Berlepsch is a man of extraordinary versatility—architect, landscapist, *littérateur*, and craftsman in one. Among his productions in the domain of applied art may be mentioned a large writing-table, richly ornamented with tasteful wood-carving and wrought-iron, and displaying even in the minutest details, just as in the bolder effects, a true sense of artistic feeling and grace of style; also two copper vessels, with oxidised bronze handles, with a vigorous design in leaves.



METAL WORK BY H. E. VON BERLEPSCH

Reference has already been made in these notes (see the August number of THE STUDIO) to George Sauter's double portrait, which is now reproduced here. The remarkable composition of the work, its delicate colour scheme, and the lifelike resemblance in the two faces—the son and daughter of Peter Cornelius, one of our best and foremost composers—made it one of the chief attractions in the Secession exhibition this year. Like Hubert Herkomer, George Sauter is of Bavarian origin, and, like him, has made England his home. Of late years, however, his works, unlike those of Herkomer, have found an ever-growing popularity and appreciation



POTTERY BY H. E. VON BERLEPSCH

in his South-German native land; and thus the news that Sauter is about to take up his abode permanently in Munich has been received here with the utmost satisfaction. As I mentioned some time ago, Sauter greatly distinguished himself in connection with the selection of English works for the Munich exhibition this year. The British school had never before been so well and worthily represented.

Linda Kögel, whose drawing, *Singing Girls*, is reproduced here, is one of the few women artists who, by their energy and passionate earnestness of purpose, have won an honourable place among their male colleagues in the world of art. Born in Berlin, Linda Kögel is a daughter of the Court chaplain of that name, a most accomplished and eloquent preacher, who was a great favourite at the Court of William I. For a long time she studied in Berlin, as a pupil of the talented Swiss artist, Karl Stauffer-Bern, lately deceased. Later on she came to Munich, where her master was Ludwig Herterich, familiar to readers of THE STUDIO by his recently published picture, *A Summer Evening*. Fräulein Kögel is chiefly



"CHILDREN SINGING" FROM AN ETCHING BY LINDA KÖGEL



"RICHARD III." FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ VON UHDE

remarkable for her delightfully delicate sense of colour. She handles her materials in truly artistic fashion, working out her colour schemes and light effects with indefatigable perseverance, and striving with nervous energy and entire conscientiousness to realise the desired results. Her work consists of portraits (that of her father being one of the best), delicately coloured still-life studies, and pictures of a religious nature, the Annunciation being one of the subjects of which she is particularly fond, and one which she is ever treating in some new light. Linda Kögel handles the etching needle with the same firmness and artistry as the brush. She was represented in the industrial art section of the Munich exhibition this year by two very beautiful and original works—a music-box in mahogany, with doors ornamented with paintings in a technique invented by herself, and a mirror, the framework of which was painted in similar fashion.

Fritz Von Uhde's painting, *Richard III.*, of which an illustration is here given, was fully described and criticised in the article upon the Munich Exhibition in the August number of THE STUDIO.

G. K.

VIENNA.—The interest in the Applied Arts is growing from day to day here, and there are two new collections now on view, one comprising some interesting specimens of ceramic art by Von Heider, exhibited at the Gartenbau-Gesellschaft, and the other containing the latest work of a young Austrian artist, Alphons Mucha, whose posters have been so much in vogue in Paris since the success of his Gismonda, the *affiche* for Madame Sarah Bernhardt, at the Renaissance. The book illustrations for the Oriental fairy tale, "Ilsée, Princesse de Tripoli" are much admired here, on account of their tasteful arrangement and adaptation of flower ornament and figures, and the artist's nice sense of colour. This exhibition also contains some good pencil and pen drawings, which demonstrate the artist's characteristics better than anything else. The designs for stained-glass windows are likewise seen to advantage in the discreet and artistic arrangement of Artaria and Co.'s Salons, and the whole impression is indeed a very favourable one. This little exhibition should be conducive to good

by opening the eyes of the public to the artistic movement of the day.

W. S.

BRUSSELS.—The removal, tardy though it be, of the flags, large and small, the gilded plaster figures, the masts and other more or less decorative objects which were supposed to adorn the streets of Brussels during the Exhibition, has been a real relief to the inhabitants ; and even the newspapers which expressed the greatest enthusiasm for the promoters of "applied art in the streets," and this the latest manifestation of their inexhaustible resource, have been obliged to admit that "it was high time this deplorable display of discoloured rags and rubbish was put out of sight" ; with the further remark that "the experiment is final, and a lesson to the organisers of our fêtes."

One cannot but regret, however, that the lesson should have been somewhat expensive. More than 100,000 francs, it is said, were squandered on this "experiment," despite the fact that the lamentable result had been foreseen by every one, and that the previous exploits of the same promoters of "applied art in the streets" were not such as to inspire much confidence. It is to be hoped that the question is now thoroughly understood, and that there will be no repetition of the error.

The "Musée Moderne" has been rearranged by a committee consisting of MM. Robie, A. J. Wauters, and L. Cardon. The change is undoubtedly for the better, and several of the galleries, notably those containing the masterpieces of painting signed "H. Leys" and "Alfred Stevens," present a really excellent appearance. M. L. Cardon has presented to the Museum three valuable pictures—a quaint portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a portrait by J. Lies of his confrère H. Leys, and an open-air picture by M. Léopold Stevens, a son of Alfred Stevens.

In the sculpture department of the "Musée Moderne" there has been placed a work by M. Paul Devigne. It is a life-size marble figure, called *Poverella*. Like all the productions of this unfortunate artist, whose illness has put a stop to his labours, the present work is marked by the greatest care, and shows profound knowledge of form and treatment.

The series of winter Exhibitions has been commenced by the Club known as "Le Sillon," in the few available rooms at the "Musée Moderne." These apartments are being steadily occupied, and the time will soon come when Brussels, the capital, will have no place to offer to the newer artistic associations whose slender means compel them to ask the hospitality of the State.

The exhibition, announced by M. V. Mignot's poster, is interesting as showing the work of a group of young artists, trained together, so to speak, under the same influence, yet expressing their ideas diversely according to their individual temperament. It shows, moreover, how swift and fleeting are the changes of fashion, even in the matter of art. In the exhibitions of recent years everything was bright and clear ; now there is nothing but sombreness and gloom. A little while ago, to be "in the movement" one was obliged to go in for *plein air*, the natural result being that the artists of no special originality, who were in the habit of following the lead of others,



"POVERELLA" BY PAUL DEVIGNE

set themselves to imitate posters, as being the type of picture mostly seen in the open. Thence sprang a series of crude, glaring productions; but now the "old Flemish School" is all the rage; and the artists scarcely ever stir out of the art galleries.

"Somebody," remarks M. Solvay, one of the ablest critics in Brussels, dealing with this subject, "somebody once proposed that all the galleries should be closed for a few years, in order to prevent our young artists from seeking inspiration from any source save that of Nature itself. Now, here we have quite a group of artists, who have taken possession of these galleries, and will not budge an inch. The deplorable part of it all is, that they are reviving some of those old methods of painting employed during a disastrous art period by artists who suffered severely in consequence. They have revived the use of the odious bitumen, the dense blacks which produce easy 'effects,' but burden and darken the palette to a deplorable degree. Poor fellows! One would think they were painting with syrup in a cellar!"



POSTER BY V. MIGNOT

A happy exception must be made in the case of MM. R. Janssens and Verdussen, whose genuine and conscientious abilities are displayed in several interesting portraits, interiors, and landscapes; and the same may be said of M. G. M. Stevens, whose distinction and freshness of style are noticeable in a remarkable little portrait executed after the manner of Memling.

Mention should also be made of an expressive portrait by M. Servais-Detillieux; a beautiful landscape by M. Mathieu; some drawings by MM. Coulon, H. Meunier, and V. Mignot; sculptures by MM. Marin and Mascré; and finally the exhibits of two "guests," MM. J. Lambeaux and J. Stobbaerts.

F. K.

PARIS.—MM. Pilon, Huet, and Rigotard have just produced some new printed velvets, suggested by the charming fancy of that most original decorative artist, Félix Aubert, whose name and abilities are well known to the readers of THE STUDIO. M. Aubert displays a really magnificent richness of colouring in these productions. The *Iris d'Eau* and the *Pervenches* reveal once more the designer's remarkable decorative skill. They are chiefly remarkable for clearness of design, together with a truly personal manner of handling

flower subjects, and a fondness for beauty of colouring and material. Moreover, the stamping of these velvets is perfection itself.

Steinlen has designed a poster, reproduced in these columns, for a popular journal appearing at irregular intervals, and entitled *La Feuille*. It is a very large lithograph in black, in which the artist's great gifts of fancy and observation are strikingly revealed. The treatment of the white leaves, fluttering like birds above the crowd, is full of movement and life, and altogether charming. In the two types in the foreground to the left there is something recalling the strong, incisive manner of our great caricaturist, Daumier.

The art of making posters seems to be waning now-a-days. Owing to the success of several masters, notably Grasset and Steinlen, draughtsmen of every kind tried their hand at the work. But it is one demanding special gifts, or at the least the most scrupulous care in adapting the drawing and the colouring to the special object in view. Now, we find the majority of artists with nothing to show us but that which is either eccentric and complicated or simply commonplace.

Among the posters recently displayed on the walls of Paris, we must, however, mention the *Bec Auer* and *Notre Dame du Travail* by M. E. Moreau-Nélaton, M. Foach's design for *La Dépêche de Toulouse*, and that of M. Roedel for the *Linge Monopole*, which, if it cannot be called high art exactly, nevertheless shows fancy and imagination. A special word is due to the beautiful poster which M. Paul Berthon—no stranger to the readers of THE STUDIO—has designed for M. René Boylesve's charming novel, "Sainte-Marie des Fleurs." It is a delightful piece of draughtsmanship and colour.

M. Lunois is an earnest worker, whose abilities have often found appreciation in THE STUDIO. He has just published a most effective lithograph in colours, called *Ballet*. It represents two rows of dancers in full movement, while in the background of the plate, behind the footlights illuminating the scene, one can just see in a sort



POSTER BY STEINLEN

of *chiaroscuro* the array of spectators seated in their stalls, and the vast space of the opera house. In the foreground two of the *danseuses* are standing motionless in the wings. The effect has been obtained in the happiest fashion, and with the exquisite simplicity one expects to find in a draughtsman, a colourist, and moreover a lithographer of such high ability as M. Lunois.

M. Richard Ranft, who has a very keen sense of what is known as "the modern," has just issued an engraving in colours styled *Au Cirque*. It depicts an *écuyère*, a clown, and a horse, the former, in her bunchy light blue costume, preparing to mount, and the clown playing his antics; while beyond one sees the yellowish expanse of arena shimmering with light. The chief merits of this fine plate, which I am very glad to have an opportunity of mentioning, are the refined and delicately-balanced colouring and the extreme freedom of the drawing.

Georges Petit has lately been exhibiting a set of works by M. André Sinet—landscapes, or rather landscape "notes" of great—perhaps too great—delicacy. As an artist, M. Sinet must be described as finikin and lymphatic in temperament. He follows the literary precept of Verlaine —"No colour, nothing but a tint." These tints of his are exquisite, no doubt, elegant, aristocratic, refined, all one can imagine in the way of delicacy and subtlety; but this, to my thinking, is not enough, attractive and fascinating as it may be. Taste, abundance of taste, is the prevailing characteristic of M. Sinet's talent; yet for my own part I would rather have a little less taste, and a little more—what shall I say?—a little more life, intensity, vibration. All this notwithstanding, M. Sinet is an artist—a real artist.

M. Heidbrinck has done a series of most charming and truthful sketches for "Césarin," a short story by M. Albert Cimm. He is wonderfully successful in depicting the streets and *faubourgs*, with their beggars and other poor and picturesque wretches. I shall no doubt have occasion to refer again to this artist; but in the meantime I am anxious to mention his name in connection with the appearance of this little volume, just issued by Charles Tallandier, who has also recently published a collection of "Cent dessins de Maîtres Modernes," which, whatever its success may be among artists themselves, will undoubtedly please the public at large.

G. M.



PRINTED VELVET. "IRIS D'EAU" BY FÉLIX AUBERT

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Architecture in Italy. By RAFFAELE CATTANEO. (London: T. Fisher Un-



PRINTED VELVET. "PERVENCHES" BY FÉLIX AUBERT
(*See Paris Studio-Talk*)

win.)—The history of Italian Architecture from the sixth to the eleventh century is one which exhibits many notable developments, both of structure and ornament. The author, in dealing with this important subject, treats firstly upon the Latin-Barbarian Architecture during the Lombard rule, and then proceeds to discuss the influence of the Byzantine upon Italian art, reserving to Architecture on the Lagoons and in Venetia separate chapters. He has brought much close observation and intelligent criticism to bear upon his subject, and, if the illustrations which accompany the text are somewhat marred in effect by over-reduction, they are, at least, well selected.

Lithographieen. 1897. (Karlsruhe: E. Kundt).—This is a large portfolio containing twelve lithographs mounted upon cards. Among these may be especially mentioned a fine drawing, *Auch Eine Krone*, by Heinrich Heyne, an interesting study in several colours; *An bord des Schooners, Durango*, by Professor Carlos Grethe; and an effective landscape, *Das Thal*, by G. Gamper. Many of the plates are well worth framing, and the whole series is an excellent witness to the perfection at which the lithographic art has arrived in Germany.

The Secret Rose. By W. B. Yeats. With Illustrations by J. B. Yeats. (London: Lawrence & Bullen.)—No one who looks at the illustrations of *The Secret Rose* with the knowledge that they are the work of the author's father, can doubt for a moment whence Mr. Yeats inherits his gift of imaginative vision, and it is this endowment of the seer which gives to the volume its peculiar distinction and charm. Of each little story it may be said that it has the satisfying completeness of a poetic idyll, often sorrowful, but always suggestive; while the petals of the Rose unfold their fragrance and their sweet glory of colour, a window opens out of the home of the visible into the universe of the unseen; and these slight stories, woven, it may be, of Irish tradition, are not unworthy of comparison with those old fairy tales which are the outcome of the poetry of all nations, the growth of centuries.

Canterbury Cathedral. By the Very Rev. Dean Fremantle. (London: Isbister & Co., Ld.) Price 1*s.* net.—Simultaneously with the excellent Cathedral Series now being issued by Messrs. Bell & Sons, a dainty collection of handbooks to Cathedrals is being published by Messrs. Isbister & Co. We do not care to venture upon a comparison between the two. Both are excellent, and possess points of advantage over each other. The volume under review is charmingly illustrated throughout with pen-and-ink sketches by W. Lapworth. Other volumes are pictured by Herbert Railton, Alexander Ansted and F. G. Kitton. The artistic presentment of

each book is greatly enhanced by the uniformity in style of illustration adopted throughout the series.

Old English Glasses. By ALBERT HARTSHORNE, F.S.A. (London: Edward Arnold.) Price £3 3*s.* net. In his introduction to this important work the author refers at some length to glass-making among the ancients and among the various European nations, illustrating his



DRAWING BY REGINALD BLOMFIELD
FROM "A HISTORY OF RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND" (BELL AND SONS)

remarks by numerous full-page lithographs of undoubted value. In his treatment of the main topic of his work, he shows himself to be a master of patience and painstaking research. We know of no other treatise which deals so exhaustively with the subject. The history of the Renaissance of glass-making in England in the seventeenth century is highly interesting, though attended with some obscurity. Fortunately, there is much documentary evidence relating to it, not the least valuable of which are the letters written by John Greene, of London, an importer of Venetian glasses during the latter half of the seventeenth century. The sketches which accompanied his instructions to his agents abroad show the particular forms which were in vogue at that time in England. Some unpublished details of this period of the history of glass-making, which, however, do not materially alter Mr. Hartshorne's conclusions, may be found in the minute-book of the Glass Sellers' Company, 1671 to 1712, during the greater portion of which time Mr. Greene was a regular attendant at its court meetings. Collectors of Jacobite glasses will find figured in Mr. Hartshorne's work many typical and fine examples.

A History of Renaissance Architecture in England. By REGINALD BLOMFIELD. (George Bell & Sons.) 2 vols. 50*s.* net.—To read the pages of this beautiful book is a rare pleasure, for with pen and pencil Mr. Blomfield analyses the art of a superb period of our national life, and shows that the Renaissance inspired our trained craftsmen steeped in Gothic design to expend their artifice on work derived indeed from Italy, but acclimatised in their hands to become a native product by the skill of its workmen. Far different is this vital architecture from the dull formality of later periods, when classic sources were also freely drawn upon. A craze for pedantically accurate imitations of Greek temples helped to destroy the last remnants of individual craft, so that from the period Mr. Blomfield discusses to our own, English architecture has lacked the soul which comes from the handiwork of its actual masons and carvers. As you study Mr. Blomfield's work you perceive that its lucid argument and well-balanced style are but the outward expression of matured thought. Steeped in the knowledge of his theme, he is yet able to write clearly, and with judicial impartiality that is singularly convincing. The hundreds of beautiful sketches retain the spirit of the work he depicts far beyond the power of any photograph.

Windows: a Book about Stained Glass. By LEWIS F. DAY. (London: Batsford.) 21*s.* net.—This book has been long expected, and proves to be well worth waiting for. Mr. Day has done a worthy piece of work in even more than his usual admirable manner. The volume traces the workmanship of stained glass from the twelfth to the seventeenth century; and its design from the earliest mediæval window to the latest glass-picture of the Renaissance. Besides these two important aspects of his theme, Mr. Day has devoted several

chapters to style and notes of general interest. The illustrations number two-hundred and fifty-seven, all good, and some few the best black-and-white drawings of stained glass yet produced. Modern design supplies no single example, which leads one to hope that some time Mr. Day may supplement his exhaustive researches into the past history of the craft by critical studies of its present and future prospects. In a short notice it would be unfair to quote; but if only custodians of ancient glass would read and ponder over the advice of this capital volume, then indeed the book would be a national gain. Whether you analyse the author's opinions on the use of white glass, on the limits of pictorial design, on ecclesiastical or domestic windows, what he says is true and well put. It is a book which reflects great credit on all concerned in its production, and adds new laurels even to one who is Master of the Art Workers' Guild.

Poems. By JOHN KEATS. Illustrated by R. ANNING BELL. (London: Bell & Sons.) Price *7s. 6d.* To satisfactorily illustrate a book of poems, it is of absolute importance that the mind of the artist should be attuned to that of the poet. A complete accord in this respect is so rare as to make us feel that pictured editions of poems are, as a rule, not the most desirable ones to possess. The extreme susceptibility to beauty in its manifold phases, the delicate imagery, the glow of romanticism so characteristic of the mind of Keats, renders him one of the most difficult of authors to illustrate. It is, therefore, no mean praise to say of the edition now before us, that it is in every respect satisfactory from cover to cover. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Anning Bell upon the success of his delightful illustrations.

Stained Glass as an Art. By HENRY HOLLIDAY. (London: Macmillan & Co. Limited.) Price *21s.* net.—A treatise upon any subject written by one who has made that subject his life's work cannot fail to possess exceptional interest. Mr. Holliday is so well known as an artist in stained glass, his works adorn so many buildings in various parts of the world, his thorough acquaintance with the many questions relating to his art is so universally acknowledged, as to make it a foregone conclusion that a particular value would be attached to any observations he might choose to publish upon that art. Nor can one but feel after a careful perusal of his moderately styled "essay" that one's anticipations have been more than realised. His book is full of good things, of terse observations, of close reasoning. It is only when we come to examine the illustrations which ornament its pages that we experience at times something akin to disappointment. Certain reproductions of his designs do not appear to us to carry out satisfactorily the excellent principles he lays down in his text. The pictorial quality



DRAWING BY R. ANNING BELL
FROM "POEMS" BY JOHN KEATS (BELL AND SONS)

of his work is not in all cases so subservient to the technical requirements of his material as we should like to see. It may be that some of the defects we complain of disappear in the actual stained glass itself. If so, it is to be regretted that the illustrations in the book are produced in such a manner as to give so unfortunate an impression.

Historic Ornament. Treatise on Decorative Art and Architectural Ornament. By JAMES WARD. (London: Chapman & Hall). Price 7*s.* 6*d.*— This book contains many illustrations familiar to readers of the South Kensington handbooks, the "Histories of Art," by Perrot and Chipiez, and other works. The letterpress appears to have been "written up" to the illustrations, and is chiefly remarkable for its want of completeness. A work which professes to deal with architectural ornament and devotes barely eight pages to India, three pages to China and Japan, and does not even mention Mexico, can scarcely be complimented upon its thoroughness. Too much or too little has been attempted by the author, with the result that not a single section of his work has been well done. Whether he writes of Egyptian art or Gothic ornament he touches but the very fringe of his subject: and what he has left unsaid is often that which would have been most worth the saying.

The Martian. By GEORGE DU MAURIER. With illustrations by the author. (London and New York: Harper & Brothers).—In *The Martian* we have the original occult idea which seems to recur as an inevitable necessity of the author's mind in each of his books; and the Bohemian flavour which characterised *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby* also pervades this posthumous work. The main story is of Barty Josselin, artist and novelist, and the secret of his extraordinary magnetic qualities and personal merits. His life is described from infancy to death, and his schooldays in Paris receive especial attention, opportunities occurring for the author to give, as he well knew how to do, brief glimpses of character and impressions of quaint French men and women which are touched in with all a painter's adroitness. If the story is disjointed, diffuse, and somewhat inconsequent, *The Martian* nevertheless gains a large measure of attractiveness from the author's happy power of investing each character with an unique personality, and from the illustrations which reveal du Maurier at his best.



SILK EMBROIDERY. "THE FLOWER POT"
FROM "WILLIAM MORRIS" (BELL AND SONS)

William Morris. By AYMER VALLANCE. (George Bell & Sons.) 25*s.* net. — This sumptuous volume of nearly 500 pages omits no aspect of a many-sided personality. With a protest against an absurd statement concerning the art of Japan, we have nothing but praise for the accurate and exhaustive account Mr. Vallance has produced. Some sixty illustrations (one being in colour) of the most important designs by Morris, and many drawings of his homes, add to the interest of a book which every craftsman who can afford it must needs hope to place on his shelves. For it is the artistic aspect of his hero that Mr. Vallance discusses here; and he does so on the whole impartially, considering that



ARRAS TAPESTRY. "FLORA," BY MORRIS AND CO., THE FIGURE BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES. FROM "WILLIAM MORRIS" (BELL AND SONS)

he reveals himself as a most loyal disciple. The influence of this volume on manufacturers should be great, for it is a well-digested statement of the Morris creed, supported by examples of work in all the crafts he enriched and developed.

A Manual of Wood-Carving. By WILLIAM BEMROSE. (London: Bemrose & Sons.)—To say that a book is in its twentieth edition proves its power of attraction, but is not always evidence of its merit. In this case a most excellently practical treatise is re-inforced by a series of designs of unequal merit, some of which are distinctly reprehensible, to wit Nos. 79, 83 and 102. Fortunately a series of good reproductions of old wood-carvings redeems the whole, and should supply an antidote to the very indifferent modern designs before mentioned. So good a book should have no weak point, and experience shows that without imposing any standard of "high art," so called, or straining after quaintness at any price, it is as possible to carve wood into beautiful devices as to make fine metal work or good enamels. The material and the craft are ready, but the designer too often lags behind.

Books for Boys. From Messrs. Blackie & Son, Limited (Glasgow and London), we have received four excellent books for boys. Mr. G. A. HENTY seems ever at work upon stories that boys delight in and that parents can with confidence entrust to their reading. *With Moore at Corunna* and *With Frederick the Great* are both favourable examples of the author's style, and the illustrations by Walter Paget, with which they are both adorned, are in all respects admirable. *Paris at Bay* is a story of the Siege and the Commune with stirring illustrations by Stanley L. Wood, and *Lords of the World* is a tale of the fall of Carthage and Corinth by the Rev. Alfred Church, with some well conceived and executed pictures by Ralph Peacock.

Zag-Zag Fables. Pictured by J. A. SHEPHERD. *Little Grown-Ups.* With numerous full-page colour-plates after paintings in water-colours by MAUD HUMPHREY. Price 6*s.* *Song Flowers from "A Child's Garden of Verses."* By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. With music by KATHERINE M. RAMSAY. Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* *National Rhymes of the Nursery.* Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE. (London: Gardner, Darton & Co.) — Messrs. Gardner, Darton & Co., as usual, are making a bold bid for the suffrages of the little people, and the four volumes under notice can scarcely fail to meet with the approbation they deserve. *In Zig-Zag Fables* Mr. J. A. Shepherd provides another series, excellently reproduced in colours, of those grotesque and humorous beasts and birds, bedecked in human attire, with which his name is associated. The twelve admirable full-page colour-plates after water-colour drawings, contributed by Miss Maud Humphrey to *Little Grown-Ups*, are supplemented by ingenious decorative borders and other designs from the pencil of Miss Elizabeth S. Tucker, who also supplies suitable stories and verses. In his sympathetic preface to *Some Flowers from a Child's Garden of Verses*, Mr. S. R. Crockett tells us that Robert Louis Stevenson used to say, "I must write a book for Gordon Browne to illustrate; he always puts me in good humour with my people"; and did the sweet singer of children's songs live to-day, he would surely approve these drawings which so admirably catch the spirit of the verses, here set to pretty child-music by Miss Katherine M. Ramsay. The versatile Mr. Gordon Browne is also responsible for the large number of clever drawings which adorn *National Rhymes of the Nursery*, and publishers and artist alike may be unreservedly congratulated upon the production of a volume which will favourably compare with any previous collections of these time-honoured verses.

Nursery Rhymes. With Pen and Ink Drawings by GERTRUDE BRADLEY and BRINSLEY LE FANU. (London: *Review of Reviews* office.)—This [delightfully illustrated little book contains all the immortal jingles of the nursery—"The House that Jack Built," "Simple Simon," "Jack and Jill," "Old King Cole," and the rest. The pen and ink illustrations will be welcomed with enthusiasm by the youngsters as subjects upon which to test the qualities of the new paint-box or case of chalks, and the coloured frontispiece has been especially prepared as a guide to these artistic experiments.

Bo-Peep. A Treasury for the Little ones. *Little Folks.* A Magazine for the Young, 1897. *Micky Magee's Menagerie.* By S. H. HAMER, with illustrations by HARRY B. NEILSON. (London: Cassell & Co., Ltd.)—Each of these publications, designed for the amusement of the younger inmates of the nursery, contains a wealth of illustration both in black-and-white and in colours. Of the latter, where chromo-lithography is the medium employed, the results are quite successful, but those reproduced by means of the "three-colour process" are crude and unsatisfactory. Mr. Harry Neilson's drawings of wild and domesticated beasts disporting themselves in human garb are singularly happy, and it is safe to predict that the juvenile affections will be speedily captured and retained by the rollicking denizens of *Micky Magee's Menagerie.*



ARRAS TAPESTRY (MORRIS AND CO.) AT STANMORE HALL, FROM A DESIGN BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES. FROM "WILLIAM MORRIS" (BELL AND SONS)

We have received from Messrs. Roberson and Co., of 99 Long Acre, two sketch-books of novel character, which will doubtless meet with general approval among artists. One, called after this magazine, "The Studio," is covered with an appropriate "Studio-green" linen, and contains leaves of a superior quality of paper, similar in appearance to that used for bank-notes—a paper affected at the present time by many artists for lead pencil and other studies. The other book, known as the "J. M. Swan," is made of drawing paper of a pleasant texture, tinted a "grocer-blue," shade, and is well adapted for sketches in black and white crayons.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The number of drawings, &c., received each month in connection with The Studio competitions being very large, the Editor wishes it to be clearly understood that, while every effort will be made to forward as promptly as possible to their owners those designs with which the requisite sum for postage has been enclosed, he cannot, under any circumstances, guarantee a definite date for their return.

Design for a Silver Cup.
(A VII.)

A great many designs were received for this competition, and we regret that want of space prevents us illustrating a larger number.

The First Prize (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Lopez* (C. C. Carter, 51 Aynhoe Road, Brook Green, W.)

The Second Prize (*Two guineas*) to *Elgitha* (Katherine M. Coggin, North View, Chadwick Road, Peckham).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Dorian* (Oliver Senior, 172 Stockport Road, Levenshulme, Manchester); *Drury* (B. H. Smale, 33 Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.); *Hillas* (H. D. Simpson, Grange Place, Kilmarnock); *Hazeldene* (Jacques Houry, "Hazeldene," Manor Road, Bishopston, Bristol); *H.C.* (*no coupon*); *Phantasm* (J. I. Birchall, 1 Clyde Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester); *Semper* (H. M. Pemberton, 19 Pepys Road South, Brockley, S.E.); The above are illustrated; *Argent* (W. T. Sadler); *A.E.I.* (Frank Ivimey); *Ambassador* (H. M. ffrench); *Chef* (A. Cooke); *Elk* (W. P. Belk); *Gala* (A. H. Scott); *Gladiator* (W. J. Galloway); *Isa* (Isabel McBean); *Marine* (G. S. Brown); *Poppy* (Mary Wilcock); *Seda* (A. de Sauty); *Tramp* (D. C. Veazey); *Wearyworld* (Isabel McGregor); and *Zaphphir* (G. S. Lemasnie).

Design for an Embroidered Book-cover.
(B VII.)

The First Prize (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Aberbrothock* (H. T. Wyse, Viewfield Road, Arbroath, N.B.).

This design will be illustrated in colours in a future issue of The Studio.

The Second Prize (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Avon* (Sophie Pumphrey, Woodstock Road, Moseley, Birmingham).

This book-cover is for *Enoch Arden*. The design is founded upon sea melons bound in blue green linen; the appliqué panel is of dark blue silk with which also the webbing band, which is carried round the book, is covered; the band is let into a broad groove across the back of the cover, and the end of this band is strengthened on the underside by a pierced metal plate forming one side of the clasp. The three holes are buttonholed round and fasten into three studs on the front cover. The sea-weed forms are worked in green filo-floss; the sea melons in shades of green ornamented by French knots; the bands, &c., are worked in white.

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Alpha* (Marion E. Broadhead, 28 High Street, Macclesfield); *Hylas* (Isabel Haddon, Odiham Close, Winchfield); *Jove* (M. B. Dyne, Whaddon, Royston, Herts); *Me* (Mary E. Eaton, 109 Beaufort Street, Chelsea, S.W.); *Phrosette* (Enid Jackson, 12 Forest Road, Birkenhead); *Sea-Salt* (Miss Bartleet, 26 Hagley Road, Birmingham); *Seda* (A. de Sauty, 63 Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.); The above are illustrated; *Buxton* (Jemima R. Prosser); *Brougham* (Ethel B. Austin); *Ceylon* (Albina Collins); *Fenella* (Helen F. Lock); *Jam* (E. Keith); *Lofen* (Winifred Hett); *Petronella* (Louisa F. Pesch); *Podley* (Arabella L. Rankin); *Paint* (Gwynedd Palin); *Samuel* (Ella L. Deakin); *Sanctandroi's* (Katherine M. Warren); *Tweeze* (May Coultorst); *The Bulger* (Mary G. Simpson); *Tenterden* (T. H. S. Shepherd); *Viola* (T. W. Whipp); *Walmgate* (Jeanie Swanson); and *Zaphphir* (G. S. Lemasnie).

Study of Fungi in Pen-and-Ink.
(C VII.)

The First Prize (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Champetre* (Geo. Collier, 89 Hassop Street, Beswick, Manchester).

The Second Prize (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Bérangère* (Victor Lhuer, 23 Quai de la Tournelle, Paris).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Autumn* (Mary Burfield, 15 Maison Dieu Road, Dover); *Guy* (G. Halliday, School House, Oakham); *Original* (Walter Cristall, Brontë Cottage, Lower Heath, Hampstead); *Sadi* (Gertrude Parsons, 6 Hillside, Cotham, Bristol); and *Veronica* (Miss M. T. Hunt, Southwood, Torquay); (the foregoing are illustrated); *Amanita* (E. Graaff); *Bee* (Bernard C. Gotch); *Cobweb* (Mrs. C. J. Chapman); *Craigen Callie* (H. S. Grimshaw); *Fungi* (C. W. Crosby); *Grantully* (R. M. Norton); *Gael* (J. Campbell); *Irene* (Mrs. E. R. Allen); *Jumelle* (Florence M. G. Dimma); *Nandana* (J. C. Varty-Smith); *Peg* (Miss M. L. Procter); *Rion* (Marion Bostock); *Tricho* (E. Graaff); and *Wolfram* (F. W. Barker).

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE.

A SEASCAPE.

(D I.)

A large number of excellent photographs have been sent in for this competition, and we regret that lack of space prevents us giving more illustrations.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. A VII.) "LOPEZ"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A VII.) "PHANTASM"

Graphic (C. F. Inston, 25 South John Street, Liverpool).

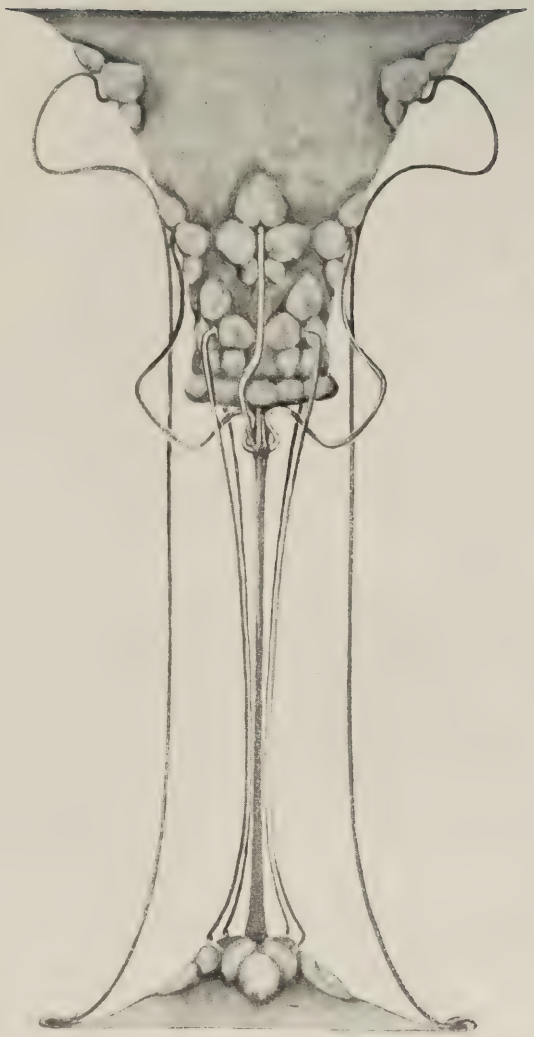
The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Stok* (J. C. Stokholm, Bredgade 63, Copenhagen).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Birchbark* (Henry Troth, 330 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, U.S.A.); *Willamette* (Mrs. Claud Gatch, Salem, Oregon, U.S.A.); the foregoing are illustrated; *Bosham* (E. E. Manwaring); *Black Pear* (Mrs. Hyde); *Doctor* (W. Rossiter); *Frena* (T. A. Kay); *Frédy* (A. Nyst); *Heron* (F. Crosland); *Mask* (*no coupon*); *Nandana* (J. C. Varty-Smith); *Oatlands* (Ada S. Boore); *Pharisee* (*no coupon*); *Rover* (E. J. Finch); *Rengaw* (W. G. Wagner); *Ruisseaux* (*no coupon*); *Strabo* (S. Conway); *Western Seas* (J. T. Child); and *Wraith* (S. W. Fitzherbert).



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. A VII.)

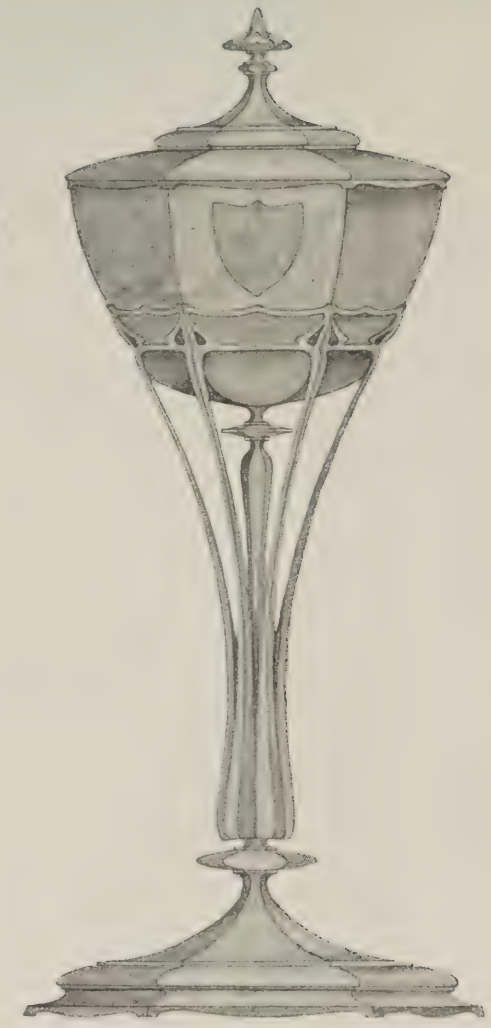
"ELGITHA"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A VII.) "DORIAN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A VII.) "HAZELDENE"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A VII.) "DRURY"



HON. MENTION "SEMPER"

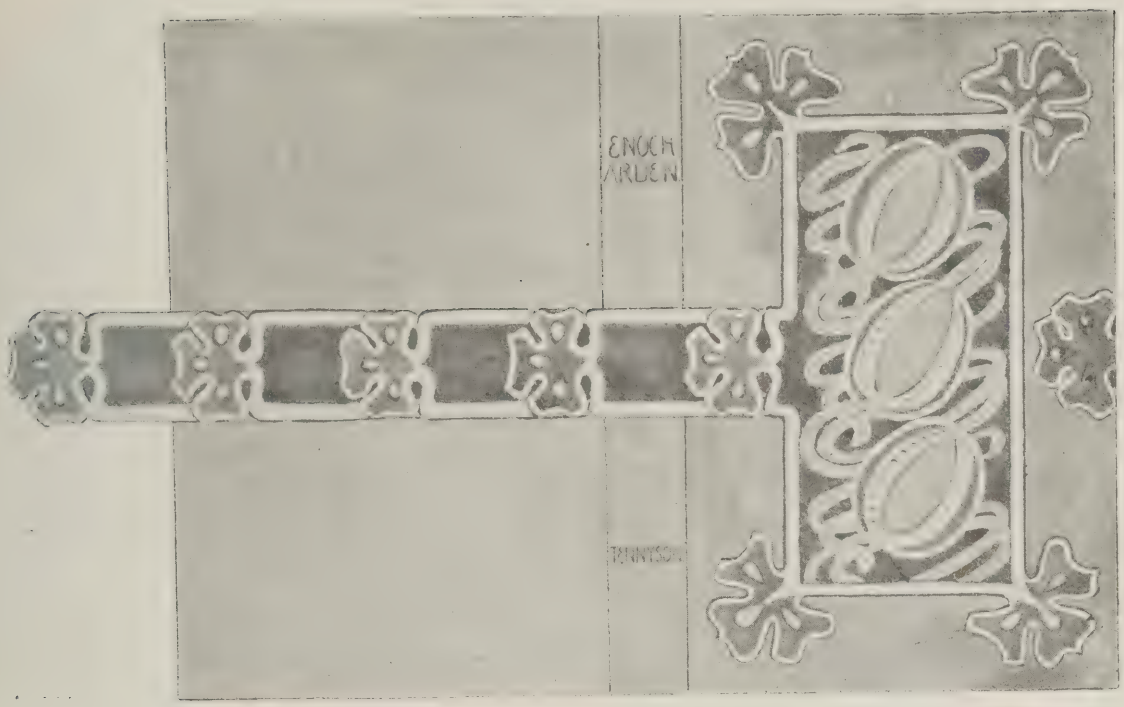


HON. MENTION "HILLAS"

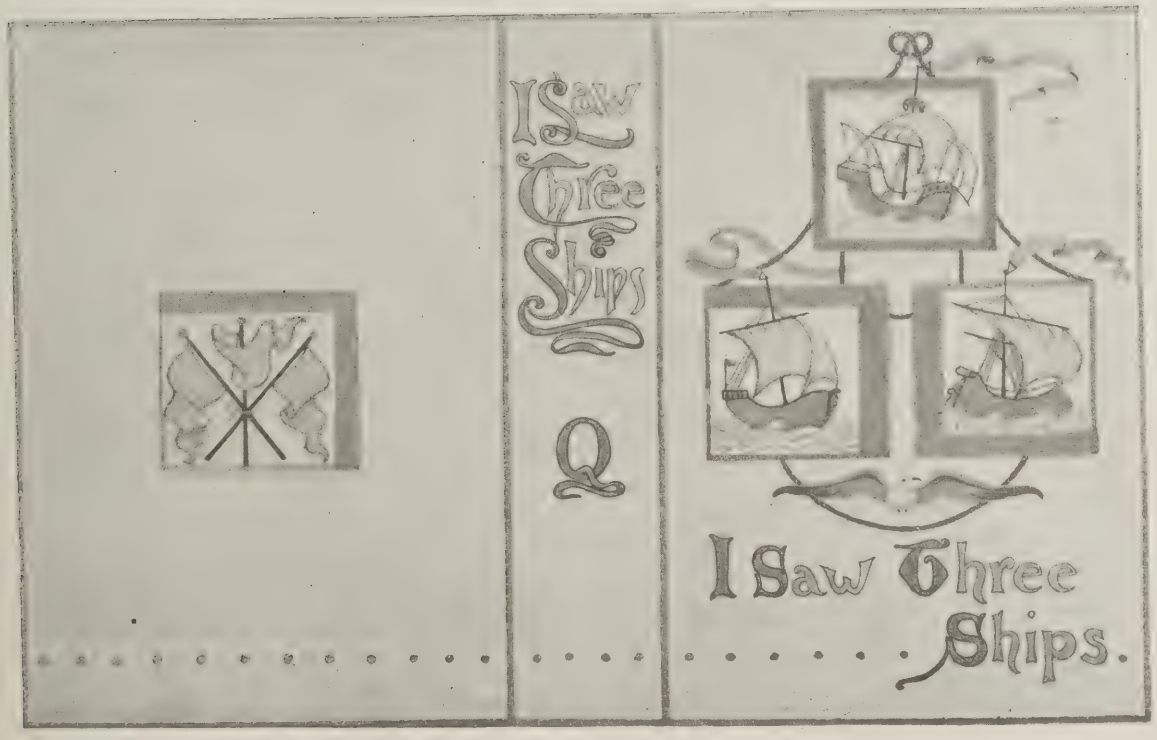


HON. MENTION "H.C."

DESIGNS FOR SILVER CUPS. (COMPETITION A VII.)



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. B VII.) "AVON"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.) "ALPHA"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.) "VERONICA"



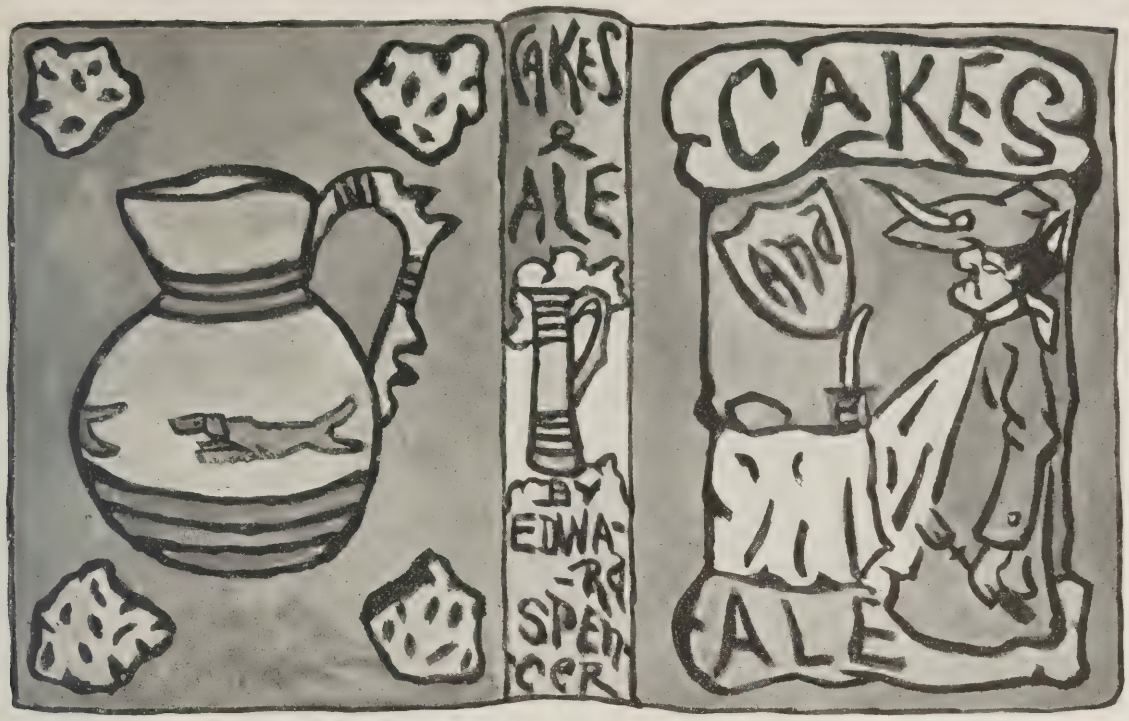
HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.) "SEA-SALT"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.) "SEDA"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.) "PHROSETTE"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.) "JOVE"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.) "ME"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.) "HYLAS"



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C VII.) "CHAMPÊTRE"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C VII.) "ORIGINAL"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C VII.) "BERANGERE"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C VII.) "VERONICA"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C VII.) "AUTUMN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C VII.) "SADI"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C VII.) "GUY"



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. D 1.) "GRAPHIC"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. D 1.) "STOK"



HON. MENTION (COMP. D I.) "WILLAMETTE



HON. MENTION (COMP. D I.) "BIRCHBARK"

THE LAY FIGURE.

"I WISH one could foresee what is the next decorative style, the one likely to influence the twentieth century," the Journalist said. "We are all waiting for the signal."

"How typical that confession is!" the Designer retorted. "To look forward to a new king, to be quite prepared to forswear allegiance at the bidding of fashion, and ready to loathe what a year ago we worshipped and still profess to admire!"

"Surely if we believe the principles we accept to be well-founded we ought—even illogically—to refuse to believe that they ought ever to be supplanted," the Lay Figure added.

"A world for ever doomed to Morris chintz and Voysey wall-papers, to Norman Shaw houses, and the Arts and Crafts generally—what a hideously monotonous vista!" the Decadent Poet drawled maliciously. "I think change is the law of art."

"Of course," a timid voice broke in, "when one's ideals are degraded by imitation, and we see cheap and nasty substitutes for the real thing, we are apt to grow weary even of the perfect originals."

"This is treason," said the Designer, "flat, unprofitable treason. Better join the 'Home Beautiful' correspondents in ladies' papers, and paint your marble chimney-pieces to look like tiles this year, being careful to use a pigment that can be washed off, so that you may paint them to imitate something else the next. If we really believe that all we do is only good so long as it is new, let us drop art, and proclaim Fashion the one absolute if ever-changing verity."

"Gently," said the Man with a Clay Pipe. "I quite agree with you that a really good thing, whether made in 1830 or 1890, is as good now as then; but if we waste our appreciation on the second-rate, we foredoom ourselves to change, or stagnation. It is good to be tolerant, but at certain times it is better to be intolerant."

"Surely it were very hard to be confined to the best only," the Decadent Poet drawled. "There is not enough to go half-way round."

"Do not think of all art as limited editions," the Æsthetic Architect broke in. "Rarity has nothing to do with art in one sense. A million replicas of a well-designed medal do not vulgarise the original. But in another sense all first-rate things must needs be unique, and rarity then, precious as it is, suffers nothing from time. 'A touch of nature' in one's work gives it kinship with life, not with perishable life, but with immortal."

"I see," the Decadent Poet said sweetly, "you believe in naturalistic ornament. Tigers on hearth-rugs, roses on sofa cushions, and trellis wall-papers."

"I said a touch of nature," he replied, "not an attempt to cram all the thousand facts of a rose into a printed picture of it. Your design to be vital itself must be related to life. Life is only supported by life: you feed on animal and vegetable life, you——"

"Yes, I know, man cannot live by chemicals alone," said the Decadent Poet, "but there is not much variety in his diet after all. It is the cooking that varies: you serve up a fricassee of cauliflower as a wall-paper, and a compôte of swallows as a frieze, and call it a touch of nature. Now I like sauce piquante, and a touch of devilry—something bizarre, eccentric, and above all new. It is only a matter of taste."

"A matter of taste?" the Designer replied sadly. "Yes, I suppose one must realise that depraved taste exists, and will exist. But to me there is only one taste—good taste, and that never ages. I enjoy the good taste of old, as of to-day, but I feel that for me to try to imitate the old is as unworthy as to look ahead and try to imitate in advance what designers will feel to be beautiful in 1997. Creatures of a span, we ought neither to look back nor ahead, but do our best to express ourselves in the idiom of our day, and care not whether it remains acceptable to our descendants or not."

"This does not help one to the coming style," said the Journalist. "I believe a return to classic severity is inevitable after the riotous indulgence in pattern to-day."

"That presupposes suppressed individuality, when all accept the canons laid down by a few, or else really educated taste that can appreciate the perfectly-proportioned but un-ornamented thing," said the Lay Figure. "I wish I could think the latter looms ahead; but I hope and believe the former does not."

"Anyway," the Decadent Poet twittered, "the cult of the obscure has had its day. I mean to write pastorals and heroic couplets in future."

"That is a pose, not a style. The *style* of 1900, and of 2000, will be the *style* of the few who observe Nature devoutly, and try in their way to express their wonder at her beauty," the Designer said gravely. "That is absolutely certain; and for the rest, what matter? Do not let us argue. Peace on Earth is the motto of the season."

"The supplements of the Christmas numbers have changed all that," the Decadent retorted. "'Battle-pieces on earth' is the 'up-to-date' motto!"

THE LAY FIGURE.

GIFT
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS


E. Moira

"A CRUSADER" FROM A WATER-
COLOUR BY GERALD MOIRA



"A CRUSADER." FROM A WATER-COLOUR. BY GERALD MOIRA

Mr. Moira's Paintings and Bas-Reliefs

MR. GERALD MOIRA'S PAINTINGS AND BAS-RELIEF DECORATION. BY GLEESON WHITE.

MR. GERALD MOIRA, whose studies and paintings form the subject of this paper, belongs to a group of modern painters that has not yet received a popular distinctive nickname akin to those bestowed on the Impressionists, the neo-Primitives, and the rest; perhaps "of the school of J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.," would serve as well as any other generic term. But it would be only vaguely indicative of his position in the art of to-day. In the use of brilliant pigments, and in the choice of poetic themes for a treatment which is neither wholly archaic nor wholly realistic, there is a certain similarity among these younger men which to a certain extent may justify the temporary label.

From 1892, when Mr. Moira showed his R.A. gold medal picture, *Victory*, his name has not been absent from the catalogues of the Royal Academy. Yet it is his decorations for the Trocadero which have made him best known to the general public. But this sentence must not be held to imply that the general public are more familiar with the



Golden gifts for all the rest
Sorrow of heart for the king's daughter— SWINBURNE

FROM A PAINTING BY GERALD MOIRA



"THE HILL SUMMIT" FROM A PAINTING BY GERALD MOIRA

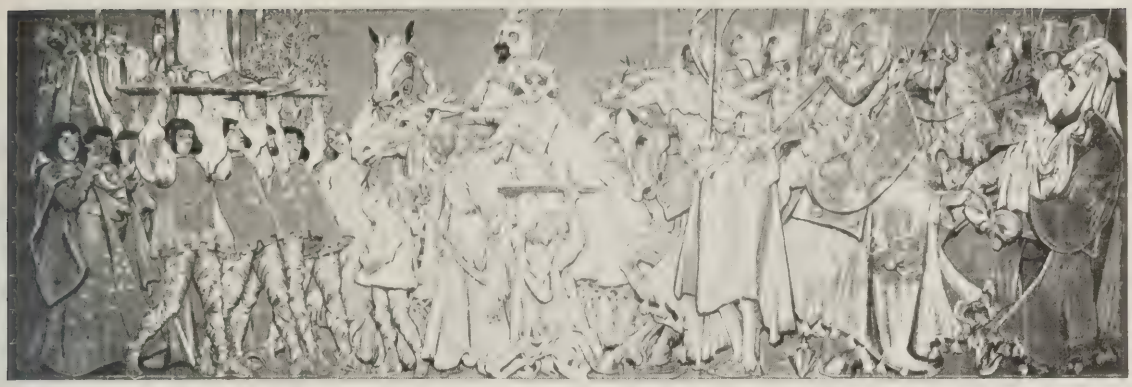
vestibule of a popular restaurant than with the interior of Burlington House in May; for, indeed, if such should be the truth, it would be unseemly to divulge it here. The reason that Mr. Moira's work in coloured bas-relief has so far attracted wider notice than his pictures is doubtless owing to its novelty, and the fact that it is a field almost unworked, and also because mural decoration has rarely any immediate rival to distract attention; whereas at the Academy, even the most patient searcher after the work of one artist is apt to be conscious of other pictures shouting for notice.

But even *Victory* was not Mr. Moira's earliest contribution to the Academy exhibitions; a portrait, *Myrtle M. L. Campbell*, was shown there in 1891, and the next year contained another portrait-study, *Mary*, as well as the gold-medalled picture. In 1893, portraits *Jack and Toney* and *Sir John Stainer*, and a picture, "*Thereunto the silent voice replied, Look up thro' night, the world is wide*," were the titles of Mr. Moira's contributions. In 1894 *Willowwood* and *Mrs. Cyril Plummer* were seen at the Royal Academy, and *Sunday Morning* and *A Nocturne* at the Royal Institute. 1895 saw the portrait of *Mrs. John Nairs* at Burlington House, where also in 1896 *The King's Daughter* and *Brenda*, and in 1897 two portraits, were exhibited.

The dates of Mr. Moira's student work indicate that he is still young. The facts that his father was a miniature-painter, or that he himself studied at the Royal Academy schools, are interesting, if of no great moment, since they serve to show that he is no outsider, but one who has grown up in the atmosphere of art. To escape from academic trammels is far less easy when from the first knowledge has gone ahead of craft. Those who, like Sir Edward Burne-Jones, plunge into painting, without training, without even that familiarity with the mechanism of the art which a painter's son must needs imbibe unconsciously from his earliest years, have far more chance of escaping this



"THE SILENT VOICE"
FROM A PAINTING
BY GERALD MOIRA



"THE COMING OF GUINEVERE." CARTOON FOR THE TROCADERO DECORATION BY GERALD MOIRA

danger. Within professional circles *technique* is nearly always overrated—first, because only other experts can appreciate the difficulties fully; and secondly, because a large number of craftsmen (made, not born artists) who can only express in their art what has been taught them, are apt to undervalue all that comes by instinct, and to declare that pedantic scholarship is equivalent to art.

Naturally, unless it was self-evident that Mr. Gerald Moira had escaped the danger of early professional environment, it would be infelicitous to allude here to the cramping influence it sometimes wields. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that early acquaintance with the mechanism of any art is of enormous value when an artist by instinct is thus favoured. In music especially we find, in a large majority of cases, that great composers have been the sons of capelmeisters and organists. Perhaps it would be difficult to discover many instances of the painters of easel-pictures being the sons of painters. Yet in design it is not rare to find the talent of the sire re-echoed in the genius of his offspring.

Mr. Moira is one of the younger men who confront the problem of brilliant pigments. The cold atmosphere of the *plein-air* school, the carefully-considered "values" of the Impressionists, the deliberately lowered tone of other styles, do not attract them. They would seem to have studied the Primitives, the missal painters, and early Flemish school, no less than the colour prints of Japan. But while they boldly attack harmonies in positive colours, they are not satisfied with a mere mosaic of local tints, like those that, as a rule, delighted the earliest Primitives. They try to make their harmonies in orange and ultramarine, in blood-reds and iridescent blue-greens as complete as the more subtle chords of a Corot or the restrained splendour of a Titian. That they always succeed is not quite so certain. Indeed, their very effort is a pain to some well-intentioned critics, whose eyes have been accustomed to the



"HAWKING." CARTOON FOR THE TROCADERO DECORATION BY GERALD MOIRA

half-light of many older schools. But this need not make for censure or praise. Some ears delight in the sumptuous crash of a Wagner orchestra, others love the polyphonic maze of a Bach fugue, others only appreciate the soft delicacy of a Mozart quartette, or a suite for stringed instruments.

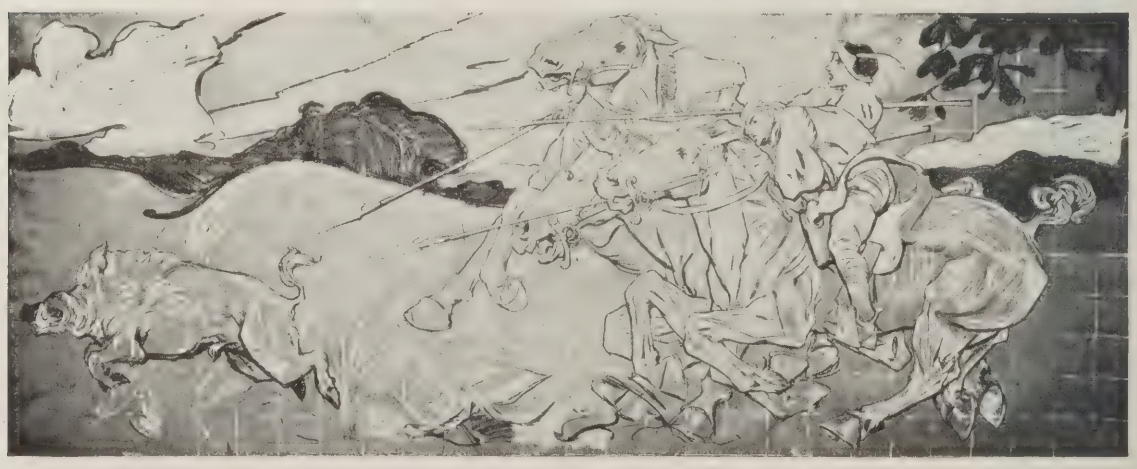
The new school of painters of which Mr. Moira is a notable example is in some ways not unlike the younger operatic school of Italy. For, without pushing a fanciful parallel too far, there is some similarity between the vigour of orchestration in Leoncavallo and Mascagni and the pictures of the few Englishmen who belong to the group in which Mr. Moira is a distinguished member. Those who love neither call both vulgar. This, again, need not trouble us. "Vulgarity" is usually the name supercilious people bestow on art with which they are not sympathetic.

After a period of secondary colour in decoration it takes time to become accustomed to primary hues. It is also infinitely more difficult to compose harmonies in brilliant pigments, as a glance at modern female costume reveals all too plainly. Yet in the sombre setting of London, colour is emphatically a necessity, and when, as in Mr. Moira's case, a painter shows himself capable of using it with power, there should be no two opinions as to his wisdom.



"ENID BRINGING FOOD"
CARTOON FOR THE TROCADERO DECORATION BY G. MOIRA

But "colour" is a word which many people use with a special meaning of their own. Some speak, and not incorrectly, of the "fine colour" of certain black-and-white work as opposed to examples not less fine in other respects, which nevertheless do not possess that particular quality. Therefore, in praising Mr. Moira's colour, one must be careful to explain that the word is used in the simplest sense, free from any preconcerted limit. The frank joyous pigment which makes a Japanese print of the popular period a delightfully gay and attractive object, could hardly be approached in the medium of oil; but, on the other hand, despite the real abiding beauty of "symphonies in slime and mud-colour," as their enemies have called them, there is no earthly reason why the only perfect harmony should be limited to low tones. Probably eyes are sensitive to certain problems in colour, as ears are attuned to certain combinations of sound; hence the most honest person may have a congenital dislike to bright pigments. But it should never



"THE BOAR HUNT" CARTOON FOR THE TROCADERO DECORATION BY GERALD MOIRA



And with his foot and with his wing-feathers
He swept the spring that watered my heart's drouth
The dark ripples spread to waving hair
And as I stooped, her own lips rising there
Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth—D. G. ROSSETTI

FROM A PAINTING BY G. MOIRA

be forgotten that these latter are ten times more difficult to manage pleasantly. One can easily prove this by studying a shop window filled with draperies of secondary and tertiary shades, "art-colours" as they were styled lately, and comparing it with another of a fashionable *modiste* who has to arrange pure emerald green, scarlet, violet, and even magenta, side by side. The first window is never unpleasant, and often (as those who remember certain well-known shops in Regent Street and Bond Street will allow) distinctly harmonious. Yet even the difficult task of grouping satins and silks of primary hue is sometimes surmounted, though very seldom, and then mostly with an enormous amount of black, or dark grey, to modify their brilliancy. Mr. Moira both in his bas-reliefs and paintings revels in colour and eschews black and neutral shades, but he is never noisy, and rarely offers less than a very satisfying harmony, albeit that is pitched in a far higher key than we have been accustomed to lately. We are apt to forget that the antique colouring which has influenced our taste is usually the work of the master-painter, Time: that as the rich golden hue of many an old master is due to discoloured varnish, so the bloom of old tapestry, or the subdued glow of the carvings, emblazoned and ornate, such as those in Amiens Cathedral, is owing no little to similar causes. Now, if you start with imitating the effect of colour that has faded and become encrusted with dust, it is obvious that in smoky London such decoration will soon be lost in grimy obscurity. Hence the vigour and courage of the newer school is not merely commendable, but may restore vitality to a sense which has been in danger of perishing; for life in a city supplies monochrome as its chief food for the eye, in its streets, its printed pages, and its domestic portraits. The photographer and the illustrator, no less than the tailor, have helped to banish colour from the ordinary day's routine. Hence we should welcome any consistent effort to bring it back to our houses, books, or costumes.



DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS BY G. MOIRA



DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS BY G. MOIRA

The bas-reliefs at the Trocadero have been illustrated often before, therefore it has seemed more interesting to reproduce here the cartoons for the decorations, in place of photo-



DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS
BY GERALD MOIRA



DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS
BY GERALD MOIRA

graphs of the finished work. What share Mr. Lynn Jenkins had in the reliefs I cannot say; probably the modelling of the figures only; but as they are always attributed to the joint efforts of the two artists, it is somewhat invidious even to hazard a supposition. These cartoons, however, are the work of Mr. Moira alone, and the dramatic force of their conception is no less apparent in the studies than in the completed models.

Now that photographic reproductions of actual handiwork can be given with printed text, it is unnecessary to go round like a showman and explain to gazers thereon what they are looking at. Still, as only the cartoons of this decoration are reproduced, and many distant readers of THE STUDIO are unlikely to see the originals in the Trocadero, a few bare facts concerning them may not be out of place.

The panels, placed high up on the walls, are six feet in height, and together ninety feet in length. The reliefs were cast in fibrous plaster from models in clay. The colouring, which is by Mr. Moira, has been laid on thickly and wiped off from those portions in higher relief. Scarce any definition is gained by actual painting, except so far as proved to be necessary to emphasise the shadows when the whole was finally in position. Thus the colour does but confirm the modelling by strengthening the hollows, and throwing the relief in lighter tones. Here and there gold and silver are freely used with most satisfactory effect. The colour, although bright, is cool, and suffers no little from the less reticent scheme applied to the architectural features of the rather ornate building. Indeed, it is a matter for regret that the whole scheme of the interior was not arranged to be a setting of these panels instead of entering into rivalry with them. At present the ordinary details of the other decoration do much to lessen the effect of Mr. Moira's charming designs.



"VICTORY" FROM A PAINTING BY GERALD MOIRA

The subjects, in addition to those here illustrated, include *King Arthur's Round Table*, *Elaine*, *Enid carrying Wine*, *The Seneschal*, *The Queen of the Tourney*, and *Hoisting the Standard*. In many, a free use of white is noticeable, and in all the breadth of the colouring is remarkably well sustained.

The paintings of Mr. Moira are so well reproduced here that nothing need be said, except to reiterate the gaiety of the colour of some—the background of *The King's Daughter* and *The Hill Summit* especially. In these the reality of broad sunlight is kept, with a certain decorative convention, not easy to put into words. In all you feel no uncertainty of touch. As the studies here given would suffice to indicate, Mr. Moira's method is to com-



STUDY FOR "THE KING'S DAUGHTER"
BY GERALD MOIRA

ПЕЧАТНИЦА „ЈЕДИНСТВО“
ЗА ЗЕЛЕЗНО ДЕЛО





PORTRAIT OF MRS. NAIRS BY G. MOIRA

plete his drawing and composition beforehand, so that finally his colours may be placed with assurance just where he requires them. Hence, no doubt the spontaneity of handling which confronts a spectator gives no little sense of mastery to his work. The poetic insight of the artist is well seen in the subject from Rossetti's *Willowwood*, a picture that is like a soap-bubble in sunlight as regards its colour, and exceedingly original in its composition. *The Orchard Pit*, a study for a picture, is full of strong contrast, and the legend, from whatever source it may have been derived, has grim suggestiveness. *The King's Daughter*, who sits apart, moody and sad, is a most noble conception, and one that interprets Mr. Swinburne's poem, which begins:

> We were ten maidens in the green corn,
> Small red leaves in the mill water,
> Fairer maidens never were born,
> Apples of gold for the king's daughter.

The Silent Voice, and a very typical portrait, need no comment, but they suffer somewhat, in spite of their more sober hue, from the loss of colour; and even could that have been preserved from the great reduction necessary to include them in these pages, would have worked nearly as great a change. Fortunately a sketch, *The Crusaders*, made especially for THE STUDIO, and here reproduced in facsimile, will show better than any description the actual quality of Mr. Moira's colour.

It is very difficult to estimate the permanent value of work that captivates you at once by its novelty; but, so far as it is possible to leave out that important factor, which influences all of us more than we care to admit, Mr. Moira's pictures have much more than novelty of composition to commend them. Their interpretation of the subject is always refined and marked by a delicate sense of beauty; and without any wish to defeat the purpose of well-balanced appreciation by extravagant praise, it is evident that the young artist's future holds many triumphs in store; for, having found his own idiom of expression so soon, we are justified in expecting much first-class work from his hands.

But, good as these paintings are, it is the bas-relief (and possibly domestic stained glass should be coupled with it) that we have learned to ask of Mr. Moira. Not even the mosaics of St. Paul's are more sumptuous in their effect than this comparatively inexpensive decoration can be made to be. In place of costly stencilling, or such painted decoration as Mr. William Morris employed at Stanmore Hall and elsewhere, in place of ornament lavished on every square foot of an interior, one hopes to see before long fine friezes or well-designed panels of figures in coloured relief freely employed, while the rest of the building is kept simple and dignified in its repose. For the true secret of decoration is to leave sufficient blank space. If you study these panels, you will find many restful surfaces unworried by pattern or conflicting colour. They are a notable achievement for the commencement of a career, and lead one to expect much from their creator.

G. W.



"THE ORCHARD PIT"
FROM A PAINTING
BY GERALD MOIRA



THE GARDEN FRONT, BOWDEN GREEN — ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

A MODERN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE. DESIGNED BY ARNOLD MITCHELL, F.R.I.B.A.

In Bacon's Essay on Building, his advice to one who has several dwellings is "that he sort them so, that what he wanteth in one he may find in the other," and clenching his argument by quoting Lucullus' reply to Pompey, "Why, doe you not think me as Wise as some Fowle are, that euer change their aboad towards the Winter?" The house with which this article is concerned has a definite purpose to fulfil, and has been planned accordingly. It is not primarily a house for all the year round, nor a house for summer time only. Not a house to entertain huge parties, nor to live in hermit-like seclusion; but a house near enough to London that the owner may run down for a few hours, or a few days whenever the whim takes him, and commodious enough to shelter a fair number of visitors snugly and cosily.

For "Bowden Green" is an admirably planned building and pre-eminently a house of comfort, of luxury without display, and most neatly adjusted to keep the happy mean between a villa and a mansion. It is quite possible that, with little or, perhaps, no extra cost, a very much more imposing edifice might have been erected on the site, but its purpose is not show, but convenience and comeliness.

Fortunately for our purpose, the usual obligation to be silent respecting the personality of the owner for whom the house was designed need not be observed. For one of the inconveniences of greatness that even Montaigne did not suspect is that a man first in his profession cannot be regarded as a private person, but has to share—whether it be to his taste or not—some of the fierce white light that beats upon a throne. Sir Benjamin Baker is one of the typical men of our time; for if any single class distinguishes the nineteenth century, it is its heroes of science. In engineering he has a prominent place; his share in bringing over Cleopatra's needle, in designing a new wonder of the world—the Forth Bridge—and in planning the new Central Railway for London, should alone suffice to mark his name indelibly on the annals of British men of note. It may be that the art of the

nineteenth century will look unimportant compared with that of its predecessors; that its paintings, its drama, its poetry even, will never tower above earlier work in the same fields. But one fancies that its science—notably in engineering—will prove to be the feature that centuries hence will be taken as the dominant force of the Victorian epoch.

There are those who believe that our æsthetic ideals will be so modified that the Forth Bridge itself will appear to our descendants not only a thing of masterly ingenuity, but of positive beauty also. Certainly supreme fitness for its purpose is a noble quality, and it is not improbable that, to more educated tastes, the fine proportions of the great bridge will be as satisfying æsthetically as the proportions of the Parthenon have been to cultivated Europe for centuries past.

This divergence from our theme is not quite so erratic as it looks, for the charm of the house in question does not rely on its picturesque façade or its interior decorations. These are in good taste and well able to stand most drastic criticism. But the most praiseworthy quality of the house and its outbuildings is that they fulfil their purpose so admirably. After careful inspection you feel that it is as a builder that Mr. Mitchell wins your highest admiration, not as an architect according to the popular conception of the word. The general public look upon architecture as the science of adding to something necessary, but ugly, certain non-essential but ornamental features. They think that an architect who takes a four-square box of brick and mortar, can by the addition of gables and bay windows, balconies and parapets, so transform its character that it is no more a mere "building," but an example of architectural style. This explanation of the general attitude of the average person is not so exaggerated as it may sound. One often hears people regret that some eminent architect has to design warehouses or lunatic asylums, instead of cathedrals or palaces. Yet this is a very undignified view of a great art—the finest architecture does not depend upon ornament or costliness—it seeks first of all to fulfil its purpose to the "*n*th" degree; then if by reason of its designer's powers it also chances to be beautiful, one may be sure that its real beauty lies in its proportions and utility, not in its ornament.

To quote Bacon once more: "Houses are built to liue in and not to looke on. Therefore let Vse



MAIN ENTRANCE, BOWDEN GREEN

ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



THE DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE

ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

be preferred before Vniformitie; Except where both may be had."

In literature the real art is to convey precisely and unmistakably the idea which you wish to express. If by exquisite accuracy of epithets you can also make the mere words melodious in sound, and with a splendid rhythm of their own, all the better; but sound and rhythm will never make literature—that is a matter of well-reasoned thought expressed in vivid and definite sentences; so style and ornament will never make architecture, unless the building first fulfils its necessary use.

Mr. Arnold Mitchell is a draughtsman of conspicuous ability. His pencil studies of foreign cathedrals are in their own way unapproachable; therefore we might have expected that he would be chiefly concerned in providing beautiful subjects for an artist to put down on paper. More than one very eminent architect has exhausted his efforts on the façade or sky-line of a building, or made a *pastiche* from the contents of his sketch-book, and left the interior to fit into his scheme as best it could. Many notable instances of this entirely topsy-turvy method are to be found among our public buildings, which expose their fallacy to all who are not satisfied with a rapid glance. Had Mr. Arnold Mitchell followed others in this respect, he especially might have been forgiven; even if one who has so keen a sense of the beauty of ancient edifices had forgotten for a while the "work-a-day world of pains and prose," and pleaded the artist's licence, you could hardly deny his right to do so. That he has not done so, but has set aside his veneration for picturesque beauty, and boldly tackled the modern requirements of ventilation, sanitation, and other so-called sordid matters, is distinctly to his credit. That he is an artist literally to his finger-tips his drawings show; that he is an enthusiast in the architecture of past centuries his lectures prove; that he can tackle the equally complex problems of a modern dwelling ought to be no less clear, after a study of this house.

For if art and common sense ever appear to be at loggerheads, one may be sure that the apparent difference is due either to ignorance in the spectator, or inefficiency on the part of the artist. If our art of architecture is not pre-eminently common sense, *plus* something more, so much the worse for it. It

may be that its æsthetic qualities are too subtle to be discerned at first glimpse; but if it be art, it accepts all the commonplace demands based on practical necessity, and fulfils them admirably before Art with a big A comes in. If art is not as lofty a matter as this, then its champions must needs be ranked with the charlatan, or the weak-minded fanatics who believe that science and art are enemies.

The house which Mr. Mitchell has designed—one might say "builded"—for Sir Benjamin Baker, is delightfully placed on high ground above Pangbourne, in the far-reaching views of the Thames Valley. A number of fine trees have not been disturbed, so that in a very short time, when the crudeness inevitable to a new brick structure has become modified by the weather, the house will come harmoniously into the landscape. The gates to the carriage-drive are worth a moment's notice, both for their general design and for certain vigorous pieces of carving worked out of the solid oak posts. The house design itself from this side is so clearly seen in the illustration on page 240 that it must be a waste of words to explain its general plan. The entrance-door, given in a separate illustration, is admirably placed and is well planned. An iron scraper of special design, a letter-box and a piece of carving just above it, show ornamental details of graceful character. A panel designed and executed by Mr. George Simmonds is to the right of the electric bell, and is the only feature that calls for comment. Its subject is a kid and a horseshoe; the latter was picked up by one of the future inmates of the house, and the rest of the design contains allusions to private matter which need not be explained here. On the angle of the house the very well designed bracket for the electric light, in copper and iron, was made by Hart, Son and Peard.

Although this is the ceremonial entrance to the house, its real front is on the other side, and approached from a middle path, well placed upon a terrace, as we see is in another view (page 239). The character of the design is now clear. Red bricks and red tiles, with white-framed casements, group pleasantly against the trees, and show how skilfully the architect has managed to provide for an unusual number of windows. In the building itself these windows do not appear to carry the upper



THE DINING-ROOM

ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



CORNER OF A BEDROOM — ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

stories, as the photograph might suggest. The thick walls between the casements, which in the picture are hardly noticeable, in the real building look quite equal to sustain the upper part of the house. It is curious to find how a photograph may mislead one. In the house itself there is not the slightest feeling that the windows interfere with the sense of structural sufficiency, and an assurance that they do not should be placed on record here, lest the picture might convey a totally false impression.

The interior of the entrance-hall, approached from the terrace, on which is a delightful sundial, happily placed in a projecting bay, is the subject of another illustration, although the exigencies of the camera have practically left the hall itself out of the picture, and show only the passage and staircase which lead out of it. On a table facing the door stands a model of Cleopatra's needle, which, as most people will remember, was in 1878 brought to England in a ship constructed specially after Sir Benjamin Baker's design. The illustration shows clearly the comparatively low ceiling which is the rule throughout the house, a feature which imparts a distinct sense of cosiness and domesticity. To the right is the dining-room, panelled entirely in oak, with no carving of any sort; and this same joinery by Parnell and Sons of Rugby is a joy in itself, so excellently has the wainscot oak been "picked" and worked, that after two years you can find no place to insert the thinnest of knife-blades. The doors, as may be seen in the illustration, are framed on the scale of the panelling, with locks of special design, executed by Singer and Sons. These locks are typical of the high accuracy of mechanical finish an engineer demands. The working parts, made of gun-metal, are so exquisitely wrought, that the keys may be turned by the touch of one's little finger. That such perfection is costly, goes without saying. The price of the locks for this one room represents more than would suffice to furnish a suburban dining-room in the most advanced commercial art. Throughout the whole building the joinery resembles that employed in fine cabinet work, and, like the plaster on the wall surfaces, is perfect. But perfection is only gained by infinite care over details, and here this care has been lavishly expended. The fatal habit to-day is



THE HALL AND STAIRCASE — ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

ornamental features are so clearly evident in the illustration, that it is not necessary to dwell upon them. On a bookcase at the side stands a huge silver model of the Forth Bridge — an unusual piece of *bric-à-brac* for a drawing room, which again brings the fact before one that the house is essentially a bachelor's abode — not lacking, it is true, "the touch which betrays a woman's hand" (to quote a once favourite phrase of the minor novelists), for Sir Benjamin is no misogynist, and has near relatives to play the part of hostess. All the same, it is essentially a holiday home rather than a family mansion.

But space will not permit detailed notice of each room; two of the bedrooms supply picturesque

to hide poor construction by ornament; and if the opposite method, which has been followed here, is too often mentioned in this description, such repetition must be pardoned, because it is the chief feature of the house, and the one that, unluckily for the majority of modern buildings, is well-nigh unique.

The chief architectural feature of the drawing-room is a delightful ingle-nook, shown in our illustration (page 241). The curve of its lintel is pleasantly managed, and the details are all harmonious and well proportioned. An Elsley grate, framed by Persian tiles, is surmounted by a specially designed overmantel; but the merely



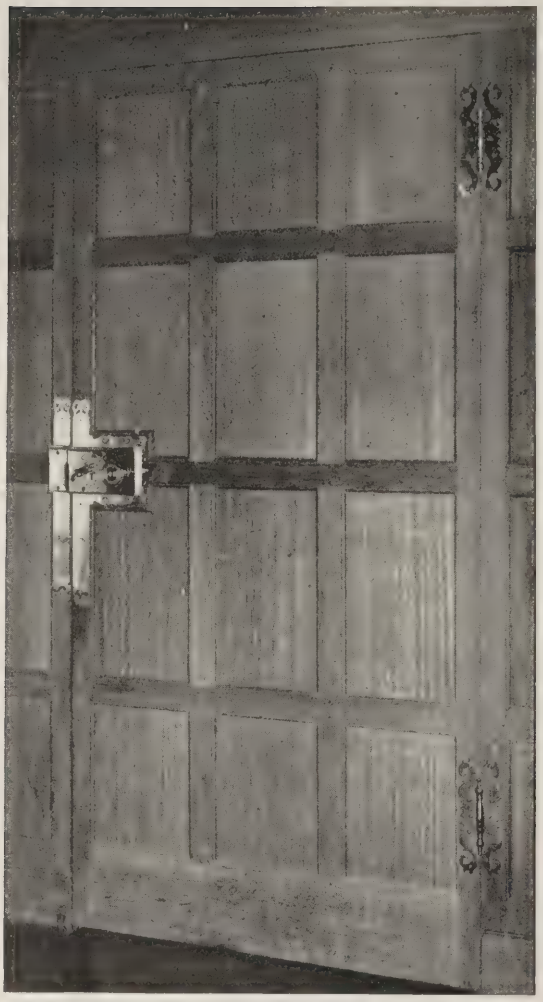
CORNER OF A BEDROOM — ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



GARDENERS' COTTAGES AT BOWDEN GREEN — ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



THE STABLES AT BOWDEN GREEN — ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



A DOOR IN THE DINING-ROOM
ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

bits, which are here illustrated. Throughout the whole of the upper floor the wall-paper is of one design (by Mr. Gwatkin), but the colour is different for each chamber. The photographs, oddly enough, make the papers appear in low modelled relief, but they are absolutely flat, in bright colours, and far less obtrusive in pattern than they appear to be in the black-and-white illustrations.

The kitchen and scullery, the bath-rooms and lavatory, have wall-surfaces of glazed brick, and the peculiar care bestowed on the arrangement and detail of sanitation must not be overlooked, although it is out of our province to dwell upon them here. Mr. Arnold Mitchell evidently believes that a happy home must be, first, a healthy one, and spares no pains to achieve that end.

In the grounds, a picturesque fowl-house demands a word, as by its pleasant design it forms an ornamental feature, and is a most commodious habitation for certain choice poultry which it shelters. These lordly fowls have piazzas of their own for wet weather, and almost the only fault on the estate is that the dividing-walls of these are not pierced, so that a poor hen cannot make a circuit of the shelters in showery weather, but must needs undertake a detour when she wishes to change her outlook.

Under the same roof as the stables there is a room for the electrical installation by which the house is lighted. Even here one sees that the room has been specially arranged, in order that an ample amount of light may be available for the proper inspection of the storage cells.

The whole house shows clearly that science and art need not be regarded as foes. It is true that science has here claimed to be first considered, but in no single instance does it appear that art has suffered thereby. Certainly the fact that the house is not merely weather-proof, but apparently calculated to stand the wear and tear of centuries, is not to its discredit. Stability and comfort, ample light and ventilation, cisterns placed



THE FRONT DOOR ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



ENTRANCE GATE TO DRIVE AT BOWDEN GREEN

where they can be inspected, permanent washstands with hot and cold supply in each bedroom, waste pipes that cannot become channels for noxious gases—all these and a hundred other things ought to be the commonplaces of good architecture; for they are its true essentials. Having seen that all these are provided it is an additional satisfaction to discover that a house is not less beautiful because it is practical. The charm of Mr. Arnold Mitchell's work is evident to a chance visitor; therefore, in place of criticism or eulogy, it may be left here to speak for itself through the excellent photographs taken especially for this article. A plan of each floor would have revealed excellent lighting and novel as well as satisfactory arrangements for ventilation; but plans are not easily read by the average person; at least such a conclusion is forced upon one by the evidence of indifference displayed, even by those about to build, to this most important detail of house-construction. Yet as working drawings are not included, and the mere prosaic qualities of a house are not to be discovered from pictures, it seemed best, "once and for once only," even at the risk of departing from the usual habit of THE STUDIO, to place them in evidence in the text, reserving consideration of Mr. Mitchell's artistic treatment of homes to a more convenient season.

SOME OLD WROUGHT-IRON WORK. BY EDWARD F. STRANGE. WITH DRAWINGS BY HERBERT S. PEPPER.

THE period which was inaugurated by the reign of William and Mary has much to answer for in English art, both of good and evil. It left us a legacy of a quaint, narrow-waisted, high-heeled sort of sentiment, which even yet is not entirely exhausted. It is responsible for the invention of tea-drinking, for the first publication of society scandals, for the building of houses in rows to sample, and the laying out of parks and gardens on strictly mathematical lines. Still, looking back on the prettiness and unconscious humour of the life of that age, we somehow or other cleave to what remains to us thereof, and absolutely decline to, as Hans Breitmann puts it, "undutchify ourselves" any more. And of these relics, the most English



FOWL-HOUSE AT BOWDEN GREEN

and perhaps for that reason the most neglected, are those gates and railings of wrought-iron which are dotted about all over London and its older suburbs.

It is astonishing how little we know of these said gates, beyond what our eyes can tell us. Who made them, who designed them, are both hitherto unsolved questions; although, now that handicraft is recognised as a not altogether ignoble section of the arts, it is possible that antiquarians may consider it worth their while to unearth what records still perhaps exist in family and parish archives. This much we can say for certain, that the school (for it has all the continuity and distinction of style which entitle it to the designation) is an English growth from a French source—the ironwork of Louis XIV.; that it did not exist in England before the time of Sir Christopher Wren, and may even have been imported and cultivated by him after his notable visit to France in 1665; and that it soon lost its French characteristics, except for the use of certain technical processes, such as the pitch-block—developing into a charming simplicity and straightforwardness of treatment which compares as favourably with French over-elaboration of ornament and pretentiousness, as does, to take a similar case, our earlier school of Gothic architecture with its cousin across the Channel.

The question of design is a difficult one to deal with. As a general rule, this is so good, shows such accurate knowledge of constructive principles, and such splendid taste and reticence in the placing of the ornament, that we can scarcely credit it to the smith, much as we are able to admire an excellence of craftsmanship in execution which is undeniably his. The famous Hampton Court screens are of course known to have been designed by Jean Tyou or Tijou; but they are so thoroughly French as to have little in common with the class of work we are now considering. It seems probable that our gates were, at all events, planned by the leading architects of the day, some of them probably by Wren himself. The architectural treatment is obvious in many, and would not naturally occur to a smith, whose tendency, as in earlier times, would be to bend and cut, rather than build up with straight lines. A similarity not so far-fetched as might at first sight appear, is also worth noting between the pediments of some of these gates (Fig. 5) and the general outline of the churches by Wren and his

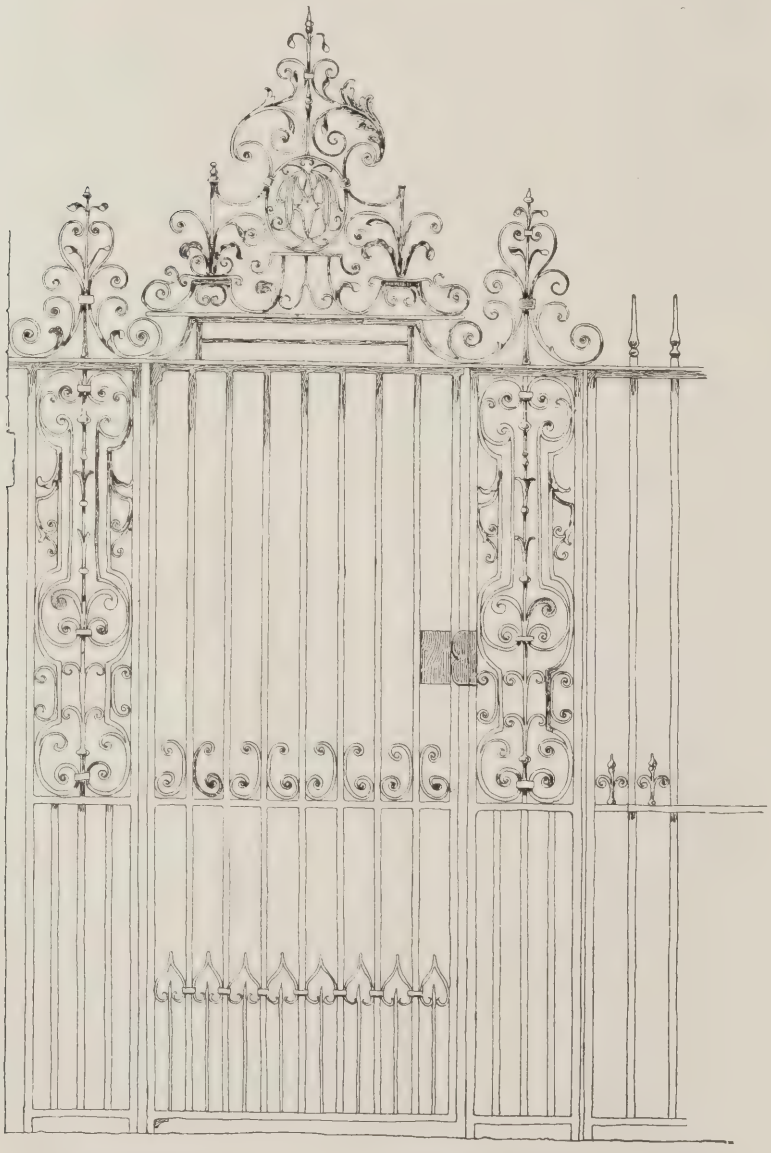


FIG. I. WROUGHT-IRON GATE FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. PEPPER



FIG. 2. INN SIGN
FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. PEPPER

associates. Lastly, there is one little scrap of evidence, only a hint perhaps, of Sir Christopher's own acquaintance with smithy work, in his letter to Dr. Bateman, wherein he alludes to projects he has *on the anvil*, a metaphor which may have some significance, used so soon after his introduction to the master-smiths of France.

Of the men who executed these designs we have been unable to learn anything, Huntingdon Shaw, whose limited life-record is already too well known and too uncertain to need repetition, always excepted. Of the material, we can say with some confidence that it was probably German, imported through Dort or Dordrecht in drawn bars of various sizes, but generally three-quarter inch square, so that bars of this dimension were technically known at the time as "Dort-square." Careful measurements of a large number of existing specimens have shown how general was the use of this manufacture in the London district, and its influence on the designs themselves is of the highest importance. It will be seen, as has already been suggested, that the designs are essentially grounded on straight lines and the natural curves in which these ready-drawn bars could easily be bent. The other elements are also simple, and very few in number—viz., apple- and water-leaves, formed by splashing out the ends of a bar, or by cutting from thick sheet and welding the joint; a twist and knot, both easily made from the bar, and acanthus-like foliage produced with the assistance of the pitch-block, a French process which appears in English work for the first time at this period. This latter procedure is again free from complication. It is somewhat akin to chasing: a sheet being laid on a block of elastic pitch, moulded with blunt tools, and the outlines cut with a chisel, the last operation giving to the finished leaf a rough edge on its under side, by which the process can easily be detected. It may be mentioned incidentally that there are still one or two smiths in England who are capable of turning out work of this nature in a manner quite equal to that of their predecessors, but for lack of encouragement the generation is likely to soon die out.

Of the examples figured, No. 3 is interesting, and somewhat distinguished by having no pediment; a feature at once accounted for by the fact that it is placed in front of a house with an elaborate portico with heavy pillars and pediment in the classic style.

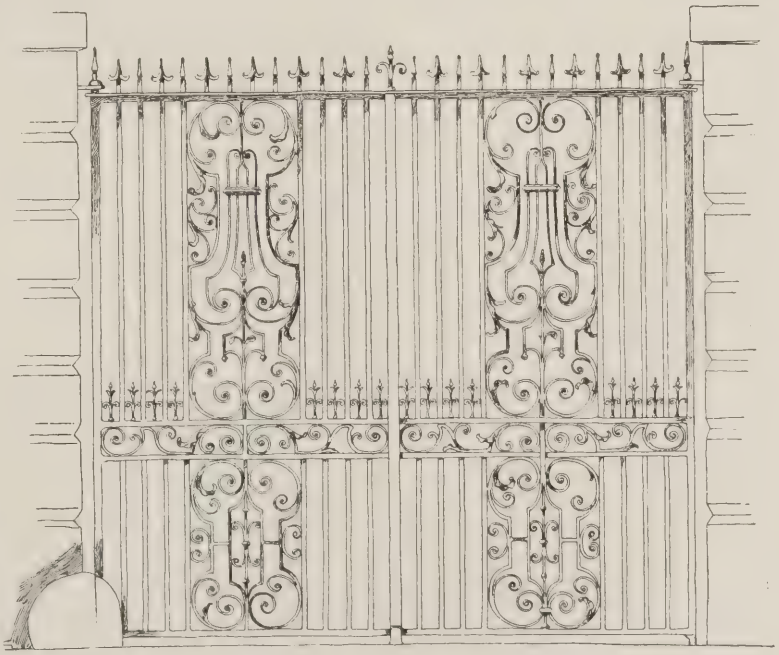


FIG. 3. WROUGHT-IRON GATE FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. PEPPER

The ornament of this specimen is also nearly devoid of foliage, although particularly rich in scrolls.

Fig. 4, on the contrary, has a pediment of unusual richness and merit; the ornament consisting of apple-leaves somewhat realistically treated. This gate has no connection with any building, being part of a long garden railing; hence a lighter and more luxuriant treatment than would have been necessary or suitable in the preceding case.

The other gates are good examples of work designed to very effectively relieve the heavy and sombre domestic architecture which they accompany; Fig. 5 being one of a set of five or six, all similar in essentials, and still in use; while Fig. 1, which is noteworthy for its general richness, as well as for the beauty of its monogram, has been removed from its original situation. It was, however, undoubtedly hung in a railing instead of between posts, and must also have been one of the chief entrances to a house of some pretensions. Unfortunately the present owner is unacquainted with its history.

By the way, these monograms themselves merit a special study, and alone serve as an argument for the attribution of the designs to more cultivated and lettered sources than the craftsmanship of the period could have furnished. The inn-sign is worthy to rank with some of the best in Germany, with which, however, it has nothing in common; its perfect construction and severity, yet wealth of effect, rendering it quite unsurpassable as a model of fitness and beauty. It is still to be seen in the village of Roehampton, near Putney, although the old inn to which it belonged has been rebuilt.

It will be noticed that in these gates many of the details are identical; and yet it is a remarkable thing that, although the crafts of the next generation left us almost a literature of their own, yet of this English art no one seems to have discovered pattern-books, sketches, or so much as a single working drawing. Of French designs, several more or less admirable sets are still in existence, and the best specimens from these might be studied with very considerable advantage by modern designers of iron-work, who would find in them much suggestive material easily adaptable to the tastes of to-day.

So far we have tried to give due meed to one of the humblest, though noblest of our crafts. Except for the efforts of a very few workers, it is almost dead, and even these are stinted in their material and hampered in the matter of time by the cheeseparing of certain contract-loving architects of the day, until, instead of wrought-iron in its strength, their productions rather resemble the effeminate bent-ribbon-wire work of Venice. The craft is essentially one which requires time and a free hand, for every dainty leaf and every quaint and unexpected curve should be again and again an evidence of the love for his labour of him who wrought it; taking delight in the artist's fancies, and perhaps aiding and developing them more than we can ever know.

E. F. S.

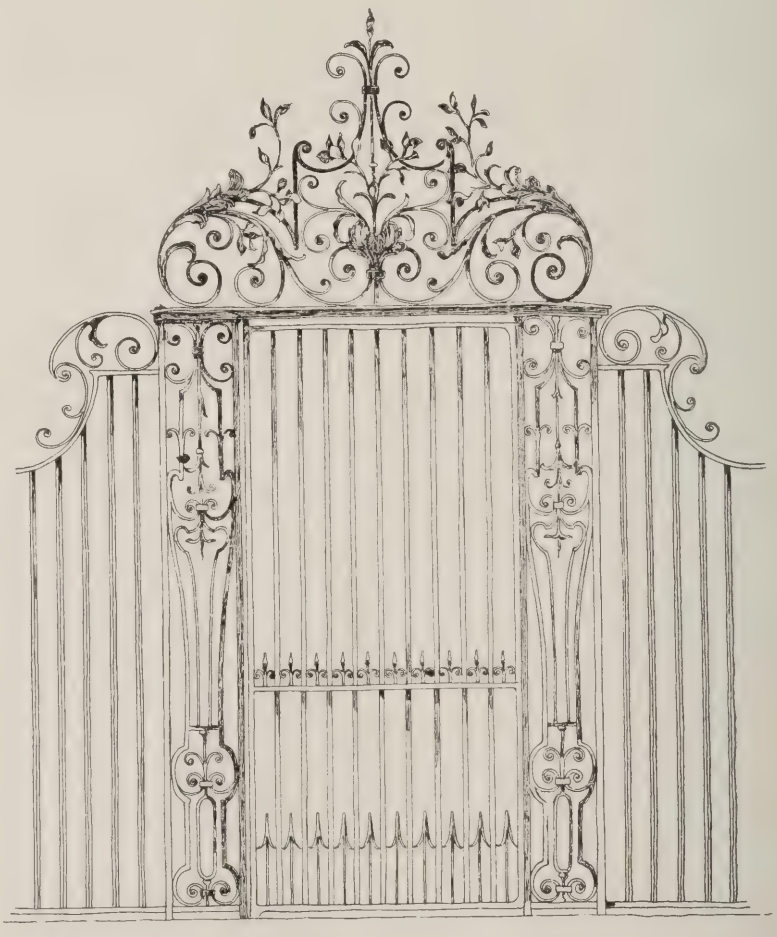


FIG. 4. WROUGHT-IRON GATE FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. PEPPER

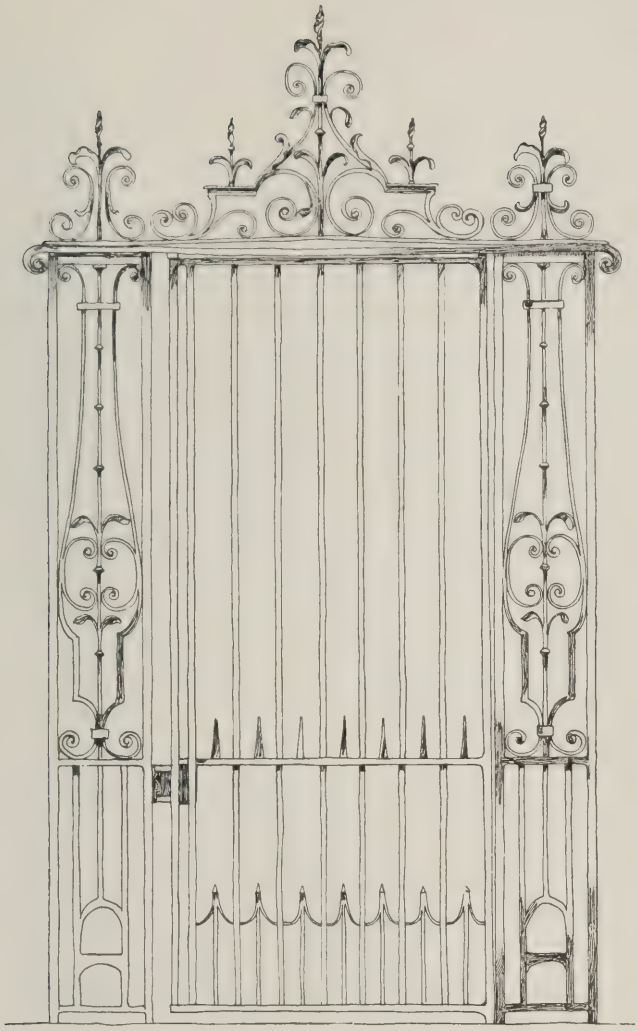


FIG. 5. WROUGHT-IRON GATE
FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. PEPPER

STEINLEN AS A LITHOGRAPHER. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

THERE are few artists whose name and whose work are more widely known than those of Steinlen. The public knows him as it knows Caran d'Ache, Forain, Jules Chéret, and Willette in France, or Phil May, Raven Hill, Dudley Hardy, and the brothers Beggarstaff in England. Moreover, he has earned the admiration of artists themselves; and it is a piece of rare good fortune for a draughtsman thus to be understood and appreciated alike by the many and by the few.

His gifts, it may be said at once, are eminently "sympathetic," both in regard to the subjects he particularly affects, and the thoroughly personal way he has of dealing with them. He catches the eye and appeals to the mind by a truly remarkable accuracy in detail, a sense of nature and life, and a great power of observation, while the feeling he arouses is frequently one of generous sympathy and respect. Unlike Forain, he is never cynical, mordant, or cruel, nor is he a caricaturist, like Caran d'Ache. Briefly, he is human, and this is the word which, I think, best describes him. And from this very humanity springs the great success his productions have achieved.

It may be objected that the society he depicts is very limited in range, being confined to the poor, the beggars, and the vagabonds, the types of the poverty-stricken outskirts. But such objection will not hold good. What, alas, is more general, more universal than this poverty? and what a world of characters and sorrowful, typical scenes it affords the draughtsman's pencil! Everything is genuine in this sad world of his. The conventions of society, the codes of cant and *snobbisme* are nothing to the men and women he shows us. They at least wear no masks; there is no hypocrisy in these poor, suffering creatures; and, with all their animalism, they are none the less our brothers and our sisters, our equals, whether looked at from the human or the divine standpoint. Their wretchedness, their crimes, their degradation, may fill us with repugnance, perhaps; but there is no denying they offer the artist a vast field of study, and one cannot but feel interested in it all. At times these figures stand as it were a reproach to our pleasures, to our selfishness; they haunt us in the midst of our well-being, and in our life of ease and refinement we catch the mournful strain of their lament, whose echoes linger in our ears.

The work must be good and beautiful which can awake such feelings as these; and apart altogether from the admiration Steinlen's great gifts inspire, we must needs be grateful to him for the humanising influence of his productions. But having said this I will, with my readers' permission, direct their attention exclusively to the artistic side of the innumerable drawings bearing this artist's signature, and endeavour to show how personal, how truly original, is his manner of looking at things.

In the first place, accuracy would seem to be one of his first considerations. He is a lover of truth, and nothing in his eyes is unworthy of careful study. The simplest object of everyday life, a chair, a table, a basket, a wall—everything pleases him, because everything has its own fixed characteristics, and everything to him is a subject worthy of attention. His sketch-books and studies show plainly enough that he leaves nothing to chance—and as much cannot be said of many artists of to-day. He gives himself up to incessant work, neglecting not even the smallest detail, striving always to draw just what he sees, in all its minuteness, before transposing and simplifying it for the finished picture. Thus it is he succeeds in creating such an air of reality in all he does.

What, indeed, could be more real than all these series of drawings in black-and-white and in colour, which have appeared in the illustrated papers, such as the *Gil Blas Illustré*—of which he is the successful founder—or the *Chambard*, wherein his lithographs, some of the best of his productions, saw the light? What could be more real, and yet more varied? One could not wish to look through a more interesting collection than that containing all these lifelike sketches, with their infinite variety of types and surroundings and scenery—labourers from town and country, peasants, soldiers, beggars, street singers, *petits bourgeois*, street urchins of both sexes, all the humble populace of the big towns such as Paris, where one sees them in the outskirts, or in the lonely avenues of the exterior boulevards, or the queer neighbourhoods, fulfilling their dull round of existence in misery or in vice. And there is no one at the present day who has caught this phase of life with more intensity, more truthfulness, more power, or more artistic feeling than Steinlen. The strange, the remarkable thing is that he is never coarse, for, even in the most outrageous, most realistic scenes from his pencil, the sentiment of pity is uppermost. However low they may have fallen, be it even to the bottom of the social ladder—whatever degree of ignominy their faces may betray, one needs must pause before condemning these ruffians in caps and blouses, these deplorable creatures, once women, but now mere bundles of rags—one pities them instead. Steinlen tells their sorrowful story in all its poignancy, and shows us only too well the inner meaning of their existence. Writ large we see all the dreadful history of their past; see how, little by little, from force of circumstances, by a sort of fatality, they have at last come to their present state, wallowing, without power of resistance, in the mire!

All this is modern, eminently modern. These are the wretched, sickly flowers which spring to life in the foul soil of our overcrowded cities, where every sort of luxury rubs shoulders with every sort of wretchedness.

The series of lithographs published by M. Kleinmann, one of which, *Inside a Tramcar*, is reproduced here, gives a striking idea of Steinlen's power. With black-and-white on the bare stone he produces effects of great force and suppleness, and, to those who can perceive it, full of colour too. What energy of touch, what skill in character-drawing are revealed in these plates! Each one of these various types is alive with his own individual life, quite distinct from that of his neighbours in this house on wheels, which for a few moments becomes the shelter, the point of concentration, of so many separate existences. In every one of these faces, in the attitude in which each individual is seated, one can read their minds, trace the direction of their daily cares, tell their habits, realise their modest ambitions.

Another plate in the same collection represents the interior of some wretched garret in a workman's home. The wife, shrunken with privation, her features drawn by hunger, is seated on a pallet, holding her child in her arms; while the husband, huddled up in a corner at the back of the room, his head between his hands, seems broken by despair. He has just returned, no doubt, from seeking work, but he has not found it. A silence, as of death, hangs over these three human beings. Despite its dignity, a commonplace drama enough, perhaps, for it is all too common. But how wonderfully the artist has treated it, in complete simplicity, without a touch of the sensational or the melodramatic! One feels a sense of deep, almost violent emotion; and that is enough.

Yet another. Two little laundresses, thin and delicate-looking, are crossing a square, one carrying an enormous bundle of linen, the other a heavy basket. They are leaning back, straining every nerve to get through their task, with suffering written in their contracted faces.

There is also a programme, in lithography, of a performance for the benefit of some soup fund or other, which is full of pathos. Around the enormous pot containing the steaming broth one sees a crowd of wretched creatures holding out their basins. In the foreground are a pair of children; the little brother, a mite of eight at most, is clutching his sister's dress, and standing on tip-toe; while the girl, who is older, has a look of mild resignation in her face. Behind them is an



"INSIDE A TRAMCAR"
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY
STEINLEN

(By permission of M. Kleinmann)



"LETTRE À NINON"
FROM "CHANSONS DE FEMMES"
AFTER A LITHOGRAPH BY
STEINLEN

(By permission of MM. Enoch et Cie)



"L'ILE DES BAISERS"
FROM "CHANSONS DE FEMMES"
AFTER A LITHOGRAPH BY
STEINLEN

(By permission of MM. Enoch et Cie)



"QUAND NOUS SERONS VIEUX"
FROM "CHANSONS DE FEMMES"
AFTER A LITHOGRAPH BY
STEINLEN

(By permission of MM. Enoch et Cie)



"LES FEMMES DE FRANCE"
FROM "CHANSONS DE FEMMES"
AFTER A LITHOGRAPH BY
STEINLEN

(By permission of MM. Enoch et Cie)

old man, and farther back workmen and women—a hungry crowd drawn together by the tempting smell. And the plump, handsome woman who is distributing to all around the wherewithal to stay their pangs, wears the Phrygian cap. She is the Republic itself—the ideal Republic which heals and comforts all woes and "gives food to the hungry." At the top of the plate Steinlen has written these two words, *En Attendant!* "Waiting!" Waiting for the hour which, alas, will never sound, the hour of universal happiness, the hour when "sorrow and sighing shall flee away," and trouble and misery be nought but empty words.

Sorry though I am, I must pass over the numerous covers for music and books which Steinlen has illustrated; nor have I space to deal with his posters, which are well worthy of an article to themselves, notably his lately produced design for the new journal *La Feuille*, a work of remarkable originality. Readers of THE STUDIO will not have forgotten that splendid poster *La Rue*, in which at least a dozen life-size figures appear, and the lithographic stones for which numbered more than thirty. One must see the original, however, to get an idea of the bright and joyous colouring, the harmonious arrangement of this real poster, this true piece of mural decoration.

We must pause a moment over this collection of songs, "Chansons de Femmes," poor though they be both in music and words. For the publishers, MM. Enoch et Cie., had the happy thought to commission Steinlen to do them a set of original lithographs. They are fifteen in number, and all display equal charm, and truth, and fancy; all have a feeling of delicious melancholy. They stand by themselves among Steinlen's productions, and show another side of his genius. Side by side with the keen observer he is, and must ever be, goes another self, a tender, sensitive nature, loving the soft, hazy outlines, the last dim lights of the dying day, the landscapes which sadden while they delight. From first to last these illustrations for the "Chansons de Femmes" are a delight to the eye and to the imagination.

Here we have a little dressmaker, with her big round box hanging on her arm, reading a love-letter in the street at dusk. The lamps, just lit, shine through the evening mist, and the carriage lights sparkle to and fro, while she stands there, deep in her reading, heedless of all the bustle and noise around.

Here again is an interior, dark and gloomy, with a solitary woman engrossed in grave reflection. An open book lies on her knees, and her head rests pensively on her hand. There is an atmosphere of utter sadness about her.

Another shows a woman muffled in furs, hurrying along, to meet her lover doubtless; while the passers-by, just suggested, as though seen through a mist, turn and watch her inquisitively.

As we turn the pages we come upon a really delicious domestic scene. A woman, lolling on a sofa, is playing with her cats, while in the background a man is seated at the piano. Some flowers are fading on a table close by. The languid gestures of the woman are full of tender grace. In the foreground two cats are asleep. Everything speaks of the joys of home, the rest and peace of true affection.

Next we have two lovers in a wood. She, seated on the moss, he, lying lower than she, with his head on her knees, gazes into her eyes—"O Gioventù, primavera della vita!"

A crossing scene. Some street-singers have come to a halt. One is playing the violin, another is singing. The listeners form a circle round them, workmen, housewives, boys and girls, who know by heart the popular air being warbled, and join in chorus with the two poor performers.

Another of his street scenes is irresistibly funny. The song is called "Vous êtes jolie," and Steinlen depicts at the end of some shabby street a couple of singers, the man twanging his guitar as accompaniment to the woman's song. Her collecting-box hangs from her finger. Both are remarkably ugly. The man is quite bald, and the woman bloated; but so much sentiment, so much energy, does she put into her singing, that one feels sure she must really be in earnest and mean what she is trying to express. The old pair of sentimental beggars forms an unforgettable picture.

But the pearl of this collection of "Women's Songs" is the lithograph illustrating the piece called "Tu m'apparus." To my mind it is a little masterpiece. We see two lovers walking at night-time side by side, and embracing. The gesture of the young girl; the way she raises her face to meet her sweetheart's lips; the way he holds her hand; the exquisite simplicity of their attitudes; with the glimpse of the street ahead, and its lights, the dark shadow from which the pair stand out; the girl's light bodice relieving the gloom—it is all full of charm, and fills one with an infinite sense of delicate pleasure. And there is nothing gross about it. The thing is honest and pure, which adds further merit to this striking picture.

And the cover of the collection, with its group of girls, tall and slim, dancing hand in hand round

an Apollo, their tresses flying wild—how well it shows the artist's poetic fancy!

I have only now to speak of Steinlen's *technique* as a lithographer. Two primary qualities strike one at once—his respect for the process itself, and the suppleness of his treatment. As to the first point, I mean that Steinlen's lithographs are lithographs pure and simple, devoid of artifice, and quite free from anything but that which is inherent to the process itself. Yet he succeeds in realising all the force that is necessary. When I talk of his suppleness I refer to the artist's ability to make his colours and his atmosphere quiver, as it were, and to invest that atmosphere with the figures, the scenery, the actors, animate or inanimate, proper to his compositions. In this he excels, thanks to a truly rare and profound knowledge of draughtsmanship, which raises the illustrator of the "Chansons de Femmes" to one of the highest and most enviable places among the artists of to-day.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

MR. FRANCIS E. JAMES'S WATER-COLOURS. BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

I LEAVE to a biographer, in the Future, the task of recording Mr. Francis James's birthplace and of settling the number of his years; of saying, too, where he chiefly lived and chiefly practised. I am concerned with his drawings, and not with the man, except in so far as his drawings must reveal him—and the real man, and not the outside facts about him, a man's work does always to some extent reveal. In the case of Francis James, his work is his water-colours. I know no oil-paintings by him. I remember no pencil studies. I know no etchings by him, no lithographs by him. And, moreover, modern man though he is, he seems to be able to express himself without the assistance of silver point—the interesting and difficult medium, the employment of which is, or threatens to become, a label or badge of the cultivated. His own work in water-colour is as direct, immediate, uncorrectable as that; but colour is of the very essence of it. Whatever he tackles, whatever he elects to let alone, Francis James is essentially a colourist.

Just one thing about his life and his circumstances I shall here—taking breath in a parenthesis—venture to record without a fear of condemning myself afterwards as an impertinent for having recorded it. As a youth he was never compelled to prepare for a profession. He is a country gentleman who gradually became an artist—as out of a tree there came, eventually, Daphne. Mr. Francis James had a little comfortable means, one may suppose. Is he to be cursed then, on that account, with the name of amateur? Certainly not. No more than Méryon, who was brought up in the French Navy;



"A TAILOR'S SHOP" FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES



STUDY OF A ROSE

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES

no more than W. W. May, the charming marine artist, who in late life was Keeper of the Painted Hall at Greenwich, just because in early life he had been a sailor; no more than Robert Goff, who was in the Coldstream Guards; or Seymour Haden, President of his own Academy, and once such a successful surgeon that he might have been President of the College of Surgeons to boot. In art of any kind—in Painting, Writing, Modelling—the spirit in which a man does his work, and not the means that he possesses or the family he belongs to, constitutes him professional or amateur. Is his art his chief interest? If so, whatever may be his *status* upon other grounds, professional artist, serious professional artist he is, with his books or his pictures. To the serious artist a little money is of endless usefulness, even if it be only that scanty portion of three hundred a year and an umbrella—for that scanty portion which has caused the fool to eat the bread of idleness has caused the wise man to work with a will. It has gone some little way towards securing him that deepest boon for the artistic nature, *la liberté du travail*. It has freed him in a measure from the obligation of producing the "pot-boiler." Francis James has never produced the "pot-boiler."

I suppose it was his exquisite enjoyment of flowers, as he has lived amongst them, that gave the first impulse to him to render them in art. Then as to method in Water-colour Painting, there came the influence of De Wint—dare I say it?—and then the influence of some, at least, of modern French practice, and then the influence of his neighbour down in Sussex—that sensitive Impressionist, H. B. Brabazon, with his mature thought upon the matter, and his delightful practice, his "blobs," upon the drawing paper—"blobs" which are so very few and are so exquisitely right. Mr. James has become, of late years at all events, less purely an Impressionist than Mr. Brabazon. In his work, whatever be its theme, there is always more of positive and of refined draughtsmanship. But the influence of Brabazon is there all the same; or, at least, is there from the first. An immense sensitiveness as to colour, a refinement of colour which does not preclude boldness — the cultivation of an alertness as to the most delicate gradations of colour — these things characterise



"SHOP FRONT, BEWDLEY"
FROM A WATER-COLOUR
BY FRANCIS E. JAMES

Francis James. They are of assistance to him, even of incalculable assistance to him, in all the things that he depicts, in all the visions he realises. But I think they are of most use to him of all when it is flowers he is looking at; composing with grace; painting with ineffable charm.

And, so far as I understand, flowers were the subject with which he chose to begin.

It would be thoroughly unfair, now, to Francis James to consider him only as a flower-painter. Outside flowers altogether, there is a class of effect which he has made his own, and which is his by reason of his habitual command of colour, fearless, original, and gay. I am talking of the church interiors, beheld in keen, clear light, and interesting less it may be by their architecture—as to which while Mr. Fulleylove, Mr. Albert Goodwin, and Sir Wyke Bayliss, speak, who is there that shall speak with equal authority to-day? — interesting less by their architecture than by their hues and their illuminations, and their accidents and accessories; the ornaments about the altar, the wreath of flowers that encircle the figure of a saint, the bit of heraldic glass that recalls Nuremburg, the sacred piece hoisted above the altar; the banner, it may be, or perhaps only the pink cushion, or the little green curtain that gives privacy to the box of the confessional. At Rothenburg, as well as at Nuremburg itself, Mr. James went in for very serious draughtsman's study of statues in their niches, of the traceried wall, of plate upon the altar, of this and that little detail, of which the treatment remained broad while it became finished. At Nuremburg—to name two, that for excellent reasons I remember—admirable is the broad and luminousness, picturesqueness of his interiors of the Kaiser Kapelle and of St. Sebald. At Rothenburg, as far as simple architecture is concerned, what a variety lay before him! And yet from all its richness and variety he turned now and then to paint the humble window of the little *bourgeois* or little tradespeople's house; the window-sill with its few pots of green-leaved and blossoming flowers, seen, some of them, against the brown-red shutter; fragile fuchsia, and healthy geranium, and that puce flower you know so well, and its name eludes you —does it?—for the moment.

But whether Francis James is occupied with flower painting, or with church interiors of Germany or of the Eastern Riviera, or with landscape pieces, or with studies of the village shop, it is always the same spirit of broad interpretation that dominates



"GROCER'S SHOP AT BEWDLEY"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES



"NEAR ASOLO" FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES



"AUTUMN, ASOLO" FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES

his work. Its business is to recall an impression—artistic always, whether beautiful or quaint—it is not generally its business to be imitative, strictly imitative, of actual object or scene. Quite an infinity of detail is pleasantly suggested by that drawing of the *Grocer's Shop at Bewdley*—the post-office of the country town—and just as much by *Shop Front, Bewdley*, which shows us the deep bow-window of Mr. Bryan, the bookseller; a background before which some quiet figure out of Jane Austen might conceivably have passed. But it is not obtruded. If you peer closely into the paper, it is not actually and dryly made out. In a sense, *il n'y a rien*. Stand away a little, and then again *il y a tout*.

But, of course, Mr. James's preoccupation with a quaint little world of the provinces, whose combinations of colour, as he here shows us them, are curious rather than lovely—that preoccupation of his, I say, is occasional rather than constant; and we shall never therefore take his measure by an inspection of work like this. Some quaint line it possesses, and to the interest of quaint, as well as of lovely, combinations of line, Francis James is quite alive. But it is where the combinations of line may be lovely—where they may have their highest quality herein—and yet more where with beautiful line there must (to do justice to the theme) be associated beautiful colour; it is here that Mr. James is most characteristic. *Autumn, Asolo*, shows this to some extent; and so do other landscapes in which the world to which he has addressed himself, whether of Lombard or Venetian plateau or Alpine height, is dealt with with intrepidity. But it is to churches and flowers—or sometimes to the interiors of drawing-rooms or bedrooms lived in by tasteful people, and full therefore of objects that must gratify the eye in their happy union—it is to churches and flowers in the main, and most of all flowers, that we must come back, to find Mr. James quite at his most exquisite, quite at his most characteristic.



"SAN PIERRO IN GRADO" FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES

Perhaps it is hardly possible nowadays to paint flowers without submitting to some extent to the influence of the Japanese. From them, whatever else you learn, you learn freedom of treatment and a concentration upon essentials. The limitations of Japanese art it does not happen just now to be the fashion to recognise; though every one who is really educated—every one who has at his fingers' ends the Classics of art, the immense achievements of Europe from Holbein to Turner—must know of these limitations and must feel them. That does not prevent the perception of the value of those things which Japanese art (among the arts of other peoples indeed) has had some capacity for teaching us. And when Mr. James makes his pink and white roses trail over the paper, with tints so pale and delicate, I think of the Japanese. I think of these much less when he sets a whole posy—a whole group at least—in a tumbler, and has his massive colour, his rich, great colour, his fearless juxtapositions. And then, perhaps,



STUDY IN INDIAN INK
BY FORAIN

STUDY IN INDIAN INK
BY FOR AIN



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"INTERIOR OF TAGLIA COZZO"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES

with the Japanese influence not lost altogether, but still mainly subdued—not displayed at all, and scarcely even insinuated—do I rejoice in Francis James at his best.

Among painters, water-colour painters, Francis James is the poet of flowers, as Van Huysum, it may be—two hundred years ago—was their prose chronicler. The public knows Van Huysum best by his work in oils. The amateur of noble prints knows him best by Earlom's two splendid translations of him into the medium of mezzotint. But the not less rare connoisseur of the fine drawings of a past period knows him by water-colour sketches, such as those possessed by the department of prints and drawings at the British Museum. And as there are moments, moods, opportunities, when men apparently far apart get nearer together, so, just and now again by Van Huysum's practice in water-colour—by his pure sketching in that medium—the gulf that separates him from Francis James is, not bridged indeed, but narrowed. The moment Van Huysum passes beyond the pure sketch, the perhaps even rapid study, something that is of the nature of the artificial, of intentional and obvious intricacy, begins to assert itself. Now with the delightful artist of the day whose eulogium, as I trust, I am slowly making, that is never the case.

Francis James's feeling for flowers is, in some sense, akin to a woman's instinctive fondness for everybody's children. He has joy in their mere life. And it is their life that he paints. And he paints them in their own atmosphere—the sunlight heightening so the key of their colour, or a little rain perhaps has fallen and their life is refreshed. Had the rain fallen when Van Huysum painted them, the drop would have glistened on the petal; the perfection of the imitation of it is what we might have been asked, first of all, to see and admire. But it is not their accidental condition that Francis James imitates. It is their splendid vigour or exquisite freshness—see, for instance, this noble primula with its deep glowing, slightly mauvish reds and its enriched green leaves: in its condition, a very bridegroom coming out of his chamber.

Amongst flowers, Francis James, I find, is universal in his loves. He does not swear fidelity to the rose—or he does not swear the particular fidelity which is only exclusiveness. In every garden, every greenhouse, every season of the year, he has (to use the sailor simile) "a wife in every port." He is as various in his appreciations of the beloved and the admirable as is a young man by Mr. Thomas Hardy. Primula, tulip, rose, pelargonium, and then the hundred orchids—having thanked one of them for its beauty, and profited by it, he turns with happy expectation to another. Nor does disappointment await him.

One little confidence, made to me long ago, I recollect, I propose, before I finish this article, ruthlessly to break. Mr. James destroys many drawings. He strangles the ill-begotten. He pronounces with severity judgment upon his creations. He assists the fittest to survive. Three or four

years back he was wrestling manfully with the treatment of the orchid. No one, I think, had really treated the orchid before then. Since then, in oils, Mr. William Gale, in a group of works too little known, has treated it with unequal, of course, yet often with remarkable skill. But when Mr. James had drawn at Sanders's nursery—during several months' sojourn at St. Alban's to that end—orchids of every kind, great was the massacre of the Innocents. We were permitted afterwards to see the successes; the failures had been done away with. This is characteristic, and that is why I record it. People who observe flowers, and do not only buy them, will not be astonished that when this happened most—this severe review and condemnation—it was orchids, orchids only, that were in question. And this for several reasons. Some are beautiful, but some are ugly, almost morbid indeed—things for the delectation of Des Esseintes, the too neurotic hero of M. Huysman's *A Rebours:* scarcely for folk whom mere strangeness may not fascinate. And then again, the extreme intricacy of the forms of some of them tells in two ways against their employment as subjects for a painter. It is not only—it is not so much—that their intricacy adds to the difficulty of correctness; it is rather that it adds to the difficulty of their comprehension by the spectator of Mr. James's, or of anybody else's, drawing. The public knows the rose and the geranium—it knows, besides, two score of flowers of English garden and hedge-row. But the intricacy of the orchid is, as yet, an unfamiliar intricacy, and it is infinitely various, and therefore though the painting of the orchid in Mr. James's pure water-colour was an experiment interesting and courageous, and within reasonable limits successful, that work was but one phase, and far from the most important one, of a career and of a talent full already of individuality, distinction, charm.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

COPENHAGEN. — In everyday life exclusiveness is a snobbish and undesirable commodity; in art and kindred matters it is, rightly interpreted, the reverse. The charm of anything upon which the eye is intended to feast, a stylish room, a collection of art-objects, or such-like, lies not only in what there is, but also in what there is not. It was an objection to the Copenhagen Exhibition of International Art, that *it* did not possess this latter passive charm, and it would have gained much by a more stringent weeding process. The golden rule of little but good, rather than much and moderate, applies doubly to international expositions of art, where considerations of a mere local or even national nature are forced into the background. This the Stockholm people had recognised much more readily; besides, they were earlier in the field, and it is not given to every country to have, for her figure-head in art matters, a man, who is not only a born prince, but also a born artist. On paper, however, the Copenhagen Exhibition was eminently representative, although too many great names were found on pictures utterly unworthy to bear them.

The latter reproach applied less perhaps to England than to other countries. That this was so arose partly out of the good sense shown by several painters who sent good reproductions of their best works in preference to moderate originals. It is pleasant for a lover of England and her art to be able to place on record the fact that in Copenhagen, as elsewhere on the Continent, English art is every year commanding more attention and respect. Most of the English pictures had been seen in public exhibitions in England, and there is no need therefore to enlarge upon them here. It will suffice to say that amongst the works of British artists which attracted the greatest amount of attention were Alfred East's *Meadow in the Midlands*, Byam Shaw's *Whither*, H. H. La Thangue's *In a Garden*, T. Blake Wirgmann's *Elsa and the Wild Swans*, Solomon J. Solomon's *Good Health!* and a fresh and breezy seascape by Henry Moore.

The German section seemed with that of England to possess the most distinct mark of nationality. It was some years ago the fashion to hold that they could not paint in Germany, but this, assuredly, is no longer so; there is now intense depth and earnestness evidenced in German art, occasionally coupled with a certain national sentimentality; but none the less interesting and certainly none the less German for that. The roll of German exhibits was a long one, and comprised a number of well-known names.

Hans Thoma had amongst his pictures at least one done in quite his happiest manner. He is so unmistakably German, imbued with that homely warmth and simplicity which are still to be met with in Germany. Of his double portrait of himself and his wife nothing but good can be said; there is something so amiable, so convincing, so

thorough in these two likenesses, with
time directness, and with which the Tho
with its profusion of homely flowers, har
admirably.

An out-and-out excellent portrait wa
Max Koner's *The Emperor William II*
ness and the *technique* were both thoro
and reliable. There were a large nur
and figure paintings in the good old t
style, of which it must suffice to men
Fritz Fleischer's *Devotion*, Carl Gusso
from Schwarzwald, Carlos Grethe's *Sai*
Hugo Ochnichen's *Home Devotion*, Fe
Holy Communion, Ludvig Dettmann'
large centre picture with two wings),
Brütt's *At the Railway Station*, an
Trübner's *Giants at Fight*, &c.



H.I.M. THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. BY PROFESSOR MAX KONER

colours
and harmo-
nious. Whistler's *Miss Rosa Corder* was also on view, and of course attracted a large amount of attention.

Julian Story's *Portrait*, without possessing any exceptional merit as a portrait, was pretty and stylish, the colours throughout the canvas being cleverly and tastefully blended. Walter MacEwen's *Returning from Work* should also be mentioned, and Edwin Lord Weeks's *The Last Journey* (*Benares*), for its mere dimensions and the work it has entailed, should not be passed by, and it is a very good and effective picture to boot. Eugène Vail's *On the Thames* was a



A STUDY BY WAK[illegible] KOVAC

striking picture, unnecessarily black, perhaps, on the whole, but giving much of the work-a-day individuality of the great river. Last, but not least, Harrison's *Marines* should have that tribute paid them which they so fully deserve.

Of French pictures, there were close upon one hundred and twenty, and as a result they were unduly crowded, to the detriment of many and the disadvantage of most. The collection was not by any means a bad one, for there were many excellent or, at any rate, extremely clever pictures, but there was nothing, to use a word much in vogue on the Continent, "monumental" about it, no classic work worthy of the best French painters. That this was so was plainly demonstrated by the fact that the place of honour was given to Bonnat's *Idyl*, too well known, no doubt, also on the other side of the Channel, to require any comment.

Rather clever in conception was Mme. Breton's *The Mistletoe* (page 271). There was something cold and chaste in this spare maiden with which the whole tone of the picture harmonised. Of other figure-paintings may be mentioned Jean Paul Laurens's *Hostages*, which possessed a certain style; Breton's *Christmas Eve*, a pleasantly rendered little episode; Berton's *Somnolency*, Lerolle's *Interior*, Merson's *The Annunciation*, the latter of which belong to a more advanced school. Place-Canton's *The Old Harbour at Marseilles* was a very fine picture, with excellent



PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF AND WIFE BY HANS THOMA



"A CLOUD" BY CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE

It contains many very clever and earnest works, honestly executed. The most prominent exhibits in this department are by Adolf Menzel, of whom there is nothing fresh to be said. The large collection of the play-bills of the "Malkasten" club is very interesting and amusing, the productions being full of humour and admirable in point of *technique*. There is no need, however, to describe them in detail; and the same remark applies to the second section — that of the light in it, but otherwise marines and landscapes were rather scarce. Henry Harpignies had, however, a fine restful *Autumn Evening on the Loire*.

A small country, which sent far better pictures than one would have expected from this out-of-the-way corner, is Croatia. It was, certainly, only a collection of about a score of paintings, by eight or nine painters, but they were quite a characteristic and very well painted set, gay, not to say gorgeous, colouring predominating. Wako Bukovac sent half-a-dozen pictures, of which a large canvas, *Long Live the King!* was too crowded and restless and wanting in atmosphere; much better was his *Study* (reproduced here), in which the flesh is charmingly done, and, although it is soft and dainty in colouring, the plastic effect is all one can desire. He also had a good portrait, although somewhat brown in tone. G. B.

DÜSSELDORF.—The International Exhibition of Lithography organised at the Industrial Art Museum is exciting the utmost interest, not only on account of the abundance of the display, which is on a scale never before seen in Germany, but also from its intrinsic artistic merits. The "Historical Section" alone comprises several rooms.



"MELANCHOLY MELODIES" BY WILHELM MÜLLER

"Modern Posters." Nearly all the masters in this branch of art are here represented, including Chéret, Mucha, Grasset, Steinlen, Toulouse-Lautrec, Vallatton, Boutet de Monvel, Dudley Hardy, the Brothers Beggarstaff, Will Bradley, Aubrey Beardsley, Rhead, Stuck, Sattler, and many others.

THE STUDIO has on many occasions discussed these works, so we may turn without hesitation to the third, or "Modern" section. This has been so plentifully filled from the various art centres of the Continent and abroad that I must needs confine myself to noting the most striking examples displayed.

Among the German art cities Karlsruhe deserves to take the first place. It is quite a pleasure to see these sympathetic landscapes by Kampmann or H. v. Volkmann. Great skill in composition, a powerful and healthy colouring, and bold, accurate drawing, distinguish the works of Kalkreuth, Weiss, Gamper, Daur and Wulff; and there is great charm in the delicately conceived fairy-like scenes of Franz Hein, in Von Heyne's picture of the angel-children playing by the brook, and in the treatment of the sailor-folk of Carlos Grethe.

From Berlin Ismaël Gentz has sent his characteristic portraits of eminent contemporaries, and Hans Fechner a number of well-drawn and artistically-treated studies of heads. In contrast to other nations, the Germans show a great inclination for story-telling. This we realise before the much-discussed works of Hans Thoma, and the charming compositions of Willy Süs and Steinhausen of Frankfort. Dresden, also, where, as in Karlsruhe, an energetic revulsion against cheap and tawdry art has recently been noticeable, is copiously represented. The eye is at once attracted by the masterly studies of heads by Hans Unger, by the fearsome and fantastic compositions of Hans Lührig, the finely observed animal and bird studies of Müller, the landscapes of Mediz, and the productions of Starke, Pelikan, Ritter and Graf.

Düsseldorf follows worthily in the wake of the other German art centres. The animal pictures by C. Kröner, the Biblical studies by Fritz Röber, the earnest Dutch landscapes by Eugen Kampf, and the battle-scenes by Erich Mattschass, appeal to us in no uncertain tones. Olof Ternberg also contributes landscapes of great power. Arthur Kampf, whose pictures are marked by masterly draughtsmanship and keen observation, gives us scenes from the life of the working classes, and other highly interesting works, in which his artistic manner finds eloquent expression.

An entire wall is covered by the productions of the talented artist, Alexander Franz, the delicate illustrator of Chamberlain's work on Richard Wagner. What abundant fancy and humour are displayed in his varied scenes of maritime life and story, notably those bearing the respective titles of *Die Eitelkeit*, *Der Jüngling am Abgrund* and *Cantate!* What deep solemnity in *Der Verbrecher im Jenseits*, and *Reue!* What lovely charm, what beauty of line, what delicate poetry in *Das Urthiel von Paris*, *Am Morgen*, and others! Here we have an artist of rare versatility, great creative power, rich and ever-changing fancy, and remarkable poetic perception.



"ADAM AND EVE" BY MAX PIETSCHMANN

(*See Copenhagen Studio-Talk*)



"THE MISTLETOE" BY MADAME VIRGINIE BRETON

(*See Copenhagen Studio-Talk*)

Munich is represented by some charming, lightly sketched lithographs, graceful figures of women in elegant *toilettes*, by Burger; also by lithographs in the old German style by Franz Naager; and by excellent works by Hans von Heiden, Hartmann, and particularly by the genial O. Greiner. I have no hesitation in declaring that the works of the latter, which have lately acquired great popularity, notably his *Die Sirenen* and his *Widmung an Arnold Boecklin*, are among the finest creations of German art. Accuracy of drawing, close study of nature, and a thorough sense of form, go hand in hand with a powerful imagination.

Foreign exhibitors, chiefly to be found in the first section, have likewise sent an abundance of highly interesting work. England is most effectively represented by Walter Crane and Shannon, whose fame is quite beyond dispute. Holland's chief representatives are Jan Veth, with his masterly character heads, wonderful in observation and perfect in drawing, and the works (already discussed in THE STUDIO) of Storm van Gravesande. The work sent from Paris is simply overpowering, both in quantity and in artistic worth. I greatly regret that, owing to want of space, I am quite unable to do justice to each artist as he deserves. Several masters, such as Blanche, Ribot, Jeanniot, Wagner, Helleu, Boutet de Monvel, Fantin-Latour, Gandara, de Feure, Moreau-Nélaton, Steinlen, and Veber, are so well known that I shall be pardoned if I only mention their names; and I must perforce devote but a few lines to the others, among whom the most notable are De Groux, with his sad, fantastic style; Eugène Carrière, who contributes some wonderfully effective studies of heads; and Lunois, whose works form quite the *clou* of the Exhibition. A special chapter on modern art history might be written in connection with him. No artist before him has treated the lithographic stone as he has. With their sumptuous colours glowing on the walls, hang his *Spanish Dancers*, his *soirée* scenes, his *Minuet*, his *Danaë*, his graceful studies of women, his ballet and theatre scenes, and others beside. I shall best express my admiration of this master when I say he is the real discoverer of the hitherto undisclosed charm of lithography, whose dormant beauty he has called to life.

The visitor leaves this vast and highly interesting Exhibition, which appeals so powerfully to us all, with the feeling that it has been reserved for the artists of to-day to breathe life into lithography, and to raise it to the rank of a real, independent art.

"S."

BRUSSELS.—The monument to Jules Anspach has recently been unveiled here. Anspach was the burgomaster of Brussels who, a quarter of a century ago, transformed the city, and, among other improvements, constructed the new central *boulevards*. The work was entrusted to M. Janlet, the architect, and M. P. Devigne, the sculptor, but the illness of the latter delayed matters, and eventually the sculptural part of the memorial had to be divided among several artists.

The chief defect in the monument is its want of unity, which is not surprising, seeing how many hands have been engaged upon it. The general scheme is M. Janlet's. The low reliefs in white marble, showing Anspach in profile and a female figure symbolising the river Senne, were executed by M. Aerts from models prepared by M. Devigne. The two side figures in bronze are by M. J. Dillens, and the St. Michael in gilded bronze, which crowns the memorial, is the work of M. Braecke, after M. Devigne's design. M. Braecke also did the bronze masks for the upper basin; and the six bronze chimeras (somewhat over-contorted) on the chief basin are by M. Devreese. The use of all this white marble, bronze, gilded bronze, blue and grey stone and red Norwegian granite, produces an effect of richness somewhat too glaring at present, perhaps, and needing time to tone it down.

The new album published by the Brussels Society of Aquafortists is one of the best in this most interesting collection. There is a notable improvement in the plates generally, and some of them, particularly those by MM. Baertsoen and Rassenfosse, are truly remarkable.

The beautiful "Fontaine des Chimères" by the sculptor Vander Stappen, which adorned the great central basin at the Brussels Exhibition, is not to remain in the state originally projected. The Government has decided that its final form shall be in bronze.

M. Rosseels, the well-known landscapist, and head of the Academy of Fine Arts at Termonde, has given an exhibition of his work in the Salle Verlat, at Antwerp. He is among those Belgian landscape-painters who have been most strongly opposed to the romantic, bituminous school, and certainly some of his canvases are excellent examples of a sincere treatment of nature.

The Salon of the Water-colour Society has been tastefully arranged as usual, and the general effect is distinguished by what we call *tenue*, or style. There were numerous abstentions among the members of the society, but for all that the exhibitors and the regular "guests" once more display their customary skill; while the public appear to greet their old favourites as cordially as ever.

Among the new names one notes that of Mr. C. W. Bartlett, whose touch and colouring, especially his yellow and red ochres, are strongly suggestive of Brangwyn. M. Jungmann also attracts attention. His brushwork recalls the work of Raffaëlli about fifteen years ago.

The English school is represented by two productions of Professor Herkomer, one of which, a portrait miniature, reveals very skilful work; some



"THE SNOWDROP" BY PER HASSELBERG
(*See Stockholm Studio-Talk*)

shimmering sea-pieces by Miss Clara Montalba; landscapes of fine effect and velvety colouring by Mr. Nisbet; and a fanciful submarine study, cleverly executed, by Mr. Weguelin. One can only hope the contingent of English water-colourists may each year become more numerous, in order to



Francis Macpherson



Fernand Khnopff

LIBRARY
OF THE
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show the superiority of honest, careful work over that known as "powerful" or "striking," which, oftener than not, is simply a disguise for ignorance of drawing and trickiness of execution. F. K.

STOCKHOLM.—In an article in THE STUDIO for October 1897, the greatest sculptor of Sweden, Per Hasselberg, who died three years ago in the prime of life, was mentioned. I should like, however, to give some further details of the work of this artist, and I am pleased to be able to refer to *The Snowdrop*, which is recognised as his principal work, and was the first that placed him prominently before the public when he sent it home from Paris, where he had lived for years in poverty. In this beautiful life-size statue, which belongs to the National Museum at Stockholm, the artist has given form to all that is most charming in woman—innocence of heart and purity of mind. The drooping snowdrops at her feet are not whiter than her soul, expressed in every line, in every curve of her graceful body, which makes us think of the power of the Greeks in filling marble with the sublime repose of a refined soul. In his works in marble and bronze, Per Hasselberg has left his country an inheritance which ought to bear abundant fruit for generations to come.



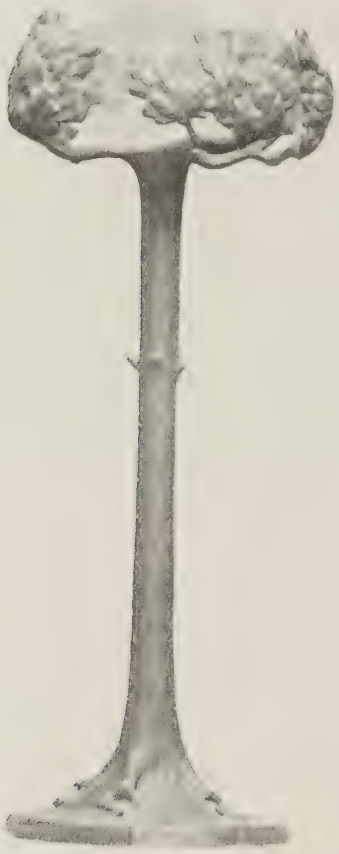
POTTERY BY ALF WALLANDER



SCREEN. "NIGHT DEW AND SUN RAYS" BY A. ANDERSON

Much of the imagination observable in Mr. Hasselberg's works is also traceable in the ceramics of Mr. Wallander, the principal feature of whose art is a keen observation of the poetry of nature, combined with a very skilful handling of his material. Various kinds of flowers,

such as thistles, poppies, chrysanthemums, and iris, as well as pine-branches and mountain-ash, are the objects he principally makes use of to decorate his vases, bowls, and lamps. Especially charming is the ability of this artist to make his material give illusion of the movement of water, and his mermaids



BRONZE LAMP BY MISS BONNIER

are most delicately modelled and seem to glide along the waves.

In applied art Sweden has hitherto been poor. Some recent work, however, is very promising, notably that by Mr. Anderson and by Miss Bonnier; the former gives life to the old dream-world of the north in which the elves play a prominent part, their dance represented by the hazy mists of the evening; the latter has shown in a bronze lamp representing a pine-tree, as well as in a candlestick cleverly ornamented with flames, that she is well fitted to enrich a line of art to which artists and the public in Sweden have paid too little attention.

S. F.

PARIS.—The fifteenth annual exhibition of the International Society of Painting and Sculpture has opened at George Petit's gallery. There is nothing particularly new to signalise, but much of the work displayed is nevertheless full of interest.

Among the foreign artists the most notable exhibitors are Mr. Whistler, with a deeply artistic little panel, *Fitzroy Street*; M. Fritz Thaulow, still remarkable for his water effects; M. Albert Baertsóen, who seems to have broadened his style, while retaining all the delicacy and the feeling which characterise his work; M. Claus, somewhat more powerfully represented than he was last year; M. Grimelund, with his truthful and refined Dutch landscapes; also Mr. Humphreys-Johnston, Mr. J. W. Alexander, and Mr. F. Brangwyn. Of the latter it were superfluous to speak in terms of praise in the pages of THE STUDIO. He displays on this occasion a beautiful and masterly piece of subdued colouring.

As for the Frenchmen, we have M. Le Sidaner, delicate and subtle as ever; M. Lucien Simon, who shows himself once more a portraitist of the highest order; M. Eugène Vail, with his *Calme du Soir*; M. Le Gout-Gérard; and M. Charles Cottet, to whose work I must devote a few words. His study for the *Vieux Cheval sur la Lande*, the picture exhibited this year at the Champ de Mars, displays the artist's rare gifts both as painter and as observer—his extreme skill in expressing the sorrowful side of things. Nothing could be more touching than the weary, motionless attitude of this old animal, standing among the scanty grass, with the storm raging around him, and the leaden skies rolling in heavy masses over the sea. A piece of still-life by the same artist shows extraordinary flexibility of treatment and richness of material. But M. Cottet appears really at his best in his three landscape scenes from the Haute-Savoie, forming part of a large series brought back by the artist after his stay in that district during the summer of this year. This is fine strong work, with a keen love of nature impregnating every stroke of it, broad in treatment, with no regard for mere petty technical effects, and full of beauty and lofty expression.

The "Exposition des 6" has just been opened at the Galerie des Artistes Modernes, 19 Rue Caumartin. The "Six"—namely, MM. Félix Aubert, Alexandre Charpentier, J. Dampt, Moreau-Nélaton,

Charles Plumet, and Tony Selmersheim—show some of the decorative art work they have produced this year. I must content myself for the present with this bare mention of the opening of a most interesting display, to which I hope shortly to devote a fully illustrated article, such as shall tell the readers of THE STUDIO something more of the personality of these artists, with whom they are already to a certain extent acquainted; for they are among the leaders in the French decorative art movement

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M. Charles Héssèle, the publisher of engravings and prints, of 13 Rue Laffitte, has lately issued a very curious series of dry-points by Mlle. A. Desaille. They are studies of women and young girls in various attitudes, and reveal the utmost suppleness of line-work, added to a truly exquisite sense of art. Perhaps they have the demerit—if demerit it be—of suggesting at times the manner of that incomparable artist, Paul Helleu. But be that as it may, Mlle. Desaille's work has quite enough originality and sincerity to deserve close attention and admiration.

The same firm published not long ago three new etchings by M. Jeanniot, draughtsman, wood-engraver, lithographer, and aquafortist in one. They are called *La Robe à Fleurs*, *Confidence*, and *Au bord de l'Eau*, and one is glad to find they contain full evidence of M. Jeanniot's well-known qualities —masterly workmanship, keenness of vision, and power of expression. These three charming plates are thoroughly characteristic and altogether worthy of their author.

I referred some time ago in these columns to an etching in colours by M. Houdard, as showing the genuine stamp of the artist and working engraver. Etching in colours is a branch of art for which M. Houdard shows a decided preference, and it is one in which he excels. Some of his plates recently published seem to me to be full of interest. They consist of landscapes, sunsets, night effects, flowers, and decorative studies, and are most fascinating in colouring and in design. *Sur la Bresle, au Tréport; Moulins à Dordrecht; Ancienne Jetée du Tréport; Grenouilles et Roseaux* —to name a few among many—are most meritorious productions.

M. Arthur Jacquin, whose dry-points and etchings are well known to all collectors of engravings, has for some time past been trying his hand at decorative work in copper. The productions of his I have seen are very original and simple in shape—which in itself is the rarest of qualities. They consist of ash-pans, full-bellied pots with lids, cups and vases in beaten copper, with charming oxydations produced by firing and the use of acids. Here and there he will distribute his ornamentations—his silver, his gold, and his other tints—without robbing the material itself, the original copper, of its own individuality.

Another notable piece of work from his hand is



"A LADY OF HOLLAND" FROM AN ETCHING BY D. Y. CAMERON

(*See London Studio-Talk*)



"THE WORKSHOP" FROM AN ETCHING BY D. Y. CAMERON

a waist-belt buckle in worked silver, very pretty in design and executed in quite characteristic style. G. M.

LONDON—The office of President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is second only in importance to the Presidentship of the Royal Academy. It can be held only by a man of real eminence in the world of art, and distinguishes its possessor as an artist of note and a leader whose influence is widely acknowledged. Therefore it is easily understood that a great deal of interest should have been felt in the election of a successor to Sir John Gilbert, who had for so many years presided over the society. The general opinion was that the claims of Professor Herkomer, who has, in the position of Deputy-President, given every proof of his rare executive ability and sound judgment in questions of art politics, would prove irresistible, and that he would be chosen to lead the society for which he has done so much. But the actual voting proved that he had a strong opponent in Mr. E. A. Waterlow, one of the cleverest and most popular of living landscape painters, who had so large a following that on the first voting he was able to tie with his competitor. The Professor refusing to exercise his right as acting President to give a casting vote, a second ballot was necessary, and in this Mr. Waterlow gained a majority of one. Both artists are to be heartily congratulated—Mr. Waterlow on his election, and Professor Herkomer on the generosity which led him to refuse to take an advantage to which he was fully entitled.

The winter exhibition of the Royal Water-Colour Society was in some respects less important than usual. It suffered from the comparative absence of work of real distinction, and from a lack of variety in the material brought together. The best things were the landscapes of Mr. R. W. Allan,

finely handled and strongly expressed transcripts of nature; the sea pieces of Mr. Napier Hemy; an exquisite twilight effect, *Bâsle*, by Mr. Albert Goodwin; a fine decorative composition, *On the Tiber*, by Mr. Robert Little; a pleasant nude study, *The Nymph's Lost Playmates*, by Mr. J. R. Weguelin; two delightful little portraits of *John Parker, Esq.*, and *E. A. Goodall, Esq.*, by Professor Herkomer; Mr. A. E. Emslie's *Farewell Summer*; and a most masterly drawing, *Vain Waiting*, by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Most of the other contributors sufficiently well maintained the accustomed level of their work, but attempted nothing in the way of new departures.

The etched work of Mr. D. Y. Cameron has been already the subject of articles in THE STUDIO, therefore in a notice of an exhibition lately on view at Gutekunst's Gallery, St. James's, it would be absurd to attempt to re-estimate the position of the artist. Accepted as a master by those best qualified to judge, his place is assured. The collection included fifty works, some shown in London for the first time, and one not catalogued, a very large plate of *Holyrood in 1741*, issued to its subscribers by the Art Union of Scotland as its presentation print for 1895-96. The very rare etching of *A Lowland River*, a dry point which exists only in six proofs, showed the earlier manner of the artist. Many of the Clyde set were in evidence as examples of his middle period, and certain Venetian and French subjects revealed his later handling. Among this *Dieppe Castle* was a notable triumph, not less for the beauty of its actual line than for the splendid disposition of its masses. A rare "second state" of *The Monastery* was another memorable print. A delightfully "decorative" subject, *The Unicorn, Stirling*, showed Mr. Cameron in the manner which he has invented and made his own. *Une Cour, Rue Ampère; A Venetian Convent: Tintoretto's House, Venice;* and the *Porta del Molo, Genoa*, come to mind on a reperusal of the catalogue as among the most striking. Yet all these come second to *The Workshop*, a really marvellous achievement in technique—art that, with no fascination of subject, by its vigour detains one at first sight, and will in all probability keep its place among the famous etchings of the world. The great charm of this etching is peculiar to itself; no reproduction can do more than suggest its real power. *A Lady of Holland*, reproduced on page 277, also tempts one to superlatives; but to single out any of Mr. Cameron's best plates is likely to upset the proportions of a short notice of fifty. Only those who have succumbed to the fascination exercised by the rare quality of the bitten line, or the still more sumptuous colour of a dry-point, can understand the ecstasy which a fine impression of a masterpiece in either method arouses in a real lover of the craft. It is a combination of artistry and artifice, the product of a vivid imagination controlled by stern mechanical limits. Nothing is more easy than a second-rate attempt, nothing more difficult than a masterpiece. For the line—the line only, and nothing but the line—is the problem, and when such a task is mastered easily, a world of experts satiated with good things is reawakened to new surprise, as though no such achievement had ever been accomplished before. Some delightful water-colours by Miss K. Cameron, R.S.W., shown in the same gallery, must await notice until later.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Modern Architecture. By H. H. STATHAM. (London: Chapman & Hall.)—The chief fault in this book is that the subject is far too vast for the space at its author's disposal. Ecclesiastical, state and municipal, domestic and street architecture, to take the principal sections, might each supply material for volumes infinitely larger than this. So, too, the illustrations, admirably chosen, are reduced to a scale that often fails to convey a due sense of their importance. The editor of *The Builder* is so peculiarly fitted for the task that one regrets he has limited himself to ineffective proportions, which are more suited to the spoken lecture than to a book of reference. However, as a rapid and somewhat desultory sketch from the hands of one singularly well-equipped, the book must perforce keep its place on one's shelves until others come amplifying the skeleton here given to more vital dimensions, and devoting volumes to the subject of each chapter.

The Nude in Art. A collection of Forty-five Photogravures reproduced from Original Paintings. With an Introduction by CLARENCE LANSING. (London: H. S. Nichols.)—This volume may be taken as a characteristic instance of the common failure to bring profession and practice into reasonable agreement. The preface asserts that the mission of the book is a high and noble one, and its aim to offer the best examples of what is refined, noble, and pure in art. Attention is also called to the fact that in its pages the highest standard of merit and morality is maintained. It

is disappointing therefore to find that the forty-five illustrations are indifferent plates, poorly printed, after pictures which for the most part glorify the merely physical attractiveness of the female nude rather than its dignity and æsthetic charm. About a quarter of them are simply suggestive juxtapositions of nude and clothed figures, artists at work in the studio, drunken revellers, barbaric conquerors gloating over living spoils, classic voluptuaries appraising the value of a fine piece of feminine flesh, and the like; and the rest are with few exceptions the decorative fancies of those foreign painters who prefer the undressed figure to the unconscious nude. Without the preface the pictures might have passed for what they are—commonplace reproductions of unwisely selected works; but the contrast between Mr. Lansing's lofty language and moral quotations and many of the plates themselves makes the book, as a whole, unpleasant. It is not in this way that the assertion of the study of the figure as the noblest occupation for the artist is to be made.

The Ceramics of Swansea and Nantgarw. By WILLIAM TURNER, F.S.S. (London: Bemrose & Sons, Ltd.)—To collectors of British porcelain, this work will doubtless be welcome. It contains evidences of much painstaking research into the history of the factories and the biographies of those artists who helped so materially to render famous in their time the wares they decorated. No expense has been spared by the publishers in the illustration of the volume. Chromolithography, collotype, and other processes of reproduction have been lavishly employed, and the presentment of the book is in all respects admirable.

Portrait Miniatures. By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D. (London: George Bell & Sons.) Price 12*s.* 6*d.* net.—The many evidences which exist of a revival of the art of miniature portrait painting make the appearance of this volume an opportune one. While it is more particularly addressed to collectors, dealing as it does with a history of the art from the time of Holbein (1531) to that of Sir William Ross (1860), the artist or amateur painter will find in it much of value to him in the conduct of his work. It is profusely illustrated from photographs of notable examples; and although the absence of colour is keenly felt in many of the reproductions, enough of the beauty of the originals is still preserved to render them an essential addition to the text.

Thomas Gainsborough. By Mrs. ARTHUR BELL. (London: George Bell & Sons.) 25*s.* net.—It is curious to realise that Gainsborough has so long waited an adequate monograph. Despite the fact that but few details of his uneventful life have survived, Mrs. Bell has woven them into a charming record full of pleasant gossip which helps to set her hero in the atmosphere of his time. Yet a painter's work is his best memorial, and it is in no sense derogatory to an admirable piece of biography to say that the fifty-eight illustrations are the real treasures of the book. The one of *Orpin, the Parish Clerk*, here reproduced, is a fair sample of these pictures. In this Mrs. Bell says aptly, "Gainsborough achieved something of the effect he aimed at in vain in his [never-finished] Shakespeare; for the fine old face is lit up by an immediate ray darting down upon the head raised in reverent meditation." Very beautiful portraits of *Lady Mulgrave* and the *Hon. Mrs. Graham*, and the best reproduction of *The Blue Boy* we have yet seen, are among the six photogravures; while the process-blocks include the exquisite *Mrs. Buchanan M'Millan*, *Lady Eden*, *General Wolfe* (as a young man), and many others not merely unhackneyed, but in some cases fresh even to students of the master. The volume does much to justify the rising prices of Gainsborough's pictures, prices yet in all probability far below their ultimate level.

The Fall of the Nibelungs. Done into English by MARGARET ARMOUR. Illustrated and decorated by W. B. MACDOUGALL. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.)—Miss Armour in her excellent translation has retained with much ability the mediæval charm of the original text, and her book is one which will afford much delight to lovers of ancient romance. Mr. MacDougall is not so successful in his decorations as we might have expected. While his initial letters and borderings are often clever, his full-page illustrations are weak in drawing and not calculated to further his reputation.

Phil May's A B C. Fifty-two original designs forming two humorous alphabets. (London: The Leadenhall Press, Ltd.) Price 2*s.* 6*d.*—The lower stratum of London life from which Mr. Phil May has been able to extract so much humour—and, may it be added, so much pathos—is again the source of inspiration for the present series of sketches. As an alphabet, the book is open to unfavourable criticism; but as a joke, or as an exhibition of artistic power in the appreciation of the true value of line-work, it is admirable.

An Illustrated Record of the Retrospective Exhibition held at South Kensington, 1896. Compiled and edited by JOHN FISHER. (Chapman & Hall.) 21*s.* net.—The idea of this book is excellent, but



"ORPIN, THE PARISH CLERK"
FROM "THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH"
(GEORGE BELL & SONS)

its fulfilment is disappointing. Knowing Mr. Fisher's capability as headmaster of the Berkely Square School, Bristol, we expected much; but his selection of illustrations would almost justify the old protest against South Kensington as a school of design, and some of the reproductions are so shockingly inadequate that we wonder they were passed for publication—*e.g.*, Nos. 6, 17, 60, 61, and 82. Again, to take gold medallists only of recent years, we find no record of works by Winifred Smith, 1895; Charles Quennell, 1895; Giffard Lenfestey, 1895; H. P. Clifford, 1895; Robert Spence, 1894; and the list might be indefinitely extended. The real advance of the South Kensington system would scarce be suspected from a study of this book. If for official reasons it was limited to represent work actually shown in the Retrospective Exhibition, one fancies (in default of a published catalogue of that collection) that a better show had been possible. But to record the true progress of design a wider selection should have been made; as it is, many examples of students' work that have won fame for their authors, and by reproductions in periodicals have made the continental critic curious, are here mostly conspicuous by their absence. Setting out with the intention of praising this book, for its title was alluring and its author's reputation established, after studying its pages it is impossible to regard it as much more than a compilation of academic exercises which have gained official approval—and oblivion at the same time.

Geschichte des Japanischen Farbenholzschnitts. Mit 95 Abbildungen. By W. v. Seidlitz. (Dresden: G. Kühtmann.) Price 18*s.*—An attempt to write a history of Japanese colour prints displays perhaps some temerity, when one considers how difficult of access the material is. A good number of single sheets and books have, indeed, within the last years found their way to the Western world. But Japan has already begun to effectually prevent further exportation on a large scale of such treasures as may still be within her boundaries. What we have secured has not, except in America, found a resting place in museums, where it would be at the service of student and general public. Besides, the greater part of it is nineteenth century work, more pleasing to us than characteristic of Japan. However, many able writers, enthusiasts and travellers, have at different times and in different languages offered us a good deal of information on separate branches of the art. There are even some monographs on individual Japanese artists extant. The author of the present history admits that he has neither visited Japan nor even been able to profit by a perusal of the large American collections. Yet he has expanded his own observations, based on the study of what he was able to see in Europe, by a careful consideration of all the noteworthy publications on this topic. Thus he has formed at once a basis for future writers upon which they can found further researches—amplifying and correcting—and a *résumé* for the present reader, informing him of the state of our knowledge with regard to



DRAWING BY KORIUSAI
FROM "GESCHICHTE DES JAPANISCHEN FARBENHOLZSCHNITTS" (G. KÜHTMANN)



DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERED BOOK-COVER. BY H. T. WYSE

POCKET FOR MAPS
DESIGNED FOR THIS BOOK


ALICE
MY·BIRTHDAY·BOOK
HELANN
WYSE·1897

Japanese colour prints. There are many special features which render the book remarkable, for instance, an attempt at a new system of pronunciation, a bibliography, a list of signatures (arranged so as to enable us to read artists' names on Japanese prints at sight), the technical notes, the account of the influx of Japanese art into Europe. The illustrations were all especially prepared for this volume, but unfortunately none of them are in colours.

Vierteljahrs-Hefte des Vereins bildender Künstler Dresdens. (Part IV.) (Dresden: E. Arnold.)—We have before spoken some words of praise upon this excellent publication. The part under review contains, among other plates, a beautiful lithograph in two colours, by Max Giese, of a wintry landscape, and a fine etching of a girl's head by the talented artist, Max Pietschmann. Those who wish for interesting but inexpensive pictures with which to adorn the walls of their rooms cannot do better than subscribe to this work.

Gedichten van Jacques Perk. (Amsterdam: S. L. van Looy.)—This book of poems is chiefly remarkable for the quaint ornamentation of its pages. The delicate colours used in the bordering and title pages, however original and interesting they may be in themselves, do not harmonise with the black letterpress they encompass; and this we deem to be a serious defect in bookmaking.

The important etching by Leopold Flameng after the painting *Richard Duke of Gloucester and Lady Anne*, by E. A. Abbey, A.R.A., recently issued by the Art Union of London, is one of the most remarkable and beautiful prints published by that excellent institution, and it cannot fail to be well received by its subscribers.

Messrs. Doig, Wilson, and Wheatley, of Edinburgh, have just issued a very fine etched portrait of Professor Masson from the painting by Sir Geo. Reid, P.R.S.A. The etching has been executed by Mr. F. Huth and is in every respect an admirable production.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Design for a Showcard.
(A IX.)

The First Prize (*Five guineas*) is awarded to *Echo* (W. E. Webster, 4 Ifield Road, Fulham Road, S.W.).

The Second Prize (*Three guineas*) to *Die Neuzeit* (J. C. Dugdale, 61 Plymouth Grove, Manchester).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Ars Probat Artificem* (Thomas Shepard); *Anno Domini* (Ada C. G. Dimma); *Chon* (J. D. Fergusson); *Cyrus* (A. Constance Smedley); *Little John* (John W. Lisle); *Paw* (R. F. Wells); *Pallas* (Adolph Höfer); *The Rook* (Marion Wallace-Dunlop); *Udio* (Frank S. Easterman); *W. H. W.* (William H. White); *Walnut* (B. H. Smale); *Win-New* (Dudley Heath); and *Red Rose* (James Durden).

Design for a Certificate.
(A X.)

The awards in this competition will be announced next month.

Design for an Embroidered Book-cover.
(B VII.)

The First Prize design in this competition is reproduced here in colours (page 283).

Design for End Papers.
(B VIII.)

The First Prize (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Wresden* (Cordelia Phillimore, Sid Abbey, Sidmouth).

The Second Prize (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Penwiper* (F. White, 19 Amott Road, East Dulwich, S.E.).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Clytie* (Alice E. Burt, 3 Kempshott Road, Streatham Common, S.W.); *Enid* (Ethel C. Gillespy, 59 Elgno Road, Croydon); *Hiawatha* (Mary Wilcock, 74 Redesdale Street, Chelsea, S.W.); *Seda* (A. de Sauty, 63 Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.); *the above are illustrated. Elgitha* (Katherine M. Coggin); *Camu* (Chas. Gale); and *Flutterby* (Helen Kück).

Photographs from Nature.
An Autumn Landscape.
(D II.)

The First Prize (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Timon* (W. E. Dowson, 10 Mapperley Road, Nottingham).

The Second Prize (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Superficies* (Matthew Surface, The County Press, Bradford).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Ferret* (E. A. West, Newham, Truro); *Feuilles* (Walter Rossiter, 9 Elm Place, Bath); *the above are illustrated; Autumn Morning* (Miss C. H. Gunner); *Abacus* (J. C. Varty-Smith); *American Sub.* (W. Moseley); *Avon* (Henry Johnson); *Bosham* (E. E. Manwaring); *Chestnuts* (R. Clifton Davy); *Caerwent* (E. J. Ballard); *Epoh* (Mrs. J.



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. B VIII.) "WRESDEN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VIII.) "ENID"

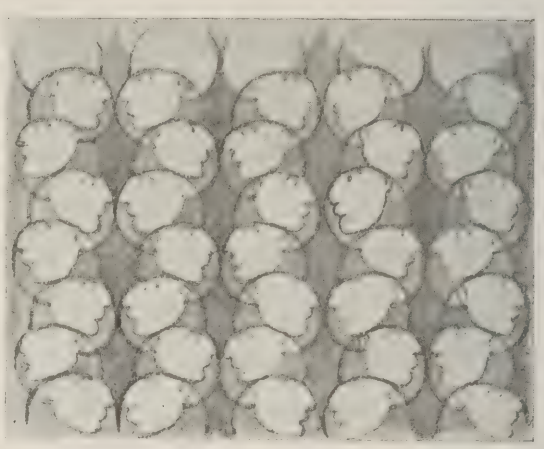
A. Young); *Hardy* (Jeanie H. Philip); *Isora* (Sophie Monnier); *Magda* (Miss K. van Reede); *Reflection* (W. H. Booth); *Roumania* (Mrs. E. M. Baldwyn); and *Trifle* (Edouard Lihou).

STUDY OF ANIMAL LIFE.
(C VIII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Winifred* (Winifred L. Austen, 25 Mattock Lane, Ealing).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *J. E. N.* (Edwin Noble, 65 St. Dunstan's Road, West Kensington).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Honor* (H. C. Appleton, 20 Edith Road, West Kensington); *Veronica* (Amy Scriven, 95 Oxford Gardens, North Kensington, W.); *the above are illustrated*. *Anno Domini* (Florence M. G. Dimma); *May* (Andrew Allan); *Persian Pussy* (Katherine Ward); *Paws* (Phil W. Smith); *The White Queen* (Mrs. C. W. Parry); *Ottoman* (Miss Jurck); *Whiskey* (Miss M. H. Willis); and *Zeto* (W. E. Tyler).



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VIII.) "HIAWATHA"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. B VIII.) "PENWIPER"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VIII.) "CLYTIE"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VIII.) "SEDA"



FIRST PRIZE (COMPETITION C VIII.)

STUDY OF ANIMAL
LIFE BY "WINIFRED"



SECOND PRIZE — "J. E. N."



HON. MENTION — "HONOR"



HON. MENTION — "VERONICA"



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. D II.) "TIMON"



HON. MENTION COMP. D II.) "FERRET"

An Autumn Landscape (Competition D II.)



SECOND PRIZE — "SUPERFICIES"



HON. MENTION — "FEUILLES"

THE LAY FIGURE.

"INDIVIDUALITY—to find oneself! That is the problem which we must keep ahead," the Man with a Clay Pipe said solemnly. "It seems to me that all our efforts are attended by a danger not known before the days of illustrated magazines and much travelling."

"Fashions in taste have spread always," said the Journalist; "we have only hastened the process."

"But that is just the point," the Man with a Clay Pipe went on. "In old days, the 'prentice had his master's precepts to follow, and the master was often the only hero he imitated. For, as a rule, one or two alien influences were all he experienced in a whole life; a tour perhaps in a distant land, or a cargo of rare things from far-off regions. Now, before he can digest one innovation another treads on its heels."

"There is something in that," the Lay Figure said. "Lots of people to-day seem to think that annexing the newest man's manner, and distorting its details to their own taste, is not merely a legitimate course of action, but stamps them as still more original than the inventor of the style they travesty."

"To find individuality, you must escape from the crowd, see nothing, read about nothing, but go to nature always, and only to nature," said a Designer of the old school, whose patterns are made up of flattened botanical specimens varied with impossible storks and bulrushes.

"That may be a comforting gospel to account for non-success at present," the Journalist said. "But it seems to me that most original workers in the arts to-day live in cities, are open to be swayed by every passing mood, and yet keep their work strictly within the line they themselves lay down."

"Still, temptation to imitate some one else must have increased by so many illustrations of other men's design, said the Landscape Painter. "Unconsciously, we are all moulded more or less."

"It may have," replied the Man with a Clay Pipe, "but remember 'cribbing,' open or unconscious, is also detected more easily. At one time a man who had access to some source scarcely known to experts, often built up a considerable reputation in stolen ideas. Now, the world at large spots them before he has gone far."

"We must not confuse individuality with originality," said the Lay Figure. "A great man like Sir Christopher Wren obeyed precedent strictly and yet infused his conceptions with rare individuality. Some people can make a hackneyed quotation sound like a new truth, by the inflection of their voice, and the subtle meaning imparted to each word."

"To-day is a day of atrocious imitation," the Landscape Painter retorted. "Look at the drawings of an average student, and you will find absolute copies of another man's matter as well as manner."

"Is that worse than the old plan of choosing to imitate some historic, clearly defined style?" said the Man with a Clay Pipe. "To imitate a recognised style is laudable, to be swayed by a new one is absurd; that is your contention, is it not? I think any style, however new, must contain elements which in due course will be common property. You cannot build up a phrase without using words employed before; if you coin words or a new style, the novel word or phrase is destined, if it become popular, to be abused. Is this worse than keeping to Johnsonian periods?"

"I see your point," the Lay Figure said, "that certain new combinations of forms or colours, once done well, become the common vocabulary of future workers. But until they are so often imitated that they are as hackneyed as an egg-and-dart moulding or a Gothic quatrefoil, they are called imitation; your argument defends plagiarism."

"Not at all," the Man with a Clay Pipe said, "supposing you feel that a Whistler lithograph, a Voysey wall-paper, or Helleu etching expresses the feeling you wish to express better than any other example, then, if honest, you will be very chary of attempts to make lithographs, wall-papers, or etchings, unless you find, as you ought to find, that good as your models may be, they do not express just the exact idea you want to express. If you are reverent, you acknowledge that your hero could not have done his work better; *but* as no two or four voices are identical, neither are two ideas. With self-criticism and self-control, it should not be hard to discover what is your own, and what is merely borrowed from another."

"In other words, 'Know Thyself,' is your motto," said the Lay Figure.

"Exactly; but although to love your neighbour as yourself does not imply morbid self-depreciation, to know your own work fully, you ought to know your neighbour's also. Unless your wholly honest admiration is mixed with a consciousness that in some ways you could beat it, it will be well to acknowledge that nature has not given you the priceless dower of originality, and scarce bestowed individuality on you. We are all singularly unindividual in some things—diet, dress, deportment, and if in design also . . . . Well, don't design!"

THE LAY FIGURE.

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

SUPPLEMENT

AMERICAN STUDIO TALK

IT is probable that some future Diedrich Knickerbocker, describing the citizens of New York at the end of the century, will say: "The New Yorkers of this period were a long-suffering and patient people; they readily allowed themselves to be imposed upon. During the summer of '97, the streets of the metropolis were torn up for protracted periods, the malaria emitted from the open trenches injuring health, and the barricades of exhumed earth paralyzing traffic. It was quite a common thing in this period for society ladies to become patrons of all sorts of public entertainments which were mismanaged, — the public paying their admission fee only to find that some announced 'Mammoth Historic Costume Exhibition' consisted of a score of tailors' figures draped in ill-fitting theatrical costumes of less than a dozen periods.

"An habitual offender in thus deceiving the public by false announcements was the American Institute Fair, which held its annual exhibitions in large halls at a time when the arts and sciences were making phenomenal progress; and yet this Institute's show consisted of little more than a handful of booths of cheap traders, some inanimate machinery, a soda-water fountain and a brass band! That mechanical exhibitions could be made attractive at this period can be proved by the great success of the 'Electrical Exhibition' at the Grand Central Palace, in 1896, and the 'Gas Exhibition,' at the Madison Square Garden, in 1897."

Such an estimate would certainly not be false history, for the management of their present art exhibit calls for the strongest condemnation.

The announcement of the posters that there is a "Grand Art Gallery" is on a par with the most contemptible circus poster.

It is a pity that this affair should not have been properly managed. In view of the unlimited wall-space at their disposal what an opportunity for a display of mural decorations, several of which have just been completed in the city.

New York has never, since the days of the Crystal Palace, had adequate facilities for displaying large canvases. Taking the hint from the statuary exhibition in the Vanderbilt gallery in the Fine Arts Building a few years ago, where the statues were offset by horticultural backgrounds, what a veritable "Grand Palace" of art we might have had with rows of statuary half ensconced by palms and cypress, an electric fountain playing, and at the sides of the building stained glass windows and mural paintings; and in smaller galleries, systematically arranged, an adequate collection of American paintings, instead of the meagre collection at present masquerading as a "Grand Art Gallery."

The objection that arises in some minds that an art gallery is not a suitable adjunct to a mechanical, vegetable, and food show is not well sustained. The Boston Mechanics' Institute and the St. Louis Exposition have both been successful in making this combination, and it is precisely this that we need in America: the education of the populace. It is not the amateur that we need in America, it is public taste.

The artists who contributed to this exhibition, however, must not be chagrined at our estimate of it. A good picture holds its own anywhere, and an exhibition to which John La Farge contributes two canvases is a fitting place for any painting. La Farge's contributions are *Christ and Nicodemus* (9), which is not equal to the window of that subject, and *Suonatore* (5), which is much more painter-like in treatment. William Sartain's *A Meadow Brook* (73) is a most beautiful piece of color decoration, and makes us wonder why this painter does not contribute more often to our exhibitions. R. A. Blakelock's *Sunset Over the Sea* (151) is also conspicuous for color qualities. Frank

Fowler's delicate *Morning* (36) shows the artist in a decorative vein that he has developed since he completed his ceiling for the Waldorf. Mrs. M. B. Odenheimer Fowler's *Marie* (37) shows a refined touch and a true feeling for color. Marie Brooks (Nos. 30 and 69) paints with a clumsy touch, yet, though we cannot praise her execution, we respect her conception of art. Charles H. Miller contributes several landscapes, rich in tone. Bruce Crane, in his *Winter in the Woods* (20), is seen in a more sombre mood than usual. W. Merritt Post's *Springtime on a Pond* (117) is, perhaps, a trifle too clean, but is done with evident care and seriousness. E. H. Blashfield's *Choir Boys* (38), Mr. Champney's pastel portraits (104 and 112) and Alexander Harrison's *Le Grand Miroir* (107) are well known to the public. A group by the elder American painters consists of canvases attributed to Charles Wilson Peale, Rembrandt Peale, Charles Loring Elliott, and F. P. Carlton.

It was interesting to view, under the group of "Black and White," eight contributions from the burin of Henry Wolf (130 to 137). *The Evening Star* (133) is an original wood-engraving which has been published by Frederick Keppel and sent us some time ago for review, and we take pleasure in mentioning it here.

At such a time as this, when, in view of the cheapness of photo-engraving, wood-engraving is well nigh, commercially, driven to the wall, it is pleasing to think of an artist working at a block *con amore;* and it seems to us that the only salvation of the art depends upon the engraver absolutely relinquishing the commercial field, leaving the process engravers in possession, and entering the arena under the same banner as other graphic artists. Let us look in the magazines for a Timothy Cole, a Henry Wolf, an Eldridge Kingsley or a Henry Marsh, just exactly as we look for an Abbey, a Gibson, or a Sterner. And let the wood engravers abandon the low standard that places them as mere competitors of photo-engraving. When a painting is to be rendered in so-called *fac-simile*, let the half-tone be employed; but in other cases let the engraver look upon the painting as an inspiration, but let him render it in his own language, and in the best language of the art of wood-engraving. Or else let the designer draw for the wood-engraver in the proper gamut of tone and on the proper scale. It is surprising how few artists who draw for illustration care to acquaint themselves with the *technique* of the engraver's art — surprising to see to what extent they have abused the privilege of drawing for it. We frequently hear a criticism upon a wood-cut which is built upon total ignorance of the art. Those who expect to see the same number of tones, the same breadth of treatment, given in a half-page cut that is found in a large canvas, are ignorant of the very fundamentals of the art. We know the case of an engraver interpreting a painting where the scale of his block was to the original as one is to sixteen hundred. Think of it a moment: the drawing in white line, and a multitude of lines to each face, of a score or two of portraits in the limited scale of one to sixteen hundred!

In *The Evening Star* Mr. Wolf had no artist's complicated technique or color values to render. He worked from his own pencil sketch, but without any endeavor to imitate the character of the pencil line. His aim was simply to render the sentiment of nature in the technique of the wood-engraved line. So in our enjoyment of his work we are not hindered by the consideration of whether or not the wood-engraved line was made to look like a piece of paper painted in water-color, or a canvas covered with oil, the bugbear of all interpreting wood-engraving. We simply enjoy the result of Mr. Wolf's manipulation of the boxwood within the gamut that the art allows; the untouched wood printing black, as here and there in a tree-trunk, the cut away spaces printing white, as in the star, and between these two, certain degrees of light or dark tone, obtained either by thickening or thinning the white lines, or placing them far apart or near together. This is the A to G of the wood-engraver's tones. It is the Alpha and Omega of his art. There is no piling up of ink, as in etching and engraving; no working over a tone for quality as in lithography, no *retroussage* as in etching, no black-dotted stipple as in steel engraving. The various sizes of the tools is an accommodation to the worker, but his instrument is virtually reduced to a unit. With this unit, this white line, Mr. Wolf gives us the effect of an evening sky, of a hill and foreground, trees and shrubbery, enwrapped in the gloom of twilight. The result is in beautiful harmony and full of feeling; it is to be hoped that this is but the initiative of a series of original woodcuts from this eminent engraver; and that it may mean a revival of the art in this country on the lines we have indicated, — the wood-cut standing on its own merits, with never a sugges-

tion of its being a substitute for anything else. There is a revival in Paris of the art of wood-engraving, the periodical, "L' Image," containing no process blocks at all; and the chromoxilographs which THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO has published from time to time attest the widespread interest in the craft. We trust that Mr. Wolf's *Evening Star* is also an evidence that this country too will feel the influence of the movement.

Wunderlich and Company inaugurate the dealers' season with an exhibition of engraved portraits. We consider such an exhibition of great importance, for we feel, as we say about the wood-engraver's art, that there is not a sufficient amount of appreciation in this country of the technique of the arts; and every exhibition, every book, every lecture and every print that goes toward educating the public to the realization that a perfect proof of a first-class etching, engraving, lithograph or woodcut has a distinct value as above the same subject reproduced by artotype and sold for a song, is a factor in the betterment of art in America. The beautiful proofs before letters of engravings by Van Dalen (2, 12, 48, 49, and 87) show the art of line-engraving in its purest state, and may be studied as the French apprentice studies the productions of Mellan, as *études par excellence*. The same may be said of the Visschers (15, 16), as regards the manipulation of line, but there is a slight heaviness in the presentment of the portrait that the Italian subjects of Van Dalen are without. The prejudice of the student who loves purity tempts him to arrest his admiration at this stage of virile work, and to condemn as effeminate such hair-lines as in No. 93, *The First Pretender at the Age of Twelve*, engraved at a later period by Endelinck, after de Troyes. But the amateur without such prejudice will find in this latter plate a *tour de force* of the graver. After the work of these men, line-engraving declined; and the fatal French facility in the work of Dupont, No. 84, *Peter the Great*, after De la Roche; the Desnoyers, No. 108, *Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord*, after Gerard; the Nanteuil, No. 46, *John Evelyn*, are rather captivating at first sight than lasting. No. 32, *Charles I.*, by Mandel, after Van Dyck, calls for the same estimate.

The period of mezzo-tint is well represented in this collection. Certainly the Doughty (55), *Samuel Johnson*, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, renders to perfection the easy brush work of that painter, and the spirit which he puts in his best portraits. Deceptive as mezzo-tint is, compared with the frankness of line engraving, we should hardly be willing to change this Doughty for a rendering of the same subject by either Van Dalen or Visscher. Americans will be pleased to see No. 59, a mezzo-tint, *Henry Laurens*, President of the American Congress in 1778, by Valentine Green after Copley. The face is a trifle out of drawing, but the drapery and *ensemble* is magnificently rendered. An improvement indeed, we doubt not, upon Copley's painting. There are also the portraits of *Washington* (115) after Trumbull and (116) after Charles W. Peale, both by Valentine Green in mezzo-tint, and another *Washington* after Trumbull (114), in stipple by Cheesman, in which the face is particularly well handled, though the rest of the picture is mediocre. In view, however, of these Americana, tolerably authentic as portraits, and workmanlike in technique, we are doubtful of the advisability of Wunderlich's hanging the so-called Benedict Arnold (3), Charles Lee (60), Israel Putnam (94), Major John Sullivan (107), *after* Wilkinson and nobodies, *et alle*, — plates which have little or no authenticity and certainly no artistic value. There is a certain amount of pleasure and pride for the artist or the art writer to enter an exhibition of this kind and feel that his work is connected in a modest way with such masterpieces of the past as the Van Dalens, Visschers, Doughtys, etc., and if accompanied by an unprofessional friend, to expatiate to him upon the value, both historic and artistic, of these prints; and to tell him that there are still amateurs in existence who appreciate such sterling art productions. But he must blush with ignominy when the friend asks him if these same connoisseurs also pay high prices for the Benedict Arnolds, Israel Putnams, and General Sullivans just because they are rare, when otherwise they are all that is ignoble and debased in connection with print production and publishing.

Frederick Keppel and Co. announce the following exhibitions for the coming season: —

October 18–27. Pictures and Casts, selected by the Public Education Association for the Decoration of the Public Schools of the City of New York.

November 1–18. Drawings, Sketches, and Etchings, by Charles Keene (of "Punch"). About 200 will be shown.

November–December. Drawings, by C. D. Gibson (Third Annual Gibson Exhibition).

February. One Hundred Masterpieces of Line Engraving, illustrating the history of the art from the 15th to the 19th century.

February–March. Drawings by Sir E. Burne-Jones, and others, also Etchings by Queen Victoria, Madame de Pompadour, and others.

The Sons of the Revolution have erected a bronze tablet near the entrance to Columbia University, to commemorate the battle of Harlem Heights. The sculptor is J. E. Kelly, who was a popular illustrator some fifteen years ago.

The Chase Art School recently gave an exhibition of 200 landscapes selected from the summer studies of the pupils of the Shinnecock Art School.

PITTSBURGH. — Pittsburgh is deserving of second place in our talk this month, because its exhibition at the Carnegie Institute will be the first one of importance to open this season; and its progressive management lends dignity to the cause of art, and should inspire our painters with a desire to do their utmost to sustain the highest standard of native art, that it may command attention from the large public of the trans-Alleghany and Mississippi valleys to which the Pittsburgh exhibition appeals. Art activity should not be confined to New York and Boston. Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and St. Louis should alike be æsthetic centres.

During the past two months votes for the artists who will serve on the International Jury to award medals at the Carnegie Institute, have been sent to Pittsburgh by painters residing in America, England, Scotland, France, Germany, Holland, and Switzerland. All artists contributing to the exhibition were invited to vote, and the operation of this original and democratic plan is being watched with intense interest by artists everywhere.

The balloting closed on September 16th. Members of the jury elected are: John M. Swan, London, England; Edwin Lord Weeks, Paris, France; Frank W. Benson, Salem, Mass.; Cecilia Beaux, Philadelphia, Penn.; William M. Chase, New York; Frank Duveneck, Cincinnati, O.; Winslow Homer, Scarboro, Mo.; John La Farge, New York; Will H. Low, Bronxville, N. Y.; Edmund C. Tarbell, Boston, Mass.

Under the plan adopted and announced by the Institute, the Chairman of the Fine Arts Committee, Mr. John Caldwell, is made a member and the presiding officer of the jury. This jury will also accept pictures for the exhibition in America. The London pictures were accepted last week by a committee composed of Abbey, Alma-Tadema, Sargent, Orchardson, Boughton, Luke Fildes, Millet, and J. J. Shannon; those from Paris, by a committee composed of Puvis de Chavannes, Whistler, Dagnan-Bouveret, Alexander, Benjamin Constant, Walter Gay, Lhermitte, Pearce and Miss Cassatt; those from Munich by Professor Loofftz, Professor Marr, Professor Stuck, Orrin Peck and Currier.

BROOKLYN. — The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences bids fair to become the best managed art museum in the country. There were signs on the trolley cars announcing to the public that the exhibition was open, and a conspicuous bulletin-board in front of the building, so that the passing pedestrian and bicyclist can with little effort ascertain the days on which it is open. The elevator is always running, and it looks as though New Yorkers would have to blush for their museum with its mummified elevator (the elevator in the Museum of Natural History, we notice, *now* bears the sign, Closed for Repairs!); its bulletin-board a block away from Fifth Avenue; its star-chamber library, and its general reticence toward the public.

The following courses of lectures are announced by the Brooklyn Art School during the season of 1897–98.

I. Six Lectures on "The History of Egyptian Art," by Prof. WILLIAM H. GOODYEAR, Curator of Fine Arts in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

II. Six Lectures on "Historic Ornament," by Prof. A. D. F. HAMLIN, of Columbia University, New York.

III. Six Lectures on "French Painting," by Miss LOUISE BOTH-HENDRIKSEN, Institute Lecturer on the History of Painting.

IV. Three Lectures on "The Technique of the Artist," by Mr. W. M. R. FRENCH, Director of the Chicago Art Institute.

V. Six Lectures on "Contemporary Art in the Great Art Centers in Europe," by Mr. FREDERICK HOVEY ALLEN, of Boston.

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

SUPPLEMENT

AMERICAN STUDIO TALK

WHEN another engagement prevented our attending the press view of the New York Water Colour Club Exhibition, we were filled with trepidation, for we had heard that there were examples of the work of John La Farge there, and we felt certain that on the public exhibition days, the visitors to the gallery would occupy all the space in front of these pictures, and we should lose the opportunity of viewing them leisurely. The reader must know that, to the professional art scribe who is weary from the examination of long rows of "average" productions, the unique work of a master like John La Farge is as water to the thirsty desert-traveller; and surely, we said to ourself, the students and art lovers who visit the club's exhibition — it is held in the Fine Arts Building, in which is domiciled the largest art school in the city, which contributes its quota of visitors to the gallery — must also seek, first and last, the works of this giant among painters, and linger before and return to them anon, so that we shall be crowded out. But a visit to the gallery staggered us, for it quickly undeceived us; it is true that the rooms were filled with art students who flitted here and there, discussing in groups the merits and demerits of the pictures, now approaching for close scrutiny, now stepping back for better focus, and commenting upon them, now audibly, now in a deaf-mute hand-language, intelligible only to the art student and artist. But in what part of the room was this animation? We blush to record that it was before the vapid experiments of a scion of a celebrated literary house; before amateurish miniatures of green-eyed beings, startled amid the showers of stalactrotite metallic colours; before the slavish imitations of the Japanese, before the vain attempts to depict Nature by young people who have had no intimacy with her, but only a bowing acquaintance. The novel, the experimental, the *outré* attracted the art students, while the mature, the well-balanced work of John La Farge, America's greatest painter, went unnoticed.

What a discouraging prospect for the future of American art! A number of art schools turning out a host of well-drilled recruits, expert in exercise, but totally lacking in allegiance to high ideals. It almost seems as if our art schools might do the country a service by closing up for a year or two, that our young painters might forget for a while



"MISS KITTY" BY J. J. SHANNON
GOLD MEDAL, FIRST CLASS, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
(*From the Catalogue, by permission*)

that there is such a thing as the technique of drawing and painting, and that they might occupy themselves with thoughts of the mission and the province of art.

They would then learn that in an exhibition containing Mr. La Farge's work it should receive undivided attention.

And what a true artist this painter is! How he strikes the happy medium between the mere pictorial art of the story-telling painter and the "art for art's sake" painting. Because story-telling art has been abused Mr. La Farge does not hesitate to use it, remembering how successfully it has been employed by the great masters. And while his art is mostly employed in portraying ideals, he frequently employs it in rendering some beautiful surface; some brilliant colour, some graceful form in bud or blossom, — the petals of a lily, the leaf of a rose, the sparkling light upon a gourd are all worthy subjects of his brush.



"THE ARQUES AT ANCOURT—EVENING" BY FRITZ THAULOW
SILVER MEDAL, SECOND CLASS, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
(*From the Catalogue, by permission*)

In *The Strange Thing Little Kiosai Saw Floating in the River* (342) what depth of poetical feeling, yet no lack of correct modelling and colour.

How too, in his *Mount Tohivea* (360), he paints the planes of receding herbage and foliage with a correctness of a Cazin or Monchablon, and yet with the profundity of a Delacroix. How these pictures make one recall the delights of one's boyhood, when one found in the Riverside Magazine the same artist's grand conception of fairy legends; giants that were real giants, with massive frames; genii that were real genii in enchanted landscapes; "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," with the crowds of children, — how surely they were under his spell!

How boldly these creations stood in relief from the conventional compositions of Herrick, Hoppin, Stephens, and Darley; how we returned to them again and again, feeling that here was a genuine illustrator, and that he realised that the black and white art, which had enabled Blake, in England, and Hokusai, in Japan, to express so much, was not to be trifled with.

An entire gallery has been allotted to the works of Mr. and Mrs. Herter. A friend has recently sent us from Paris a receipt for making Herters, and we consider it no breach of confidence to publish the same, so self-evident on the face of the pictures themselves is the method by which they are concocted; it runs as follows: —

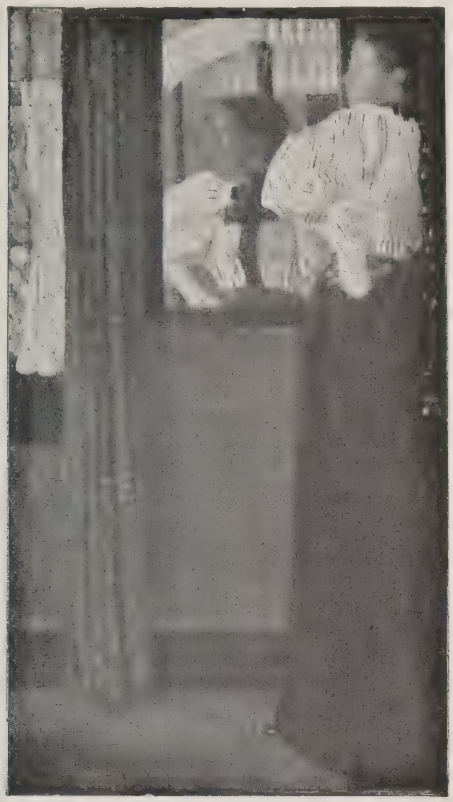
"Take l'art Japonaise — much Frenchified,
And borrowing motives far and wide,
Mix well the decorative arts
From Greece and Rome, in equal parts,
The nude, and draped in trappings rare;
To ogling eyes and streaming hair
Enormous hands and fingers add,
And elements of every fad.
Then daub it well with classic name,
And when you come to add the frame
Spare not the *outré* margins broad,
As millionaires can best afford;
And as to price, rest not content
Till the sum become exorbitant."

However, Mr. Herter's *mélange* is not without picturesqueness here and there. He is faithfully searching for beauty, and we shall not wonder if, at some time in the near future, he finds it, and produces a work of rare attraction.

His *Joan of Arc* (219) is a serious production, though it seems to us that the type suggests that the artist is travelling on delicate ground. The composition is so near that of Bastian Lepage's that it can lay no claim to being a creation.

Yet the Art Club's mission of permitting the younger and less known practitioners in art to have a fair chance to display their talents to a metropolitan audience is a praiseworthy one; and a few comparatively new names come to the front. The contributions of the Rochester contingent, — Harvey Ellis, *The Saw Mill* (130), M. Louise Stowell, *Summer Night* (125), *A Mud-bank* (104), — though palpable imitations of the Japanese, are

cleverly handled, and possess unity. The name of Margaret Longstreth is new, but her three contributions—*Tunnel Mountain* (20), *Meadows* (299), and *Castine Lighthouse* (338) — display a clearness of vision and rare power of selection.



"FACE REFLECTED IN A MIRROR" BY J. ALDEN WEIR

BRONZE MEDAL, THIRD CLASS, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

(*From the Catalogue, by permission*)

George H. Clements has evidently come to stay, for his California ranch-life scenes (171, 172, 174, 175, 176) show he is no imitator, but strives manfully to depict scenes of American life that are brim-full of interest and national spirit.

Among the better known names those of Wm. J. Whittemore, C. C. Curren, Will H. Drake, R. E. Sherwood, Edward Potthast, and Henry B. Snell, are attached to pictures of serious import. Mr. Whittemore's *Green Princess* (98), albeit her emerald tincture has sadly affected her complexion, is picturesque and refined. Anita Ashley's *Violette* (1) and *Mistress Molly* (300) show rare dexterity in uniting figures and background in one harmonious whole. Margaret Redmond's *Castle Crags, Rocky Mts.* (331) is refreshing. Here and there are brilliant bits of colour, frequently in pastel, such as A. L. Wyant's *A Buckwheat Field in Sunlight* (100), and Charles Warren Eaton's *Moorland* (86).

THE market is open again! We mean the Academy of Design, where pictures are put up for sale, but where little is done for the education of the public. It seems too preposterous to realise that downstairs in this building is a collection of portraits of all the Associates and Academicians who have been elected to this august body, and that these paintings are most slovenly in execution, meagrely framed, and stupidly hung. When we think what grand monuments to Art are the National Gallery in London and the Uffizi Gallery in Florence; when we contemplate what a fine monument to American Art this collection of portraits might have been, — so that every visitor to the Academy would have been able to view, not only the temporary exhibitions of the different seasons (always reminiscent, more or less, of some reigning fad), but might refresh himself with a view of the more sober work of the past, — when,



"THE VIOLINIST" BY WILTON LOCKWOOD

HONOURABLE MENTION, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

(*From the Catalogue, by permission*)

we say, we think of this lost opportunity, we realise how surely the artist's interest in art has been a monetary, rather than an educational one. So we visit the Fall Academy with no particular idea of finding anything beyond pictures, and we are

not disappointed. The average is above that of last year, if that is saying anything, and many new names appear in the catalogue, and new names are desirable; but they none of them startle us. The sculpture, this year relegated to the West Gallery, makes a more complete showing than usual, though it is a great shame that some effort was not made to include the work of St. Gaudens. His medallion of Robert Louis Stephenson has been on exhibition at Wunderlich's. Why should it not have been procured for the Academy? St. Gaudens bears the same relation to sculpture that John



"MENDING THE NETS" BY LOUIS PAUL DESSAR
HONOURABLE MENTION, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
(*From the Catalogue, by permission*)

La Farge does to painting, — he is a giant among pygmies; and the Water Colour Club showed much better management in securing representation from the painter, than did the Academy in omitting the sculptor's work. Mr. Hartley makes a good showing this year. Of his two portraits of Geo. Inness we much prefer the smaller (420). In the larger one (426) the treatment of the part of the beard covering the chin is particularly unhappy. Mr. Hartley's child portraits are charming in their directness and truth. A certain foreign sculptor is welcome to our exhibition, though his *On the Alert* (413), is in rather raw condition to be cast in bronze. His plaster statuette of Signor Segantini (416) is full of life and vim, but we will call somebody's attention to the fact that we have no princes in this country, and it is very bad taste to enter his name with this title. We do not quite understand the reason of the deluge of Charles Calverley's productions, no less than twenty-eight. If these were all modelled from life they would certainly be well worth study, but we fancy the photograph was used in many cases. Is it not, by the way, stupid on the part of painters and sculptors to exhibit portraits inspired by the photograph without an acknowledgment?

Mr. Ralph Goddard, erstwhile professional-amateur, who produced medallions from photographs, makes his debut in the round with a young athlete (408), who has a very modern figure, but the head of Michael Angelo's *David!*

PITTSBURGH. The following prizes were awarded at the Pittsburgh Exhibition by the jury mentioned in our last issue: J. J. Shannon, London, Medal of the First Class (gold), carrying with it an award of $1,500; Fritz Thaulow, Dieppe, France, Medal of the Second Class (silver), carrying with it an award of $1,000; J. Alden Weir, New York, Medal of the Third Class (bronze), carrying with it an award of $500; Wilton Lockwood, Boston, Mass., Honourable Mention; Louis Paul Dessar, Paris, France, Honourable Mention.

We have not seen all of these pictures, but the impression is, from knowing some of them, that the excellence of the paintings is not as great as that of the prize pictures of last year. This year's canvases seem to be painter's pictures, which, should the art of to-day change in character as it has in the last ten years, would be decidedly out of fashion in a decade to come. It is difficult to over-estimate the value that these prizes might be to American Art, and it is to be hoped that the fact that many of the pictures entered have already appeared in other exhibitions does not signify that the artists are not enthusiastic enough to paint pictures especially for the exhibition. There is an opinion that the system of prize giving is beneficial to Art. If we were quite sure of this, we wonder if the artists would not do well to invest the money that it will cost to build a new Academy of Design, in a series of prizes, rather than in a building, and hold their exhibitions for a while in a barn; for we feel sure that a marked improvement in the quality of our paintings would more greatly impress the public than a new and pretentious building still containing the character of paintings which now adorn the Academy walls.

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

SUPPLEMENT

AMERICAN STUDIO TALK

GIOVANNI BOLDINI, the Italian painter, has arrived in New York, where he will be occupied for the winter in painting portraits. Visitors at the World's Fair will remember his *Three Portraits* and *An Extra Team* exhibited in the Italian department.

A small collection of the artist's works is at Boussod-Valadon's. It shows Boldini to be an artist of strong personality.

In the best sense of the word he is not a colourist. Much of his work is little more than monochrome. He may almost be called a colourist in black and white. At first glance, one might pronounce his canvases noisy; they seem to lack repose. Yet he has a very fascinating quality, which nearly all our American portrait-painters lack, a certain flattery of sacrificing surface truth for the more important truth of personality, — the flattery of isolating a sitter. You may forget the name of his subjects, but you do not forget their image. It may be that his sitters seem always to be persons of moods, to be, even, *poseurs*. Yet we are not sure that this fact is derogatory to Mr. Boldini. It may be that time will prove that the artist had to deal with a race or an epoch of moody, posing types, the progeny of nineteenth-century uneasiness.

If we step across the street to the Blakeslee Gallery we may see a painting (probably a self-portrait) by Matthew Hone, of a young artist in a contemplative mood. This was a characteristic mood of the eighteenth century, and English art has bequeathed to us a long line of contemplative portraits by Reynolds, Romney, and Lawrence, which, though theatrical in comparison to the truly reposeful Dutch masters, are realistic in the sense that they truthfully rendered the artificial repose of the age in which they were painted. Now is it not possible that Mr. Boldini lives in an age of artificial activity, which his art truthfully reflects? And if we find attitudinizing in the portrait of the physical duellist the Duc de Montesquieu, and restlessness in the portrait of the verbal duellist Whistler, should we not say this indicates that Mr. Boldini's art reaches the highest range of the portrait-painter's art, rather than



JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER FROM THE PAINTING BY GIOVANNI BOLDINI

Kind permission of Boussod, Valadon & Co.

say it is mannered, in that it gives us not only individual portraiture but nineteenth-century type genre?

His brush work is nervous and dashing, almost spasmodic; he seems to paint till he is out of breath, seems to stop because he cannot go on rather than because the last word has been said.



THE PRINCESS PONIATOWSKA FROM THE PAINTING BY GIOVANNI BOLDINI

Kind permission of Boussod, Valadon & Co.

His finish is simply a climax. He allows the spectator to leave his artistic repast hungry.

One of his strong points is his ability to give unity to his pictures; in the matter of colour this is achieved, we think, at a sacrifice, producing the monochromatic result we have mentioned, but the linear unity, the unity of detail, is masterly.

In his paintings one almost forgets that nineteenth-century costume is ugly in that it is *dress* at all; but bodice and skirt, coat and trousers, seem with chameleon-like aptitude to cover each sitter with plumage or coat that proclaims his genus.

The most important exhibit is the portrait of Verdi, a pastel, in which there is more colour than in most of the oils, quite sufficient, one might say, for an old man's face. The planes of modelling, too, are less abrupt than in the other examples, melting with nice graduation into a final entirety. In this, as in the Menzel, of which there is only a photograph, he characterizes old men, but in his boy portrait of Master Samacelli, and the little girl portrait of Mademoiselle Erazuris (both shown in photographs), we have charming portrayals of child-life, while in his *Princess Poniatowska, née* Beth Sperry, of San Francisco, and *Mrs. Ladenburg*, both oils, and in his *Mademoiselle Concha*, a brilliant pastelle, we find that he has a dashing method of delineating feminine qualities.

AN important gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Art is the portrait of President Marquand which a number of the trustees have presented to the Museum. One cannot overestimate the value of this acquisition. There are so many American portraits of the Elliot, Durand, and Healy stamp, in which the management of masculine attire is wholly unsatisfactory, that the Sargent portrait teaches a lesson of the highest importance in the contrast it offers. There are few stumbling-blocks more frequently encountered by the portrait painter than this management of drapery. Mr. Sargent has rarely been more successful in the figures of his sitters than in this canvas. We do not feel the awkwardness of nineteenth century masculine clothing. It is almost as great a *tour de force* in this direction as the Fortuny in the next room, where the Spanish artist has presented the ugly hoop-skirt of his day with peculiar success.

In regard to the head, the result is not so beyond question. Of course it is a wonderful character study, and the brush-work is markedly superior to Bonnat's brush-work in the John Taylor-Johnson portrait which, hanging near by, naturally challenges comparison. There is also a mellowness in the Sargent that is more refreshing than the well-nigh singed colour of Bonnat; but it must be acknowledged that, on the shaded side of the face, there is some suggestion of leathery colour that will probably not bear the wear of time. Sooner or later this colour may lose its vitality, and the painting become old before its time, — a sort of precocious old master of second-rate quality. Possibly, too, there is a slight uneasiness in the entire delineation of the features, which the painting on the hand aggravates.

We sometimes wonder in passing the portrait by Cabanel of Miss Wolfe, if, despite the un-painter-like quality of the brush-work, despite the commonplaceness of the fashion-plate fidelity with which the gown is rendered, there is not a certain reserved force manifested by the way in which the pose is suggestive of supreme dignity and refinement; and we wonder if the work of Mr. Sargent will sustain itself equally well in years to come, though there can be no question but that the latter is, in the light of to-day's art knowledge, a production far superior to the Cabanel.

EVERY lover of art in America must realise that the future of mural painting in this country is linked with the future of art so closely that if the one fail the other will not make progress.

The easel picture is not sufficient; we must have more monumental art; therefore whenever called upon to consider a mural painting we are inclined to take it very seriously. If, then, we seem crabbed in our view of Mr. Robert van Vorst Sewell's decorative frieze, *The Canterbury Pilgrimage*, recently exhibited in the American Art Galleries, it is because we feel he has not taken full advantage of rich possibilities.

The writers on art have so much opportunity to express their opinion of that which is proper in mural painting that it is highly interesting to hear the artist's side of the question, and we therefore welcome the opinion of Mr. Sewell himself, which he has given in the introduction of his catalogue as follows: —

"In the production of this work I have endeavoured to portray a mediæval scene *in a modern way*, and to apply the principles of the '*plein-air*' school to the production of a decoration.

"The full range of tone from black to white and the entire gamut of pigment have been used. I have eschewed producing by any conventionalities of tone or colour the qualities commonly called 'mural,' as I am of the opinion that the real mural quality is a matter of design, and that in the enrichment of design it is legitimate to employ, if we wish, the full resources which these enlightened times afford, chief among which I hold to be 'plein-airism,' the most important contribution of this cycle to art.

"In taking this stand I anticipate and desire to face the criticism which my attitude will be sure to provoke. The theory has been advanced, and by many accepted, that extreme modern naturalism, though legitimate and even necessary in pictorial art, is out of place in decorative work, — a theory with which I cannot concur.

"The history of decoration points to the fact that, in the past, any new discovery in the direction of naturalism was quickly adopted by the men who left their mark upon their period as decorators. Before the discovery of perspective its laws were continually violated by artists who, notwithstanding, produced very beautiful works. For us to affect their ignorance in order to produce an appearance of archaism, or primitive 'naïveté,' would be not only to stultify our own age, but to furnish a strong argument to those who desire to prove that civilization has in this century developed the germ of degeneration and decline.

"The artists of the early Renaissance were not so wedded to the stiff and flat portrayal of the human figure that they were unable to quickly profit by the examples of grace and naturalism afforded by the discovery of the Greek statues. Had they been as great admirers of pre-Raphaelism, Primitivism, and archaic conventionality as many are to-day, we may be quite safe in saying that there would have been no Renaissance in art; and had the same indifference to new thought extended to all other branches of knowledge, the dark ages would still be with us. ROBERT VAN VORST SEWELL."

It would not be logical to say that, because we believe Mr. Sewell has failed in his practice, his theory is wrong. It is the general impression among writers that the flat tones of Puvis de Chavannes give the most satisfactory results in mural work; but it must be admitted that Mr. John La Farge is highly successful with more naturalistic

painting. The point is simply, does Mr. Sewell decorate? We think not. We think his work is simply pictorial; moreover, that it is sadly lacking in the delineation of character. His types, decidedly un-English, are almost brutally caricatured at times, which is in poor keeping with the great delicacy of Chaucer's verse. It may be claimed that it was simply Chaucer's dressing of the poem that was English, that its theme was universal, as much Italian as English. But we do not think that even from such a point of view Mr. Sewell is successful; his types do not appeal to the intellect. They would serve admirably as a group of plebeians in the background of a composition containing finer types in the foreground; they serve admirably as supers, but they are poor as stars.

Frank D. Millet also exhibited in December, at the American Art Galleries, his decoration for the Bank of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Millet is an expert workman in all the departments of the arts, and his decoration is, as one might have expected, a satisfactory production. It represents a Thesmophoria, or Harvest Festival in honor of Ceres, Goddess of Agriculture. A procession, consisting of children bearing symbols of Bacchus, and maidens representing Flora, Pomona, and Persephone, leads a white bull decorated for the sacrifice; beyond is a classical landscape of cypress-clad hills and Grecian temples.

If there is any criticism to be made upon Mr. Millet's work it is that it is a trifle monotonous. It is true that no one of his figures is meant to stand for a personality; we simply recognise the worshipper of Flora by her flowers, of Pomona by her fruits; the figures do not stand for the type of Flora or Pomona. Therefore distinctive individuality is not a necessity, but we still feel that a little more variety both as regards types and the actual colour of the flesh, would have added finesse to the production.

November 24 to December 8, 1897, Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Co. exhibited a collection of forty-one pen drawings by C. D. Gibson. While there is no doubt that Mr. Gibson is one of the cleverest illustrators that have ever contributed to the periodicals of any country, yet, from his recent work, he seems inclined to rest upon his reputation and to slur over his productions, which one would imagine an unwise course for so young a man. There is no denying the fact that Mr. Gibson is actually vulgar in *The only Pebble on the Beach* (1), and the elder woman in 37, *I had my House enlarged the other Day*, etc., is extremely gross. Is it not also true that his Dickens compositions fall short of the mark? In No. 27 Dick Swiveller might pass, but surely the child posing as the Marchioness lacks every characteristic of that inimitable creation.

In some of his groups, however, Gibson still leads the world. The placing of the figures and the perspective in *A Barrier* (14), and the group in the middle-distance, and the beautiful woman in the foreground in *After the Presentation* (23), are marvellous black-and-white effects of which Menzel might well be proud.

February 1 Messrs. Keppel & Co. will hold an exhibition of drawings and pastels by A. B. Wenzel.

Arthur Tooth & Sons have recently exhibited thirty-four water-colour views of North Devonshire, by E. M. Wimperis. Mr. Wimperis's colour is decidedly English, and seems a trifle dry to the American eye, accustomed, as it is, to the mellow colour of the French, and the gray harmonies of the Dutch aquarellists. But in such studies as *On the Lyd* (22), *A Green Path* (23), *Going Home, Dartmouth Moor* (27), he certainly gives a great deal in circumscribed area; and in his *Whortleberry Gatherers* (17), the effect of wind-blown heath is ingenuously given.

A marble bust of Ophelia, exhibited in the Champs Élysées, 1897, by Ernest W. Keyser, is shown at Knoedler's.

A new Douglass Volk is also shown — *A Puritan Mother and Child.* Mr. Volk is certainly one of the few artists who improve after their return from European studies. His productions have always been pleasing picturesquely, but his early Puritan figures were lacking in intensity. He seems to gain in this quality each year, and the colour notes in the *Puritan Mother and Child* possess a timbre that is extremely satisfying.

At the Macbeth Gallery have recently been shown paintings by Francisco Zurbaran, Homer Martin, Wilbur A. Reaser, and Arthur B. Davies, and a delightful canvas, *In the Connecticut Hills*, by Leonard Ochtman.

Mr. Macbeth, also introduces two artists new to New York: from Philadelphia, Robert Henri; and a young designer from Kingston, Jamaica, — Miss Pamela Colman Smith, whose panels in water-colour, half caricatures, half decorations, are extremely interesting, even though it is difficult to classify them. Mr. Macbeth hopes to give an exhibition of the works of George Inness, Homer Martin, and A. H. Wyant later in the season.

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

SUPPLEMENT

AMERICAN STUDIO TALK

IN New York the event of the month of December was the exhibition of portraits by Cecilia Beaux at the American Art Galleries. It is rare that we have the privilege of examining a collection of paintings where the general tendency of the artist's manner is so truly a right one as was seen to be the case in Miss Beaux's exhibition.

The now trite saying of the American statesman, that "he would rather be right than be president," should be as applicable, in sentiment, to the painter as to the lawyer; and if Miss Beaux should select for her motto the maxim "I would rather be right than be successful," she would select a praiseworthy one; though we are happy to say that she is both right and successful. But it is less because she is successful than because she is right that her work is caviare to the critics; for success is a matter of chance, but judgment is a mental quality. To select the right path indicates willingness to run the risk of being unsuccessful. Couture said, "To try is my duty; to succeed is my hope." We are glad of Miss Beaux's success, but we honour more deeply her trying.

The foundations of the objections which the critics make against the Academy exhibitions is not that the paintings shown are less interesting than those often displayed at special exhibitions, — like the World's Fair, for instance, where the best of the productions of a decade have been selected; for such excellence would be out of the question at semi-annual displays like the Academy's — but that the whole tendency of the Academy artists' methods is indicative of mediocrity. A successful mediocre painting is less commendable than the failure of the truly artistic. Nor is it to be supposed that lack of genius is responsible for the choice of style. No one can deny genius to the German artist Lenbach. His black and white method, which we discussed in our review of the Brooklyn Loan Exhibition, is not the result of lack of genius, but of bad judgment; and for an antithesis, we turn to the work of Miss Beaux, and we find that without genius, she, by sheer dint of good judgment, places her productions as much ahead of the master Lenbach's as is the writing of Elizabeth Browning above the seventeenth-century poesy of "Orinda." What is this secret of good judgment that Miss Beaux possesses? It is that she does not confuse drawing with painting; she understands that we have a right to demand that the artists of the nineteenth century should study their lessons from the museums, learn well the moral which the masterpieces in colours of the past teach, and that they should emulate them; that the artists of to-day have not the excuse of the primitive, since they no longer live in an experimental age. One may not be born a colourist, but he should at least realise that, if he is not, he should be willing to study at the feet of the colourists of the past; or else give evidence of good judgment by limiting himself to the medium of black and white. And what is the lesson that the colourists of the past teach us? It is that the laws of nature are harmonious, not antagonistic. One should balance colour with colour; not colour with black and white. The Munich school was false to nature when it besmeared the shaded side of a face with molasses-like asphaltum, that it might by contrast "force" the bright colour on the lighted side of the face. Would it be high-class dramatic art that would introduce a mummy into drama that it might by opposition give vivacity to its live characters? Miss Beaux uses the truer method, that of painting the shaded side of the face as a living, breathing, colourful mass, not in obscurity, but merely having less luminosity than the light side; this is the foundation of all colour laws; and the painter who substitutes a method wherein the light side of the face is tinted and the dark side a mere black and white drawing, is blind to the best achievements of the past.

We do not say that Miss Beaux "has arrived;" sweet as her little *Cynthia* is, it can be regarded as a sketch only. So with *The Dreamer*, it is too

painful a subject for a portrait, and as a genre it is not complete. Indeed, in none of her genre subjects, as *Dorothea in the Woods* and *The Prisoner*, does she satisfy, as she does in her portraits. And again, in her portraits, though the figures may be strongly painted, they are not always happily placed; the figure is certainly placed too low in the *Portrait, Mrs. William E. Curtis;* and the red carpet in this picture, and the furniture in many other backgrounds are satisfactory only in the same way that studies made by a clever student in the art school are satisfactory, inasmuch as in each the painter renders something he saw before him with a degree of fidelity that shows visual keenness.

But we all know the difference between the *étude* of an art student and the composition of the master that shows his ability to select. Time may prove that many of Miss Beaux's backgrounds are well worthy to endure, but we feel that it is not unjust to say that this will be so rather from chance than from forethought on her part; she does not seem to have made the same scientific study of composition that she has made of colour.

We do not mean to suggest that it is always necessary to "compose" the background of a portrait. It may be that the naïve quality of fidelity to the sitter's surrounding, which was the attribute of Dutch portraiture, has its significance. Just as we pointed out that the unquiet poses of Mr. Boldini's subjects might be thought to give a clue to certain nineteenth-century unquietude, so it may be that, if most of Miss Beaux's sitters are Philadelphians, she has, in showing their willingness to pose in simple drawing-rooms, beside unpretentious furniture, and in juxtaposition to simple candlesticks, given graphic record of certain Quaker propensities which still linger in the "City of Brotherly Love," though absent from Mr. Boldini's nineteenth-century Paris. If this be true, both she and Mr. Boldini are following the unalterable law of environment influence. And Miss Beaux's sitters may represent in her domestic portraits the native American, as it were, while Mr. Boldini's represent the cosmopolitan. So each painter may be a veracious historian.

INDEED, the month of December in New York gave the student of portraiture rare privileges to study dissimilar methods, for not only were there the Boldinis, and Beauxs, and Sargent's *Marquand*, but at Durand Ruel's were to be seen half a dozen of the productions of Mr. A. de la Gandara, a clever French painter who has attracted much attention at the recent Salons in Paris by his portraits. The character of these can easily be surmised by our readers who have not seen the canvases themselves, but who have seen the paintings of Mr. Alexander. It is evident that Mr. Alexander received his inspiration from Mr. de la Gandara, or *vice versa*, for the paintings of each consist of single figures, where much is made of the Parisian gown of the subject, both as regards the draping of the skirt and the colour of the material, which is toned to harmonise with a very simple background.

Mr. de la Gandara's method of posing a sitter — we should say rather a stander — is diametrically opposite to the method of Miss Beaux. In all of his compositions we feel that, most assuredly, the subject is posing for her portrait, and in combination with a selected background, — a background that harmonises with her gown, or blends well with the colour of her complexion. Besides, it is imperative that she make a picture — should we perhaps say "a canvas"? — and if this picture happens to represent her full personality, well and good, but that is a secondary consideration, and the main achievement is to be a picture. If a full personality is not presented, the public must be satisfied with a single aspect. We seem to know the artist's subjects (standing there bonneted or in evening dress) as slightly as we might know persons we meet once at a tea or a dinner, — no more intimately.

The painter may hold such tenets with some show of reason. We may be too exacting in always demanding an analytical novel of the portrait painter. As there is room in literature for the short story of Rudyard Kipling, as well as for the analytical novel of George Meredith, why should there not be in art room for the impressive as well as the profound? We may rightly adore the searching portraits of Rembrandt and Titian, but we need not therefore throw over entirely the shallow French pastellists of the 18th century, who made little distinction between the portrait and the fancy picture. Posterity will look, we surmise, upon these productions of Mr. de la Gandara's as we look upon the productions of the French pastellists, — as charming expressions of feminity *en masse*, not to be analyzed separately.

Boldini, we said last month, rushing on pell-mell, frequently comes to a stop for want of breath; Miss Beaux, maybe, stutters a bit, failing to round her periods; but Mr. de la Gandara is

fluency itself. His pigments run easily into one another with more of the melting movement of water-colours than that of less tractable oil.

One may object to many passages in his canvases, — for example, in the over-elaboration of the hair; in several instances, notably in the portrait of that often-painted Parisienne, "Madame G." (Gautreau), he seems to be anxious to palliate any criticism that may be made upon his giving undue prominence to the art of the modiste, by saying, "But just see how much consideration I give to the art of the hairdresser," — yet one cannot accuse him of being tentative; he has his own convictions, and comes resolutely to a conclusion.

His figure, that is, head, hands, and gowns, forms a decorative colour scheme, but he is not in the fullest sense a colourist. It might be said of him, as Nordau said of Verlaine, "It is, probably, that he prefers subdued and mixed tints, which lie on the margin of several colours, to the full intense colour itself."

A JANUARY portrait exhibition was that of Mr. Sergeant Kendall's Drawings in Pastels and Chalk at the Macbeth Galleries, January 17–21. We see no reason for allowing this exhibit to modify our opinion, as expressed in our Talk for May, '97. We still believe that Mr. Kendall allows himself to worship false gods. His black and white methods are not in accordance with the very best that has been done in portraiture. He has only to go to the Metropolitan Museum and examine the Raeburn portrait of William Forsyth to find that, while it is modelled with just such decided forms of shadow as he employs, the quality of these shadows is not coal black, but, on the contrary, full of luminosity. Mr. Kendall is a well drilled draughtsman, and where his rugged mannerism suits his subject, as in No. 8, *Hon. Nathaniel Shipman*, he is undoubtedly successful. But to employ this rugged method in delineating women and children, where more subtile methods are demanded, is, to say the least, eccentric.

January 10 to January 22 Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt (an American painter long resident in England) exhibited a few portraits at Avery's gallery. Mrs. Merritt, when Anna Lea, made a reputation for herself as an etcher, and her portraits in line must be classed with the very best copper portraits that have been made by an American. But her touch in painting is a trifle old-fashioned and a trifle shallow, though we cannot gainsay a sincerity and refinement about her accomplishments.

A collection of Water-colours by Hopkinson Smith was held at the same gallery. Mr. Smith is an expert as far as he goes, but he is not penetrating.

THE event of the month of January, one might almost say the most exciting event of the art season, was the resignation from the SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS of ten of its prominent members. These were Messrs. Robert Reid, Edward Simmons, Thomas W. Dewing, Frank W. Benson, Childe Hassam, Willard L. Metcalfe, J. Alden Wier, John H. Twachtman, Edmund C. Tarbell, and Joseph R. De Camp. These artists claim that the society of recent years has lowered its standard by accepting work painted avowedly for the market, and by admitting to membership artists of mediocre ability. It is further announced that the seceding artists will organize a new society, which will probably be called the GROUP OF AMERICAN PAINTERS. It is to be noted that the majority of the secessionists are impressionists, and we shall expect to see the most advanced forms of painting in their exhibition. This will certainly be an interesting addition to New York's art organizations. We shall then have three exhibitions, which will give us the extremes and the happy medium in art. The ACADEMY will give us the market pictures, painted to sell, without regard to development of art principles; the GROUP OF AMERICAN PAINTERS will give us the other extreme of pictures painted, not to sell, but to indicate the drift of modern art movements, we shall be able to see the "latest" at their exhibitions; while the SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS will doubtless be more circumspect than usual in its selection of exhibits, refusing the "commercial" that it may appear to the public that the objection of the secessionists was not well founded, and, on the other hand, it will be relieved of impressionistic pictures, since they will go to the secessionists. Therefore, we can expect at the Society's exhibit this spring a conservative display that will doubtless be more artistic than any American collections shown in recent years; while the secessionists' exhibit will doubtless be more startling.

The temptation for the inexperienced artist to abuse colour, be he but the school graduate attempting a masterpiece, or be he the successful painter of cabinet pictures attempting for the first time a large mural decoration, is too well known to

cause dispute. And this temptation so frequently leads to immature, not to say unfledged, results, that we cannot restrain an expression of relief when we enter an exhibition where an artist has executed a composition in another medium than colour; and on seeing the exhibition of F. William Fosdick's pyrographic panels for the library of Mr. Gould's house at Lakewood, we could not but wish that this unpretentious and refined medium were substituted more frequently for the crude colour decorations that are so often produced in America.

Not only is Mr. Fosdick to be praised for his selection of an appropriate medium for decorations, but more, his manipulation of it proves him to be an expert. Possibly the size of his central panel and its realism was a trifle too pictorial, but in his treatment of all the other panels he managed the simplest of motives — the book plates of George Washington, John Adams, etc. — with the best of judgment.

The brothers Rhead — George Woolliscroft, Frederick A., and Louis — held an exhibition, at the Wunderlich Gallery, January 4 to 20, of their drawings illustrating "Pilgrim's Progress." The designs were technically of some merit, but unsatisfying from an intellectual point of view. We cannot conceive the characters of the allegory, as portrayed by the Rheads, interesting young people, who would be likely to peruse the book, for a moment after they had lost their novelty. The Rheads, in their endeavour to make their drawings decorative, let slip the opportunity of making them dramatic. When their linework is confined to the tracery of the borders, it is excellent, because the motives necessarily should be kept upon one plane; but of all books in the world, "Pilgrim's Progress" contains the greatest and most numerous references to grand vistas of distant cities, of yawning caverns, of delectable stretches of country, and we feel that the treatment Doré gave his "Dante" illustrations is needed for this book, rather than the Walter-Crane-William-Morris style which the Rheads have adopted; for their heavy, arbitrarily thick lines nullify all perspective presentation. But, as we have said, from a workman's point of view, they frequently obtain excellent results in the borders, as well as where the elements of the composition lend themselves to decorative treatment; as, for instance, in the net in Number 23, *The Flatterer, the Whip, and the Net*, the vision of the city in Number 21, *Land of Beulah*, the plant forms in Number 25, *Hill Difficulty*, and the grape arbour in Number 16, *Christian Falls Asleep*.

The Lotos Club, on December 18, devoted its monthly exhibition to works of American figure-painters. The masterpiece of the collection was the late George Fuller's *Hannah*, one of the painter's best productions, and one that makes us regret that this artist's work did not have a stronger influence upon American art than it did, being so little seen. The next most satisfactory painting was the late Wyatt Eton's *Cigale*, a perfect gem in its colour qualities. Many of the other pieces were less satisfactory as complete canvases than as indicating a general tendency on the part of our younger painters to get tonal quality and colour harmony. Among these, Mr. Elliott Daingerfield's *Leda and the Swan* was attractive. The right half of it was certainly clumsy in composition, but the entire left half was beautifully balanced, and far ahead of the earlier productions of this painter. Wilbur A. Reaser loaned his *Old Man and Child*, which, though not complete, was refined in treatment, and his *Flax Workers*, which seemed imitative. Walter Shirlaw's *Melody* and *The Toilet* recommended themselves less for beauty of proportion — his women's faces are certainly heavy — than for a certain knowing manner of painting, that is keramically rich.

Antonio Marcini held an exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries in December. This painter has a certain cunning in rendering the effect of relief, which he accomplishes, not only by juxtaposition of light and dark tone, but by actual impasto like the relievo of the sculptor. There would perhaps be no objection to this method if the final effects were refined, but there is a certain note of vulgarity in the painter's subjects that betrays him, proving him to be less of an artist than the introduction to the catalogue would have us to suppose.

At the Blakeslee Galleries are several examples of the English School. An exceptionally vigourous *Lord Hamilton*, by Raeburn, *Lady Rice*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a *Portrait of a Young Artist* (probably the painter himself), by Matthew Hone.

Edwin Lord Weeks is on a visit to this country, to serve on the Carnegie Jury of Award. He has brought some of his Eastern compositions, which are at Blakeslee's; one, *Evening in Persia*, contains atmospheric qualities not usual in Mr. Weeks' work.

The sale of the William H. Stewart collection will take place in February at The American Art Galleries.

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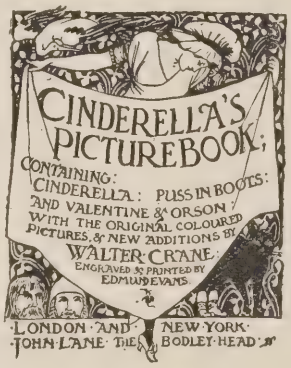
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The Studio International Prize Competitions. New Series.

These Competitions are set for the purpose of introducing to manufacturers, publishers, and others, the work of young draughtsmen and designers who otherwise have few opportunities of bringing their drawings before the notice of the buying public. Many who have competed in the First Series are now well and profitably employed; and this desirable result has been largely attained through the publicity given to their work in the pages of The Studio.

The Rules have been re-framed with a view to meet the wishes of many competitors residing in various parts of the world who desire an extended time for the preparation and sending in of their drawings. In addition to the money prizes which are given with each competition, the proprietor of The Studio will present at the end of each year one Gold, one Silver, and one or more Bronze Medals in each class to those designers who, by the excellence of their collective work in the respective classes, shall be deemed most worthy of the honours. Each competitor will be eligible for awards in all the classes.

It is intended to hold an Annual Exhibition of Selected Drawings entered for these Competitions. Particulars of the First Exhibition will be shortly announced.

REVISED RULES

(1) *All subscribers to* The Studio *are eligible to compete.*

(2) ***Designs must be original and not traceable to any existing pattern.*** *New ideas and new treatment combined with workable detail and arrangement will be the objects considered.*

(3) *Drawings for competition must be legibly signed with pseudonym only.* ***The pseudonym of competitor, also full name and address, must accompany each drawing or set of drawings,*** *and must be enclosed in a sealed envelope, on the outside of which is written only the pseudonym of the competitor. As this envelope will not be opened until after the awards are made, any inquiry should be forwarded in a separate letter.*

(4) *The Proprietor of* The Studio *reserves to himself the right of withholding all or any of the prizes, provided that, in the unanimous opinion of the judges, the drawings do not fulfil the rules of the competition or otherwise are of insufficient merit. He also reserves to himself the right to reproduce in* The Studio *any of the designs submitted.*

(5) *No design will be returned in any case unless accompanied by sufficient stamps for postage or carriage and packing. The term sufficient postage has been fixed at a minimum of sixpence, to cover the cost of packing, etc., unless otherwise indicated.*

(6) *All designs must be sent packed flat.*

(7) *All designs and correspondence thereon to be addressed* The Studio, 5 *Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., and marked "Prize Competitions," with the number of the Competition, "A* xix.," "*B* xii.," "*C* xi.," "*D* ii.," *etc., on the outside of the package, or letter referring to it.*

(8) ***An infringement of any of the above Rules will disqualify a competitor.***

Class A. — Industrial Designs.

A XI. Design for a Secretaire.

The Secretaire to have a "fall" front, and to be suitable for a lady's boudoir. The drawing to consist of a pen-and-ink sketch design in perspective, with separate details of any metal furniture or other ornamental features. Preference will be given to original designs not based upon Chippendale or other styles of last century.

First Prize: *Two guineas.* Second Prize: *One guinea.*

Drawings, packed flat, to be received at the London Office of The Studio by February 1.

A XII. Design for a Lady's Belt Buckle.

The design to be suitable for execution in metal and enamel.

Drawings to be made full size, in water-colors.

First Prize: *Two guineas.* Second Prize: *One guinea.*

Drawings, packed flat, to be received at the London Office of The Studio by March 1.

Class B. — Drawings for Book Illustration, etc.

B X. Illustration for a Nursery Rhyme.

The subject to be illustrated is "Bo-Peep."

Drawings, which should not exceed in size a page of The Studio, must be made in pen and ink, on white cardboard.

First Prize: *One guinea.* Second Prize: *Half a guinea.*

Drawings, packed flat, to be received at the London Office of The Studio by February 1.

B XI. Illustration for a Nursery Rhyme.

The subject to be illustrated is an episode in the story of "Old King Cole." Drawings, which should not exceed in size a page of The International Studio, must be made in pen and ink, on white cardboard.

First Prize: *One guinea.* Second Prize: *Half a guinea.*

Drawings, packed flat, to be received at the London Office of The Studio by March 1.

Class C. — Sketches from Nature.

C X. Design for an Illustrated Postcard.

The purpose of an Illustrated Postcard is to enable a friend to give his correspondent an idea of his surroundings. The drawing should consist of a notable view, or any object or objects of especial interest in the neighbourhood selected for illustration. The locality is left to the option of the competitor.

Drawings, which must be executed in pen and ink or monotint wash, should be made suitable for reduction to the size of an ordinary postcard, sufficient space being left for a short communication.

First Prize: *One guinea.* Second Prize: *Half a guinea.*

Drawings, packed flat, to be received at the London Office of The Studio, by February 1.

C XI. Study of Leafless Trees.

Drawings to be made in pen and ink, on white cardboard.

First Prize: *One guinea.* Second Prize: *Half a guinea.*

Drawings, packed flat, to be received at the London Office of The Studio by March 1.

Class D. — Photographs from Nature.

D IV. A Winter Landscape.

All photographs should be sent in mounted upon firm card without margin.

First Prize: *One guinea.* Second Prize: *Half a guinea.*

The right of reproducing any photograph sent in is reserved. Competitors who wish their prints returned must enclose sufficient stamps to defray postage.

Photographs to be received at the London Office of The Studio by February 1.

D V. Landscape with Church.

The landscape to include a view of a church.

First Prize: *One guinea.* Second Prize: *Half a guinea.*

Photographs to be received at the London Office of The Studio by March 1.

Parcels containing Drawings should be clearly marked outside with the number of the Competition for which the designs are intended.

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